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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JUNE 19, 1937.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3d



RIDDLES THAT Amuse THE WORLD

Learned Professor's Strange Quest Brings Quaint Puzzles to Light

An intensive world search by a learned professor for the oldest riddle has brought to light some quaint riddles, some of which are familiar, while others will be new to many people.

Amusing in themselves, the riddles are also a guide to the extent of the professor's research. If you know of any older ones, the professor, Dr. Archer Taylor, of Chicago, will be glad to hear about them.



A JAPANESE VERSION of the ancient "numbers" riddle discovered by Professor Taylor. It is explained below.

DR. TAYLOR has already collected and studied hundreds of books and manuscripts, written in over thirty languages, in his search for the oldest riddle.

He thinks the oldest may be the "numbers" riddle, which he has found in various forms and has traced as far back as 1500 years, or it may be the "Sphinx" riddle, which appears as early as 400 B.C. in the writings of the Greek poet Euripides.

The "numbers" or "counting out" riddle is similar to the old game of "Benny-meeny-mitty-mo," a verse being used to count out people in a circle or game.

Dr. Taylor illustrates, by comparison

sons and contrasts, the ordinary person's psychological reactions to riddles, some of which are given here.

The answers are given, but if you prefer to guess first, cover up the answer as you come to each riddle.

The Sphinx Riddle

The Sphinx sat in a mountain pass, killing all travellers who didn't have the right answer to:—

"What animal goes on four feet in the morning, two feet at noon, and three feet in the evening?"

But Oedipus, a youthful traveller, gave the correct answer, which is:

"Man, who creeps on hands and feet in infancy, walks erect on two feet when he grows up, and with the aid of a staff in old age."



ANOTHER OLD RIDDLE unearthed by Professor Taylor. What relation does the soap bubble bear to the boy who makes it? Answer is given in the article below.

Ancient Numbers Riddle

To obviate the possibility of 29 relatives sharing her husband's fortune, a Japanese woman arranged for them to be counted out by her husband. With the relatives she formed a circle of 30 people, as shown above, some in black robes, some in white. Her husband had to start counting from the figure with the banner, working clockwise, eliminating every tenth person as he progressed round and round and round the group. The wife so arranged the grouping that one of her children was the last one left in. The illustration above will enable you to work it out.

The Riddle That Drove Homer Insane

According to an old legend, the Greek poet, Homer, asked some hunters if they had any luck, and they replied:

"What we hunted escaped. What we did not hunt we bring back."

Homer is supposed to have worried over this until he lost his mind; but the answer is "fleas."

16th Century German Riddle

A bird flew without wings. Sat on a tree without leaves. There came a man without hands, Climbed up without feet, Cooked it without fire, Ate it without a mouth.

Answer: A snowflake falls on a tree branch, and the sun comes out and melts it.

Ancient Syriac Riddle

A beautiful lady in a garden lived, Her beauty was fair as the sun. In one hour of her life she became a man's wife. And she died before she was born.

Answer: Eve.

Negro Riddle

Man what made it don't use it, Man what use it don't know it.

Answer: A coffin.

Trick Riddles

Dr. Taylor classes these as "trick" riddles because the answer turns out to be simpler than expected.

(1) What is most like a cat looking out of a window?

Answer: A cat looking in at a window.

(2) Why is a little man like a good book?

Answer: Because he is often looked over.

(3) Why is hope like an old shoe?

Answer: Because it makes people easy.

(4) What relation does the soap bubble bear to the boy who makes it?

Answer: It is his heir (air.)

* * *

Children, according to Dr. Taylor, are not easy to fool with trick riddles, because they pay no attention to the descriptive lines put in just to make it hard, but go directly to the point.

He has tried the famous St. Ives riddle (which dates back to Sixteenth Century England), and the "glove" riddle on scores of children, and they seldom fail to guess it right away. Here it is:

As I went on to St. Ives,
I met seven men, and the seven
men had seven wives;
And the seven wives had seven
sacks,
And in those seven sacks were
seven cats,
And every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, women and men.
How many went on to St. Ives?

Answer: One, myself. I "met" the others, and they were going in the opposite direction.

What is neither flesh nor bone,
But has four fingers and a thumb?

Answer: A glove.

Sixteenth Century Riddles

What is the best way to make a coat last?

Answer: By making the trousers and vest first.

The next is one of the best types, Dr. Taylor says, because it calls to mind a definite picture, but the answer is something entirely different.

It goes all the way round the house
And comes to the door.
But can't come in. What is it?

Answer: A path.

Faust's Riddle

In Lessing's version of "Faust," several devils offered the old philosopher youth in exchange for his soul, but he would not strike a bargain until one of them gave the right answer to this riddle:

What thing is the swiftest?

Answer: Thought.

Riddle from Bahama Islands

Round as a biscuit,
Busy as a bee,
Prettiest little thing
Ever you did see.

Answer: A watch.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Swordswoman's Rare Distinction

AN Australian, Miss Sylvia Forrest, has won the Maitre d'Arms Diploma, a high honor awarded in France for fencing. It is said to be held by only one other living woman.

Miss Forrest has been abroad studying ballroom and Greek dancing for the past eighteen months, and expects to return to her home in Sydney at the end of the year.



Rembrandt

Directs Agricultural Research

PROFESSOR A. E. V. RICHARDSON has been Director of the Waite Agricultural Research Institute of the University of Adelaide since 1924, and is a member of the Executive Committee of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research. He has been Australian delegate at agricultural conferences in America and Geneva, and has published a valuable book on water requirements for wheat-growing.



Maori Princess Honored

IN recognition of the magnificent work she has done for the people of her own race, the Maori Princess Te Pua Herangi was included among the recipients of Coronation honors, receiving the C.B.E. This Maori Princess is a chieftainess of the highest degree. She has been an outstanding figure in New Zealand for many years, working unceasingly for the improvement in conditions among the Maoris.

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WOMEN and S.P. BETTING

Is The Law Right Or Wrong?

Suppression or Control— That Is the Problem

THE EVIL OF SHILLING BETS, MONEYLENDERS AND POLICE RAIDS

If you were a woman Dictator, what would you do about betting, which has been described as Australia's national pastime?

One particular kind of betting, popularly known as S.P. (that is, betting away from the course) has become so general in the community that every Parliament in Australia is at present concerned with it.

One of our highest police officials has stated that three-quarters of the people do not see anything wrong in S.P. betting. But by and large the law says it is illegal.

NEARLY everybody indulges in S.P. betting. If you do not bet yourself, it is pretty safe to say that some member of your immediate circle does. At least, that is what the police say.

TWO VERY GRAVE EVILS HAVE GROWN UP OUT OF THIS WIDESPREAD SYSTEM:—

(1) The attempted suppression of S.P. betting has become one of the chief concerns of the police force, and since most people do not see any harm in it, it has a tendency to bring the law into contempt.

(2) Owing to its widespread practice, there has grown up a vicious circle of moneylenders, who are batten on wage earners, particularly Government servants and others in civil jobs.

Many a wage earner finds all his money taken from him by a moneylender, with whom he has got into difficulties, owing to borrowing to replace money lost in S.P. bets.

As a consequence he goes home to his wife empty-handed at the end of the week.

NOW comes the crux of the problem. Despite every form of suppression, S.P. continues to flourish.

It is now being suggested that a new method should be tried, that is, instead of outright suppression, which seems impossible, some system of legalisation and control.



AT PRESENT S.P. betting (betting "off the course") is illegal, except in South Australia, where it is controlled. Hence it is that many people sit comfortably at home and phone their bets to their favorite S.P. bookmaker.

This has already been adopted in South Australia, where the results are said to be satisfactory.

So important do we consider the question of betting, affecting as it does almost every home in Australia, that The Australian Women's Weekly has decided to try to obtain the voice of women on this vital matter.

We are trying to get this important cross-section of public opinion. Will you assist us by answering the questions which are asked on this page?

What S.P. Is

S.P. BETTING is an industry outside the law.

The term "S.P." is an abbreviation of "starting price," which is the generally-accepted basis on which bets are paid.

Police reports indicate that on big race days an unlicensed bookmaker, working through innumerable touts and runners, may receive from 5000 to 10,000 bets, many of them from women.

BETS GENERALLY RANGE FROM A SHILLING TO FIVE POUNDS.

The huge total of bets so placed is an indication of the attitude of an important section of the public on this controversial question.

Betting is illegal on racehorses unless you attend the races and bet on the course (except in Adelaide, where off the course betting is licensed).

Thousands of people, however, see no harm in betting away from the course.

They cannot see that a distinction should be made between the person who goes to the races and the one who stays at home and has an interest with the local S.P. man. Yet one is within the law and the other is an offender.

Saints or Sinners?

BROADLY, the law as it stands now in most States treats the person who bets on the racecourse as a saint, and the person who bets elsewhere as a sinner.

Around this fine point of moral distinction swings a great deal of the controversy on S.P. betting.

Other issues have frequently clouded and confused the main situation, but most arguments come back to the question of whether individuals should be allowed to exercise their own choice with regard to betting, and whether betting, if allowed at all, should not

be legalised in every sphere of its activities.

THIS is what the various States have done concerning the matter:

New South Wales is enforcing the law as it stands to-day, and seeking new methods of suppression.

Victoria has generally adopted the same method as New South Wales.

Queensland has instituted a campaign of suppression. The new Act provides for penalties and even imprisonment against people who either make or take an S.P. bet, but there is a difference of opinion as to the effectiveness of these measures.

South Australia has legalised S.P. betting. Bookmakers are licensed and betting shops operate where a bet can be legally made off the course.

Tasmania and West Australia, because of smaller populations, have not a very serious problem, although S.P. betting in either State is illegal.

BUT despite all these laws forbidding it, S.P. flourishes.

It is contended by many that S.P. betting cannot be eliminated from our national life. Betting commissions, judicial reports, and public investigations have all borne this out. Then what is to be done about it?

People will bet. If they do bet S.P. they are lawbreakers, a position which they resent.

If police activities suppress this form of wagering it is not cleaned up. It is merely driven underground.

Ugly and objectionable practices grow up around anything that is uncontrolled.

Would it be better to frankly acknowledge S.P. betting and control it?

What do you think about it? You can register your opinion in the ballot form on this page.



Woman Who Became a Man!

In this picture is Mary Weston, the girl athlete who became a man and married! She tells her own amazing story in the June "H. & P.C."—of undoubted interest to all women.

FREE PLATE OF OUR ROYAL FAMILY!

The King, the Queen, and the little Princesses portrayed for you to hang on your wall. A truly worthwhile gift as well as the diet and exercise chart—all FREE TO YOU! Get your copy before they are all sold out!

Is It Possible to Be HAPPILY MARRIED

Ellaline Terris answers this vexed question, one which every woman at some time asks. You will enjoy every line of this story by the famous wife of Sir Seymour Hicks!

How to Reduce your Weight

Here is the scientific way of dealing with the adipose problem. You will find it interesting even if your weight is correct.

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Three Questions for the Women — of Australia —

It is important to know what the women of Australia think about S.P. betting.

The Australian Women's Weekly goes into more homes than any other paper in Australia, and we therefore submit to our readers the questions below.

In view of the great public importance attached to the issue, we would appreciate as large a response from readers as possible.

Please send in your replies NOW!

(1) It is stated that three-quarters of the people do not believe there is anything wrong with S.P. betting. Do you think this is so?

YES NO

Strike out "Yes" or "No."

(2) At present it is only legal to bet on racecourses. Do you think that S.P. betting away from the racecourse should be legalised?

YES NO

Strike out "Yes" or "No."

(3) What is your attitude, as a woman, to S.P. betting and betting generally? Write a brief letter about this, giving your honest opinion. Letters must be short and to the point.

ADDRESS LETTERS: S.P. Ballot, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

HOW GIRL VICTIM of Leprosy Faces FUTURE

*Cheery but poignant philosophy
in letter from Madge Gaden*

From the Channel Island leprosarium comes an interesting letter, containing the profoundly moving philosophy of a young girl of 17, Miss Madge Gaden.

The story of this child victim of leprosy has already stirred Australia, but in this letter she gives a vivid idea of her daily life at the leprosarium and the cheeriness with which she faces the future—whatever it may hold for her.

From Our Special Commissioner at Darwin.

OF Miss Madge Gaden, Australia has already heard a great deal.

Her father is an inmate of the leprosarium to which his daughter recently went to help him and to herself receive treatment.

The seventeen-year-old white girl now reigns as a veritable princess over the half-caste and kura girls on the island.

Many of the little black children have had little or no contact with civilisation, and Madge, who can play the piano for them and teach them

to dance and sing, and can recite for them, is regarded as something like a visitor from another world.

In a letter to The Australian Women's Weekly, Madge tells the story of her daily life since she was condemned to isolation on Channel Island—an indeterminate sentence that may mean her whole life.

"Before I came here," writes Madge, "I was an unknown little bush girl with one ambition in life—to become a nun and teach music to the little girls of Darwin."

"My hopes in that direction have been blasted. Providence intervened and sent me here to look after my poor daddy, who is in a bad way and needs me."

"Now everybody in Australia knows me, and the wonderful letters of sympathy I get by every mail, and the beautiful things kind people send me, make me cry."

"I love to share them with the less fortunate black children who have no friends and know nobody."

"Now that I have a lovely piano all my own I am in raptures, and every week some kind friend or other



MADGE GADEN, the gallant little white leper of Channel Island, near Darwin, is happy despite her affliction. She now has a piano all her own, and is devoting her life to entertaining and helping the other inmates of the leprosarium.

is sending me music from some distant part of Australia.

"We are perfectly free to do as we wish on this island. The blacks go out hunting, and every time a new patient comes over they hold a corroboree so as to learn from him the new songs and dances."

"Peter, one of the black boys here, is wonderful, and we all admire and envy his courage."

"He has lost all his toes and gets someone to take him round in a wheelbarrow."

"He has made his own vegetable garden, and actually goes bandicoot hunting."

"He cannot walk, but he sits on the ground and propels himself along in that way—and he catches bandicoots, too."

"Sunday is our picnic day. We all go to Sister's Point, where the girls all rush to put up a hammock for me. They cannot do enough."

"We take a gramophone and fishing-lines, but we don't catch many fish, mostly snags."

"I teach school to the children in the mornings, and in the afternoons I read and sew, and sometimes go for a swim."

"Alligators are plentiful, but we don't take any notice of them."

"Our great delight is when you

(meaning the representative of The Australian Women's Weekly at Darwin) talk to us of a night by Morse code flashlight signals and tell us all the news of Darwin and elsewhere."

"I am accustomed to this life now, and I do not miss much because I never had much."

"What Is the Use?"

"Besides, what is the use of wishing for things I cannot get? Sometimes I think it is quite easy to be here. Other days I think life is cruel and hard, but I always kill those thoughts when they come to me."

"My hopes for the future? Well, that is something I am determined not to think about, for should I build up any hopes and they were not fulfilled I don't think I could bear it."

"I think you already know that a sailor boy of H.M.A.S. Australia has written me asking me to correspond. He's my first boy friend, and I get a thrill out of his letters, but I want his photo, too, to see if he looks good."

"The menfolk here got the cigarettes and asked me to thank you for them."

OUR One-Man Davis Cup TEAM

Too Much Strain Imposed On
Crawford, Says Nancye Wynne

"I believe we have seen our last one-man Davis Cup team," says Miss Nancye Wynne, Australian Women's tennis champion, commenting on Australia's failure in the Davis Cup and the necessity of planning ahead for our next team.

MISS WYNNE thinks that Australia has been relying too much on Crawford, for whom she has unbounded admiration.

"Crawford has held the Australian team together for so many years, and up to this year there was nobody else who could really help him much," she said in a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

"He has borne the burden and the responsibility, and taken a lot of criticism along with it, too."

"Every time the Davis Cup selection came round Australia had to ask Crawford to do the job again simply because we had no other brilliant players who could relieve him of the tremendous strain of constant overseas tours."

"But now Quist and Bronwich, and McGrath, too, come into the picture.

Illness and unfortunate accident cannot go on for ever.

"The only way to build future teams of strength and brilliance is to train up our young players. We are beginning to do it."

"Victoria only recently realised this necessity, but New South Wales has been developing her most promising juniors for some time."

"These include Sidwell, Bennett, and Pals. N.S.W. also has Arthur Hurley, though, of course, he is not a junior."

"Victoria is building up with several youngsters, including Ted Anstee, Colin Long, and George Holland, who are all taking lessons from Pat O'Hara Wood and are doing special training as well through the I.T.A.V."

"West Australia has a couple of promising young players in Norman Wasley and Max Bonner, and Brisbane also has likely players who might figure in future international games."



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**OSCAR
SCHISGALL**

I didn't seem to me that these two prim girls—both of them maids in the home of the late John Henry Tayne—were lying. They had no reason to lie. Yet I couldn't help staring at them in amazement.

"Do you realise," I asked, "that your testimony can send both Stephen Wade and the governess, Eleanor Hart, to prison?"

They nodded implacably. They glanced at each other. Then one of them snapped:

"I'm sorry, Judge Baxter. I wouldn't really want to do that to anybody, especially to Mr. Wade. On the other hand, though, what he and that Hart girl did with Mr. Tayne's will—it's a crime, isn't it?"

"Of course!" I conceded flatly. "It's a clear case of criminal conspiracy."

"Well, we can't let them get away with it."

The younger girl firmly added, "If you still want us to tell what we know to the District Attorney, we're willing, Judge."

I considered somewhat dazedly

If John Tayne's will had been destroyed, as they asserted, this was a certainly a case for the State. There was no need to hesitate. And yet I did hesitate, because the crime struck me as being wholly incompatible with what I knew of Tayne's secretary, Stephen Wade. I had always regarded him as a rather decent chap, quiet, efficient, reliable.

But here were the two maids with their startling accusation, and I saw there was no alternative to taking them to the District Attorney. So I sucked in an uncomfortable breath and told them:

"Very well. We'll do it the first thing in the morning. And thank you for coming to me."

But in the morning, while I was still at breakfast, I received the astounding letter. It came in a

Eleanor Hart, the new governess, was unusual. She was golden haired, piquant and pretty, and dressed like a movie star.

bulky envelope. And when I read it, I completely forgot my food, forgot the two maids, forgot even the District Attorney. For the letter ran:

Dear Judge Baxter:

By this time you are probably searching with a great deal of anxiety for the will of the late John Henry Tayne—and for the man who was his secretary, Stephen Wade. Possibly you have already communicated with the

police, though I fervently hope you haven't. This note will tell you everything you want to know.

Frankly, I haven't the courage to face you with the story of the will. I know that if I came to your office your questions and your justifiable outrage would confuse me; I'd forget half the things I'd intended to explain. Alone here at my desk, however, I can write coherently, fully, and without undue excitement. So I'll set

down Stephen Wade's confession, as I know it, in all its details, and send it to you by special messenger. It's wiser this way, and easier.

First you must believe me when I tell you that until the night of John Henry Tayne's death Stephen Wade had never—not once in his thirty-seven years—felt a real criminal impulse.

I don't say this to exonerate him. Nor do I say it as a plea for sympathy. It's simply that now, studying the man as objectively as an amoeba under a microscope, I can see pretty clearly that he was always too timid, too nervous, perhaps too cowardly, to venture into crime. You may remember him as a tall, lanky fellow

whose vague brown eyes looked at you through heavy-lensed spectacles. During his fourteen years as secretary to John Tayne he was invariably quiet and self-effacing. And Mr. Tayne, of course, liked him enormously.

But seven months ago, you may recall, Eleanor Hart, the new governess, came into the Tayne house.

That changed everything. She was unlike the usual governess in every way.

From the very outset Eleanor, with her piquant, golden-haired prettiness, inflamed Stephen Wade. She dressed more like a movie star than a servant. He took to staring at her, to following her about like a dog, like the dog she had brought with her to the house and of which she was so fond, to dreaming of her when she was out of his sight. Her nearness invariably set his nerves to quivering. He decided that he loved her and wanted to marry her—and after a few months he found the desperate courage to tell her so.

WHEN he proposed to her one day in the garden Eleanor merely blinked at him in astonishment that was half laughter. Then she tried very hard to be serious about it.

"Oh, but I couldn't," she said with mock coyness. "Why, I—I've hardly given it a thought, Steve!"

"Think about it now!" he pleaded.

"You—really, you've taken me off my feet."

He felt that behind the words she was still laughing at him, as if he had done something impossibly clownish; and in sudden misery he cried the trite old, "Oh,

I know I'm not offering you much."

She interrupted with a merry, "You're telling me?" And then she left him to gaze at her through his glasses. Her attitude infuriated him. It humiliated him, too. But it didn't destroy his passionate hunger for the girl.

That was the situation between them on the night John Henry Tayne, their employer, died.

And here, Judge Baxter, I must go into detail.

At about four o'clock that morning Stephen Wade was awakened by rapid taps at the door of his top-floor room. He sat up in bed with a jerk, and one of the housemaids looked in; her face, even in darkness, was a concentration of fear.

Please turn to Page 32

THE FOUR MARYS

Continuing Our Brilliant Serial

The Story So Far

MEG SWIFT, successful columnist on a New York paper, is the ex-wife of

VIVIAN SWIFT, newspaperman. Their beautiful but irresponsible daughter,

MIMI, is in love with ALAN WYTHE, married to ELIZABETH DENT, school friend of Mimi.

Elizabeth learns of Alan's deception through a jealous aunt of Mimi. Meg, too, hears of her daughter's infatuation, and is afraid of scandal.

BROOK AVERY is in love with Meg and asks her to sail with him for England in the New Year. Mimi talks to her mother about this trip.

NOW READ COLUMN 1.



Illustrated by Fischer

MIMI got up castally. "You wouldn't by chance be visiting the Avery family, would you?" She had meant it only in half-amiable jest, but when she saw the look on Meg's face her own look sharpened. "I'll bet the Avery boy is going, too!"

Meg said quietly. "He's sailing on the same boat." Having stated the truth, she found herself able to stand by it more equably.

"Well—not bad!" said Mimi. She laughed harshly. "Not bad at all!" said Meg. In the face of adversity she was learning Brook's own trick of aloofness.

Molly said regally. "How dare you be so impudent to your mother, Mimi!"

"It's all right," said Meg. "She doesn't consider it impudence. She's merely saying what she thinks. She has a right to that. I don't care for forced prayers."

"She's a human being, you know, granny, as well as my mother," said Mimi. "If I were doing what she's going to do, you'd both be hollering your heads off."

"I believe you announced not very long ago," Meg reminded her coolly, "that you would do as you chose about certain things and neither your grandmother nor I nor anyone else was going to stop you. You'll allow me the same privilege."

"I cannot believe my ears," said Molly. She folded up her knitting and put it into a bright cretonne bag in which she was accustomed

She was laughing gaily, if to Meg's ears a little wildly. "See what the New Year brought," she said.

to keep it. She hung the bag carefully on the arm of her chair. When she looked at Meg again, there was stunned despair in her eyes. "Are you crazy, Meg Swift?" she asked. "Have you lost every instinct of decency you ever possessed?"

"I don't think so," said Meg. "To sit there and tell me quite calmly that you are going off with this man—"

"Man?" said Mimi, and laughed again. "Give him time, granny—give him time!"

It was all turning out exactly as Meg had expected. She thought, "If only I can keep my head now." She said, with a faint smile:

"It's quite a large boat, you know, mother. We're not even on the same deck."

"Do you expect to marry him?" Molly demanded with a gleam of hope.

Meg said, "I can't tell you what I don't yet know."

"In that case you're exposing yourself to the most unspeakable gossip—you won't have a shred of reputation left," Molly's face was livid.

"You're wrong, granny," said Mimi. "You can get away with a lot of things to-day that a lady wouldn't have done in your time. What I want to know is—"

"Yes? What do you want to know?" said Meg. She faced enmity in her daughter's eyes, enmity in her mother's, braced herself to meet it.

Mimi said, as her grandmother had said before her, but with a very different meaning:

"Are you going to marry him?"

"I don't know," said Meg, as she had already said it to her mother.

"Because if you are—if I have to live in the house with a stepfather nearer my age than yours—"

"Be careful, Mimi!" said Meg. She heard, to her own amazement, a sort of steely warning in her voice.

Mimi left the room with violent abruptness. Presently they heard her calling a number at the telephone.

"Please don't be so worried, mother," Meg began, softening.

simply swell! Not a dull moment. What did you do last night?" There was a considerable pause, in which apparently Elizabeth told what she had done on New Year's Eve. Mimi said: "I see. How perfectly grand. . . . I'll bet you did."

Well, Elizabeth, how's Alan?

Is he as tired as you are? . . . Worse, eh? . . . Tell him to drag himself together and come to the phone. I want to wish him a Happy New Year. There was a short silence only, then Mimi's voice altered, stiffened and turned cold. "I see," she said with a little laugh. "Oh, don't disturb him on my account! . . . See you some time soon, Elizabeth. . . . Good-bye."

"Elizabeth wouldn't call him to the phone," muttered Molly anxiously.

"He may have been asleep," said Meg. But she did not for a moment believe it. Mimi had low-

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

She could not bear the look of haggard weariness settling over Molly's set and unsmiling face, like dust on old ivory. "I know what I'm doing—and, after all, if I'm not old enough now to write my own ticket, I never shall be."

From the hall Mimi's voice came distinct—even a little shrill: "Hello, Elizabeth! Happy New Year! Been having a good time? . . . Oh, yes, of course I have—"

ered her pride and Elizabeth had slashed it for her. That much was unmistakable.

"I don't know what's the matter with women nowadays," said Molly. She folded her arms across her breast and sat looking fixedly into empty space. "My mother took life as it came and never a whimper out of her. She believed in the Bible—maybe that was one reason. She loved her husband,

and when she lost him she raised this child by her own hard work. She never took a penny she hadn't earned. I did my best when the time came—and it hasn't always been pleasant."

"Darling," said Meg. "don't I know it? Do you think I've no memory?"

Molly said, "But Mimi—she's got to have what she wants, whether she has any right to it or not. Even if in the process she pulls the whole house down about the ears of everyone in it." Sudden solution appeared to her. "Why don't you take her with you, Meg? Get her away from that man."

"No," said Meg. "I'm sorry, mother, but I can't let Mimi ruin everything for me."

Molly looked at her and saw there was no use in further struggling. "I would never have believed it. I thought you, at least, had some of your grandmother left in you. But to leave your daughter at a time like this—where is your sense of duty?"

Difficult to harden one's heart to that anguished approach. Meg said, "Mother—please—it isn't fair to talk to me like that. Things change so. If you understood it all—"

"I understand enough," said Molly, wretched but unrelenting.

While they were talking, the front door had opened and shut, but in their painful earnestness neither one of them had heard it. Now there were voices in the hall—Mimi's and a man's.

Meg jumped to her feet with a horrified exclamation. "I must be losing my mind. That's Jimmy Kilmartin. I told him two days ago that he could come out this evening—I'd forgotten all about him."

At that moment Mimi came through the hall door, with Kilmartin behind her. She was laughing gaily, if to Meg's ears a little wildly. "See what the New Year brought!" she cried, while Kilmartin shook hands with Molly and kissed Meg soundly on the cheek. "Tell you what let's do, Jimmy. There's a car-for-hire place near the post office. Let's get us a car for an hour or so and go for a drive. I'm tired of the family and the family's tired of me. Shall I get my hat?"

Please turn to Page 18

SONG Of The SIREN



A single slim figure was bound to the sacrificial stake.

Another thrilling adventure in which Savaran saves a white girl from a savage African tribe

REVEN FOSS, prepared for something like this, halted with a cry at the jungle edge. Even Savaran, for whom Africa had few surprises, stared startled. For their part, the handful of askari of the caravan huddled together frankly scared.

Astonishing sight enough! To come upon a fore-and-aft schooner sailing apparently through the grass of a green field would be a surprising freak anywhere. To come upon such a sight upon emerging from the hot glooms of the African bush hundreds of miles from any civilisation, hundreds of leagues from an ocean, was well, as Foss put it: "Gosh. It gives me the spookies!"

There it sat as though tied up snug to some New England string piece, a natty craft, sails neatly furled, and, from this distance, every spar and running line in good order. "As though just about to sail off on a deep sea voyage amid the shades," Foss said in a voice thick with awe.

And all about her, making her very presence uncanny, was that clean sweep of green grass, and about the grass was the sentinel circle of the massive and brooding African jungle thick as a wall, save just beyond the schooner. There an abrupt and lonely hill reared jagged, steep and dark against the brassy sky—a rough and savage hill well fitted to move dark African minds to fear.

"The Hill of Dread," the headman of askari muttered, teeth chattering. "This is an evil place, O Lion. See on the trees the ju-ju taboo."

Savaran saw on trees all round the clearing those signs, frightful and obscene, which warn black men that they are on ground made holy

by the presence of the wickedest breed of demons; also that death accompanied by all the artistic refinements of African torture waited on any trespass.

"Got to make things snappy," said Foss anxiously. "These local Leppa-Leps have nasty habits. Come on, Savaran."

He began to stride quickly across the sun-blazing grass, but at the tenth step halted with a cry that was edged with fear.

A thin, clear voice as penetrating as fine steel had abruptly cut through the thick and malignant stillness of that bated place. A voice chanting from nowhere; keen, unseen and uncanny. It rose and fell to a measured beat. It seemed to be striking straight at them so that only the fierce eyes of Savaran held the huddled askari from flinging away their arms and bolting.

Then, quite as abruptly as it had begun, it shut off.

The stark silence of the place seemed more fearful when it stopped, the very sunlight seemed black with demon threats, and they became shiveringly aware that no living thing, beast or bird, stirred about this baleful clearing.

Foss, loose at the knees, mopping his face, glared at the schooner they had come so far and through such dangers and difficulties to find.

"Curse Africa," he snarled. "You never know what hell's mixture it'll serve up to you next."

"Could you place that voice?" asked Savaran, fierce eyes frowning. "Do I hobnob with devils?" growled Foss. "No negro throat ever loosed a sound like that or knew a song like that."

"Yet," muttered the lean adventurer. "Where have I heard it before?"

"In your nursery, maybe," snarled

Foss, his eyes on the dark, Lucifer face. "Don't the blacks say you are the son of Satan himself?"

"I wonder!" the strong white teeth in the gipsy face flashed their startling smile. "And since I am Satan's son and darling of demons, this place is home from home for me. Come on."

"Oh, I'm with you," said Foss, but with an effort. "That's Parton's ship, a white man's ship, and I'm a white man—but we'll have to kick these Kan-ur boys across to it."

"No need," grinned the spider-spore man. "When Savaran says the word his men would storm the very clinkers of hell."

THE askari came. They did not want to, for a dread more terrorising than death was in their hearts, yet under Savaran's fierce eyes they did as most black men did, cringed and obeyed.

As they crossed the strange, still green paddock towards the schooner, Savaran, master of tongues as of most things, asked the askari head-

man: "Whence came that singing?" "From the Hill of Dread, O Tamer of Kings," shuddered the negro. "It is the god house of the Leppa-Lep, a place where no human feet may tread save, in season, Mham'ala, the ju-ju man, his priests, the vestal women and—" the eyes rolled fearfully in the lamp-black face—"the

victims of the sacrificial stake. There be terrible demons in that hill, O Zavarani, and my belly is sick at the thought of them."

"There is, also, someone who sings a song I seem to have heard—and I think it is a woman," said the eagle-faced man, and his eyes gleamed; for woman as much as war was a force that stirred him to his most sublime extravaganzas.

Foss, ahead, shouted back in his relief at finding one material explanation among the mysteries of this fear-crawling place.

The weird presence of a deep-sea schooner in the middle of a field was a simple enough affair after all. An arm of water, so thick with tropic scum that at first it had been difficult to distinguish it from the grass, wound out of the jungle from round the base of the Hill of Dread.

"A swamp channel," Foss said. "All this country's cut up with 'em. It probably leads down to the Lile-kemba River, and that, as you know, falls into the Rovuma—and we know that Parton was dodging the Germans therabouts when he vanished in 1914."

He peered across the scummy channel at the schooner. "And by the living Mike he dodged 'em good—look at the deck, Savaran! Piled up! The ivory's still aboard." He flung his arms up in a tremendous gesture of triumph. "We've done it Savaran," he shouted. "There's our fortune waiting for us."

My life in Paris and Monte Carlo, your Empire of Middle Africa. Ours but for the portage. We've won!"

He stopped. The spider-lean man was standing stiff, his fierce face listening with that ferociously genial smile that was a sign of danger in the air. And Foss listened too with a blanching face.

From beyond the Hill of Dread came the faint mutter-mutter of drums, bush drums calling through Africa the alarm.

"The Leppa-Lep are broadcasting our arrival," grinned Savaran.

In forty minutes the little force was in command of the empty vessel, their one machine-gun set up behind a breastwork on the high deck-house, the box of Mills grenades placed handy, half the askari lined along the bulwarks ready for anything, and the other half already cleaning quarters and cooking food. That was Savaran the soldier at work. It was safely first before gloating for him.

BESIDES, Foss was doing the gloating.

The lean adventurer found him in the captain's cabin, a chamber still strangely shipshape and tidy despite the work of tropic insects. Foss was at the desk reading ship's papers and whooping for joy.

"It's Parton's schooner all right," he shouted. "All the papers are clear. They were in the safe there, bug-proof. The key was in the lock, but they hadn't been disturbed—queer that. Nothing, in fact, has been touched, nothing looted—it's darn queer, eh?"

"The devil of the Hill of Dread are good protectors," Savaran grinned, taking a stand by a port-hole from which he could watch the shore. "What have you found?"

Please turn to Page 20

By
Douglas Newton

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MR. SIMS FORGETS

A vivid tale of the sea, and of a woman in peril on a windjammer.



DODGER SIMS shifted his position on the bollard we were sharing and spat contemptuously at the Gulf of Oman.

"Forgetful," he complained to high heaven. "Calls me forgetful . . . me, what's got my mate's papers and sailed in more ships than what he'll ever sight."

To say that the skipper of the Smiling Morn (out of Bandar Abbas for Karachi, with a cargo of raw silk and carpets below the hatches) had accused the Dodger of forgetfulness would be a very abridged version of his remarks.

"Next time you drop your blasted marline spike on the poop and forget to pick it up, I'll knock the inside out of you, you slab-sided, mutton-headed son of an immoral she-goat . . . the skipper, nursing his bare foot, had belted. And even that rendering is expurgated.

Dodger laughed shortly.

"When he gets peevish like, he reminds me a bit of Captain Bains. Hell-fire Bains, the hands used to call him, aye, and the name fitted him as neat as this here seizing."

He held up his handwork proudly.

Then, laying aside the rope's-end, he started to carve himself a plug of tobacco, employing a murderous-looking clasp knife as deftly as an operating surgeon.

"Ever sail with Hell-fire?" he asked. "There, I forgot, you wasn't a pukka sailor, but just a perishing amachewer, looking for adventure, like."

Again he spat over the side, then reached over for my matches and held up the box.

"These here things and my bloom-in' forgetfulness gave me a spot of adventure I shan't forget in a hurry," he said.

I sat back expectantly. I had met Dodger Sims two months ago on the Apollo Bunder at Bombay. He had eventually carried me off to meet his grave-eyed, gentle little wife who kept a boarding-house in the tangle of streets behind Number Five Shed at the Docks. From that my friendship with Dodger started; a friendship which had led me to vacate my rooms in the Taj Mahal Hotel and sign on with Dodger as a deckhand in the Smiling Morn.

I knew that next to Mary Sims, his wife, there was nothing he liked better than yarning, and so I waited in silence for him to begin.

For a while he sat with narrowed eyes, gazing at the smudge on our port beam which represented Raz Pishkan, where western India may be said to start, then:

"Hell-fire by name and Hell-fire by nature," he said. "I'd never have sailed with him if I hadn't of been so long on the beach that I'd've sailed with the devil himself in order to get off of it."

"Funny how once the sea gets a hold of you there ain't no shore billet a'll ever satisfy you no more."

Times when I've been bawling round what they call the Seven Seas, I've thought how nice it'd be to settle down along of Mary back in London again, though when I started I had my ambitions, too. Thought I'd go into steam; the P. and O. or Elder Dempster; pictured myself the brass-bound skipper of a liner, lolling in the wing of the bridge high up above the passengers' sport deck and smoking cigars what the owners give me each time I come ashore. But it didn't turn out that way.

"I got my mate's ticket all right,"

continued Dodger, "but it was of little use to me, 'cept during the war years when I joined the infantry 'fore I knew there'd be a boom in shipping," he explained with heavy irony.

I recalled him firmly to his story.

"Yes, of course, Hell-fire Bains . . . Sorry, I forgot."

"Well, I'd always been a stick and string sailor at heart and sailing ships were getting hard to find, even before the war. Which may account for the fact that those times I haven't been kicking my heels on the beach, I've spent in the fo'c'sle, till now, here I am, holding a mate's certificate and one-time lance-corporal of the line, faced with either shipping 'fore the mast or not shipping at all. But I was mate in the Drumalong all right, when I shipped with Hell-fire Bains."

"I was down in Singapore at the time, trying to find a ship, when I heard there was a hand wanted for a windjammer, loading case petrol at Aru Bay in Sumatra."

"They used to ship it across to the Cape that way in those days, two-gallon tins in each case. And those case oil boats had a good name for feeding and I was right sick of being ashore, anyhow."

"So, next day, pleased as Punch, I went down to Aru Bay in a Dutch coasting steamer and got myself put aboard the Drumalong, one of the neatest little ships as I'd ever clapped eyes on."

"I found her tied up in a creek stretching 'way inland while she was being loaded by Malay coolies with cases which came down in lighters from the refinery."

"As I climbed over her side, my pipe stuck in my face and a couple of coolies carrying my sea-chest behind me, a voice hailed me from the break of the poop which brought me up all standing:

"Douse that pipe, you ape," sings out Captain Hell-fire Bains. 'Do you want to blow the lot of us to Hades?'"

"I'd forgotten about the petrol and while I was ramming my thumb



"She was one of the neatest little ships I'd ever clapped my eyes on."

"No, sir," I says. For after all, he was the Skipper.

"Well, remember, only safety matches allowed aboard here," he growls, 'and no smoking. You can smoke over on the grub boat."

"He jerks his head in the direction of an old schooner hull, moored alongside the jungle."

"And now get for'ard, you, and join the rest of the scum you'll find in the fo'c'sle," he says, and goes back to the poop."

AS soon as I'd got my chow gear out, all hands went over to the grub boat to feed, and even before one of the apprentices had got an oar over the stern of the gig to scull us over, I knew I'd shipped with as low-down, cut-throat a lot of beachcombers as ever I'd seen before, and that was saying a lot. Mostly daogees; in fact, I was the only 'white man' there so far as I could make out.

"What I could understand of their talk was chiefly 'bout women and drink, but they kept mentioning the Skipper's missis and the Skipper's monkey. I couldn't make head or tail of it all, but I was sorry about his missis. A sailing ship ain't no place for a woman at the best of times, and this one was going to be hell. I didn't think the monkey mattered so much, but there I was wrong."

"Anyhow, as it happened, I didn't have to mess with that mob again, for no sooner was I back in

the Drumalong than Hell-fire sent for me.

"Seen the crew?" he asks, and 'fore I'd finished telling him that I had, he stopped me. "My mate's seen 'em, too," he says, 'and after one good look at 'em he's developed heart-failure. He's going ashore to-night for good, the white-livered cur. You've got your ticket, Sims? Right, well from to-night, you take over as mate aboard this packet. Shift your duds out of the fo'c'sle now, Mister."

"Suddenly he looks away. "By the way, I've got my missis aboard, this trip," he explains, just a bit too casual like."

"I says nothing but I still didn't like it, and I liked it even less when I saw her that evening."

"She was far too young and pretty to be adrift in that hooker with that mob; and her eyes was very big and scared looking. Maybe that's why I didn't like it, she looked . . . frightened somehow."

"Well, it wasn't for me to do anything, even if there was anything to be done, so I carried on, only too glad to have been made mate and so escaped from the rabble for'ard."

"While I was getting my gear out the fo'c'sle, I came across a box of those sulphur matches, the kind what'll strike anywhere. 'If I'm to be mate of this vessel,' I thought, 'I've got to mend some of my forgetful ways,' for I never knew I had 'em when I came aboard and I was nervous and sick with myself at having found them."

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"I rushed the girl along the deck and towards the boat and safety."

down on the 'baccy. Hell-fire comes down the poop ladder, fair snarling."

"I might have known I'd either get knaves or fools for this trip,"

he says. 'Have you got any matches, blast you? If so, hand 'em over quick'."

"I dialiked the man soon as I seen him, but:

The Fashion Parade by Petrov

Four Invitations To Dance

● **CHIFFON** in deep blue, pale blue, and white provides a deep blue frock with shoulder-to-hem draperies and an unusually swathed bodice.



● **RICH BURGUNDY SATIN**, with all its skirt fullness descending from the waist across the back. Jewelled collar, bracelet, and crescent hair ornament.

● **ROSE TAFFETA**—stiff and gathered like a lampshade, making up in skirt what it lacks in the bodice. The latter is finished with a tight little posy in rose, gold, and orange.

● **TAFFETA AGAIN**, but this time flesh color and veiled with stiff black net banded with lace. The hem is finished with a band of black caracul, as is the tiny bolero. Red velvet belt and flowers.

IN WHITE...



● ABOVE: Beautiful bridal dress of white lacquered satin with high neck.

● RIGHT: Cream and beige ribbed tweed coat with large pockets.



● NOVELTY fabric of white lightweight wool fashions the dinner frock above. The bodice is laced with narrow folds of the frock fabric.



● ABOVE: Nina Batchelor's Ascot hat of white wool and felt, showing the shallower crown for 1937.

● AT RIGHT: Black-and-white spot dress and coat in winter-weight silk crepe. "Affinity" prints retain their popularity.



MARCH OF THE MODE by René

POLO And COUNTRY RACES



● EXTREME LEFT: Pine-needle green velour with emerald patent quill—a swagger hat to wear with a swagger coat.

● LEFT: Tartan plaid woollen, in red, green and black, is used to make a tam-o'-shanter beret and scarf.

● ABOVE: Over a navy wool sports frock, this lass wears a cherry suede jacket.

● LEFT: A heather mixture Scotch tweed in warm browns—a nigger-brown suede hat and brown velvet cravat.

● ABOVE: Rust checked Harris tweed for a sporty coat to wear over a green wool suit.

● ABOVE: Grey twill angora flannel makes this sports suit, worn with a navy shirt blouse.



CHARM & REFINEMENT

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SHAMPOO

An Editorial

JUNE 19, 1937

WHY THE FREER CASE MATTERED



WHEN Mrs. Freer comes back to Australia, it will be as a private woman. The Freer case is finished. Now that it's over, we should straighten out our ideas about it, and realise that it was the case, and not the woman in it, that was so important.

A lot of women still have the wrong slant on it. They think the real issue was the breaking-up of an Australian home. They can't understand the fuss over the ban.

They wonder why it was lifted. They think the sanctity of marriage has been challenged.

They're quite wrong, of course. What made the Freer case a vital issue was the fact that a sacred principle of British justice was involved.

We don't condemn people without a trial. We don't condemn people on hearsay evidence. We don't condemn people in secret, without saying why.

Yet that is what happened to Mrs. Freer. She was kept out of Australia without any chance of knowing why or having the opportunity of answering any charges.

She had no chance of defending herself. She had no chance of refuting whatever had been said about her. She didn't even know what it was. Neither did the public.

The Minister who banned her, constitutionally and unjustifiably, apparently felt bound by loyalties to his informants not to disclose their confidences.

So an ugly web of suspicion was woven about her. Rumor-mongers had a golden opportunity. All sorts of things were hinted at. And none of them had a grain of truth.

In other words, Mrs. Freer, a British subject who had done no wrong, was condemned by gossip.

No democratic people could accept such a gross injustice. The individual didn't matter. The principle was all-important.

It meant the scrapping of all our cherished ideas of personal liberty. It meant, in short, that you or any other woman were liable to be treated as Mrs. Freer had been treated, if trial by gossip became substituted for trial by law.

That is why a chorus of protest echoed round Australia, and Mrs. Freer ceased to be a private person and became a public issue.

Now, of course, we can all see how unfairly Mrs. Freer was treated. The rumors about her have been dispelled, because the Government would never have lifted the ban if any of them had the slightest foundation.

Mrs. Freer comes into Australia as she should have come in six months ago, with a perfect right as a British subject to do so.

She comes in as an ordinary woman who happened to be the victim of a blunder.

But what really matters is the fact that, as a democratic people, we have affirmed our fundamental principle of justice, and made it more difficult for any one to be condemned by hearsay in the future.

—THE EDITOR.

The British View

THE British Royal family has apparently abandoned for good the old policy that the heir should wed the daughter—or son—of another European royal house.

The Duke of Kent married a princess, but neither the present King, the Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Gloucester, nor Princess Mary married royalty.

The eventual result will be that it will be quite impossible for us to speak of royal blood as a sacred fluid distinct from that which flows in other men's veins.

But that will make no difference whatever to the regard of Britons for their Royal family.

The inheritance of British royalty, which carries on from sovereign to sovereign the love and trust of the people, is not blood but tradition—that living current of ideals and faiths.

Sanity in Clothes

TALKING of clothes and modesty, it is interesting to look round nowadays at the girls and women in the streets, in offices, or at dances, and to compare their costumes mentally with those of the period immediately following the war.

If you remember, skirts got shorter and shorter, materials flimsier and flimsier, lingerie approached the vanishing point. Those who cried out in protest were branded prudes and museum pieces . . . for a while.

And then sanity reassessed itself as it has been doing for countless years through the cycles of human custom and convention.

The short-skirt and flimsy-garment vogue became caricatured to such an extent by people that there was an instinctive swing back to moderation.

It is always so—we imagine fashion dictates to us, but, fundamentally, the mass mind of humanity dictates to fashion.

And if there is a season of freakishness every now and then—well, that only means humanity in the mass is letting off a bit of surplus excitement through the safety-valve of fashion.

Island Etiquette

FOUR HUNDRED Methodist Church members on a cruise to the Pacific Islands last week fraternised with the natives at Tonga, squatted on their haunches and ate roast sucking pig and turkey with their fingers.

This unorthodox and barbaric performance was actually in the best of taste—in Tonga—and it just goes to show that the really civilised person must still obey the old rule and do as Rome—or Tonga—does.

Christianity and culture benefited rather than suffered by this hearty and greasy-fingered get-together party.

By Any Other Name . . .

BECAUSE many of the students' papers he had to correct smelt badly of odorous chemicals an American professor of physics recently returned them in a novel way.

Those who failed dismally had to collect their papers from a jar which gave off an extremely horrible smell; those who were just below the mark took theirs from one which emitted an odor of bad eggs; but the fortunate students who passed drew their papers from a jar scented with attar of roses.

Still, to those who had been successful a pass from any other jar would no doubt have smelt just as sweet.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Mens Sano

AN Australian headmaster recently said that many school-children were in danger of curvature of the spine through carrying heavy bags of books to and from their lessons.

This is an alarming thought, and indeed a remedy such as making it compulsory that children carry their books in a scientifically designed rucksack seems indicated. Still many parents may think it more sensible to abolish homework, for this is why children are obliged to carry their books to and fro.

At present a child's whole life centres round school for a period of approximately ten years.



PICTURED HERE is the mysterious blonde woman who annually pays a visit to the bier of the late Rudolph Valentino, former screen "sheik." Slipping quickly into the marble halls of the mausoleum, the "mystery woman" offers a quick devotion before the Valentino crypt. She is shown here placing a small floral tribute in the vase on the wall before the niche containing the film star's remains.

—quite a sufficient time to thwart or cramp an unformed personality if improper methods are used.

Modern educationists are reminding us almost daily that onerous school tasks, and nights and week-ends occupied in doing homework, can cause injury to a sensitive mind and can impair mental and physical health.

Thus it is fit that we should remember that while carrying books may cause curvature of the spine, the mental burden of their contents can, if too heavy, bend or break the mind.

Human Kindness

ONCE again the Australian public has shown its readiness to help a sufferer when its sympathies are aroused.

On her way to Darwin is a typist who was attacked by a rare circulatory trouble which threatened her with the loss of an arm unless she could move at once to a tropical climate.

This fact was publicised, and at once citizens subscribed the amount of her fare to Darwin and enough to keep her till she could resume her work.

The immediate generous response is one of those things that serve to console us when other aspects of human behaviour tend to disillusion.

Henry's Divorces Banned as School Lessons

While educationists in Australia are pondering on how to ease the burden of school lessons for growing children England is doing something about it.

THE English Board of Education is putting into practice a revolutionary system of simplified lessons.

As examples, the divorces of Henry VIII are practically a banned subject; so also are the intrigues of Charles II.

No more, either, will children be embarrassed by questions on their reactions to the sentiments or phraseology of poems. Such introspection it is claimed does more harm than good, and breeds hypocrisy and sentimentality.

Here are some of the other suggestions which fill 600 pages of a handbook for teachers issued by the Board in England.

Good music is important in every child's education. A school in a district where there are well managed children's concerts should take every opportunity of attending them. Concerts given by the school itself are strongly to be recommended.

A girl should begin by learning all those ordinary duties which she might be expected to perform at home: keeping her own person in scrupulous order, learning to clean shoes, make beds, wash hairbrushes, wash and iron handkerchiefs, clean silver, cut bread and butter and make tea.

Later she should learn the value of such foods as milk, butter, eggs, bread, meat, and vegetables in simple terms such as bone-making, body-building, heat-giving, power-giving.

Chemical terms mean little or nothing in the early stages and should only be introduced to senior girls.

Girls as well as boys should take a full share in this work.

All gardens must be large enough to provide adequate opportunity for practical work by all the scholars, say from half an acre upwards.

Telling Stories

IN the English lessons some stories must be read, others may be read, and others must be told.

In recent years there appears to have been some decay in the ability of teachers to tell stories to children. The replacement of good story-telling by reading stories is not to be welcomed.

Children should learn to write with reasonable speed—about seven words a minute with good tools, but as slowly as thirty-five letters in half an hour.

Stories of adventure should illustrate geography, such as stories of travellers lost in desert or forest, of sailors shipwrecked on lonely islands, of heroism in natural dangers, such as earthquakes, floods, and fires.

Every advantage should be taken of events which are "front page news"—expeditions in little-known regions, long journeys by motor-car, aeroplane, or airship.

As the need of decimals of more than two or three places seldom occurs, the introduction of long and complex fractions is useless and wasted.

Multiplication and division by numbers greater than 12 need only be learned by the brighter pupils. This applies also to the rules for finding the lowest common multiple.

LYRIC OF LIFE

NIGHTFALL

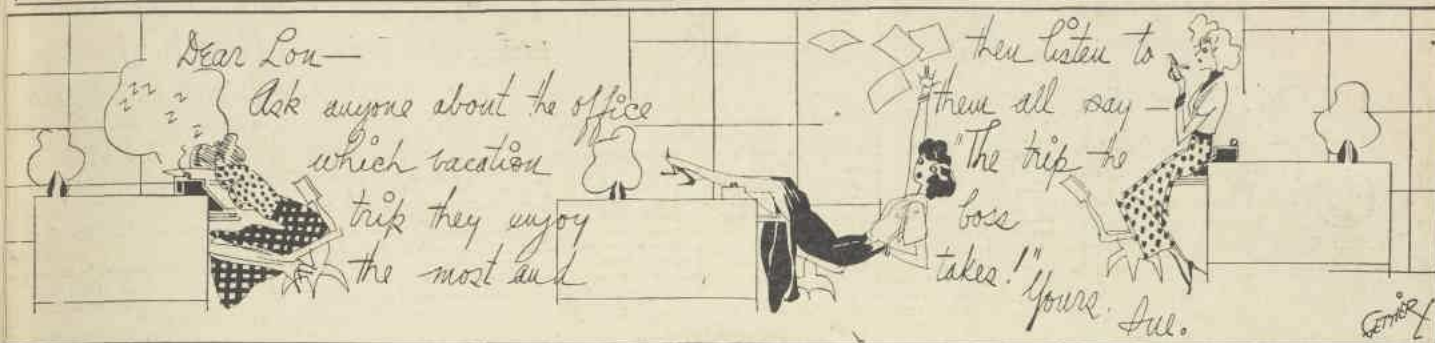
The flowers tremble on the fringe of night,
The dusk's long shadows lie
Along the broken edge of day,
Against the burning stain of Western sky.

From the heaven's half light a few faint stars
Peer wanly forth, and gleam
Like elfin candles in the dusk
Lighting the fire of some young lover's dream.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

FROM SUE TO LOU - - -

- - - A Bright Girl's Letter



NEW BOOKS

... Conducted by ...
LESLIE HAYLEN

A Tale Of The Old Hands As They Really Were

Epic of a Collins' Diary

After a lapse of thirty years Australia has discovered a native genius — a Mark Twain of the Murrumbidgee—by name Tom Collins, by nature a storyteller in the tradition of the masters.

COLLINS has waited a long time for recognition, but resurrected and edited by Vance Palmer and published by Jonathan Cape, in England, his book comes as a glorious surprise to most of us.

Thirty years ago apparently there was no self-consciousness in the Australian novel. Hayseeds and half-wits appear to have come after.

Collins is a justification for the country novel as the model for the great Australian story.

Terse, sardonic, ironical and unsentimental, as Australian and as authentic as the work of Lindsay or



AGATHA CHRISTIE, famous writer of thrillers, tells another fine story of M. Poirot in her latest book, "Murder in the Meuse."

Penton to-day, he reminds us that we owe an apology to the old timers. They, too, held the mirror up to life with no attempt to distort the reflection.

Collins is the troubadour of the teamster. He sings the saga of the stockman and the squatter, the men and women of the bush.

His are not the pantaloones pioneers of a more precious school of fiction, but the people of a harsh and horny-handed reality.

His country is a place where you slept with your boots on under your bullock wagon. A country where grass was greater currency than gold and infinitely more precious.

If your stock were starving you stole for them out of the squatter's paddocks. If you were caught you went to gaol. If you were strong enough you survived; and if you were sick enough you died.

And they buried you in your blanket under a coolibah tree and left it to a softer generation to give you a quatrain of verse, as a halo or a stanza in a sentimental song as a monument.

Makes Them Real

COLLINS doesn't debunk the pioneers; he rehabilitates them, makes them real.

Of women in those days he has much to say. They fit in and out of his story, taciturn women soured by life in the bush, buxom girls of sense and beauty, as natural and unspiced as their surroundings. Nothing cut to pattern about these women—all of them characters, types, people.

That is the chief charm of the book—its reality. It's a reality that survives from another generation. Written in the archaic style of half a century ago when every man knew his Greek, sir, his Horace and his Shakespeare as well, it appears superficially as dry and discursive—but that is only on the surface. Underneath are the lush layers of the real literature of the land.

Humor of the subtle variety inhabits the book, and there is one gloriously spontaneous outburst which is the best thing in the story.

Collins, in measured and vigorous prose, tells us of his plight when he lost his clothes in the river, and the adventures which befel him before

he was clothed and in his right mind again.

Bernard Shaw was once asked to write a story containing romance, sex appeal, action, passion and religion. This is what he said:

"Stop it," said Agnes, angrily to the bishop, "you're pulling my leg."

In the same way Collins, in the bucolic incident of the man without his pants, has written a humorous story, a lecture, an essay on conduct and a philosophy—such is life.

The editing of the diary must have been no easy task, but Vance Palmer has made a splendid job of it. He has done more than present Australia with a book. He has given Australian writers a storehouse of memories and atmosphere of the early days, whose rich treasures will be plundered more than once in development of our native literature.

"Such is Life." Tom Collins. Edited by Vance Palmer. Jonathan Cape. Our copy from Angus & Robertson, Ltd.

Books To Read

"THE CAPABLE GIRL." Anne Stanton Drew. A well-written story of a beautiful girl who resented being called clever and capable.

"THE SCENT OF WATER." Susan Buchan. Fine romantic novel, brilliant character drawing.

"DOWN TO THE SEA." Shalimar. An omnibus volume of excellent sea stories.

"MY TATTERED LOVING." George Preedy. Seventeenth century historical romance.

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SLENDERNESS is possible without fasting or injurious dieting. There is a safer, pleasanter way of banishing unsightly fat, without changing one's habits. Gently, gradually, surely, a nightly dose of Bile Beans disperses the surplus poundage, enabling you to "slim while you sleep."

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the secret
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beautiful skin ..."



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Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Face Powder has a soft fine texture which makes it cling for hours; it is delicately perfumed; and it comes in six flattering shades that blend exquisitely with the most exacting complexion. It will not cause clogged or enlarged pores, and its velvety texture gives a smooth finish to your complexion.

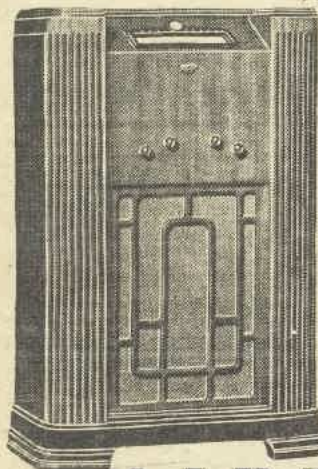
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BOX OF 12

MODESS

MR. SIMS Forgets

Continued from Page 8

“**T**HEN I set about my new duties, and went to superintend the coolies at their loading, and the way they were treating the loads was just cruel. You could smell the petrol fumes from the broken cases even with the hatches on, at night.

“And the deeper we got in the water, the more of a floating hell that ship seemed to be. For to add to the danger from the cargo, which was giving off fumes like a gas attack, and the trouble we had with the crew, it wasn't long before I found out what the men had meant when they'd talked about the Captain's monkey. For the Old Man had brought a orang outboard, and he kept it in a large wooden cage he'd had Chips build aft. It used to make each night more horrible than the last with its shrieking and screaming, till the crew was almost out of hand 'fore ever we sailed.

“Yes, by the time we pulled out, it was just one hell of a ship all right. She was sealed up like a sardine tin. Chips had caulked all the hatches and poured pitch into the seams, and we had taken all the ventilators off and made them tight with wooden plugs, canvas covers and lashings. But as she had to be ventilated somehow, with all the gas from those leaky tins in her, we took the iron caps off the hollow lower masts (they'd drilled holes in 'em, below, before she started in this trade) and rigged little canvas windfalls over each. When you were aloft, you could smell the petrol fumes coming up, but the wind blew them away and they were too high up to catch the heat from the galley funnel. So far as the petrol went, we felt we were as safe as might be. But, of course, there was still the woman and the monkey.

“And, as it happened, it was the woman who was the real cause of the mischief, and it wasn't her fault either. And when it did start, it came to a head quicker'n even I had feared.”

Dodger Sims paused to charge his pipe. As the pause lasted over-long, I said:

“So it was the woman who caused the trouble.”

“Aye,” said Dodger, still gazing seaward.

“Cherchez la femme,” I remarked, unoriginally.

Dodger turned and surveyed me suspiciously.

“Maybe you're right,” he said. “I don't know what it means, but I guess it's much the same as that low-down crew were saying it in about nineteen different languages, for, believe me, that girl was enough to drive ordinary men wild.

“**I**F we'd had an average crew, she'd have been safe as the Bank, what with me and the skipper and everything. But this crew, I tell you, was vile... just the dregs and sweepings of all the ports in the world—blast 'em.

“I was near crazed myself, 'fore we'd been long at sea. Hell-fire lived up to his name and treated the whole ship's company like dogs... which, perhaps was as well with the dock rats he had aboard. But it didn't end there.

“He had a nasty knack of taking out his temper on the monkey. Used to stand by the cage and prod at it with a pointed stick, till it fair belowed with rage. Then he'd laugh and turn his attentions to the girl...”

“She never complained, never made a sound, but I know he used to knock her about in his cabin sure as I'm sitting here. I used to see the marks on her arms. And the look in her eyes was enough to make a man go for his gun.

“The things that monkey and I couldn't have done to the skipper wasn't worth printing. Aye, and the things we could have done to him couldn't be printed, for that matter.

“So, what with the darn monkey screaming with pain or just screaming for the fun of the thing, when the skipper wasn't there, and what with me worrying over what I should do about the girl, I wasn't getting much sleep those days, one way and another.

“And 'fore I could get my ideas straightened out properly, it happened.

“The girl had just come aft from the fore well-deck where she's been dressing the wound of one of the hands what had hurt himself. She used to move about among the

crew quite fearless, with me, with a belaying pin tucked up my right sleeve, trailing her inconspicuous like, without her knowledge.

“One of the men, Olsen, a Norwegian, and so far as I could judge the only hand aboard with a spark of manhood, stopped me as I was following her up the poop ladder.

“It's like this, sir,” he whispers quickly. “This woman of the Al Man's is goin' to cause trouble one of these days. You just watch 'e crew, sir,” he says, and those Norwegians have a way of knowing things 'fore they happen, for I don't think the men had let on to Olsen about their plans.

“Well, it was lucky for us Olsen was doing his trick at the wheel when the fun started that evening.

“One minute the ship was as normal as she was ever likely to be, and the next, the Old Man and I were facing a raging mob which stood about in the well deck while they tried to shove their spokesmen forward. Behind me, I glimpsed the Skipper's missis and behind her again, was Olsen at the wheel. Things looked pretty grim, in a manner of speaking.

“**A**T last a cove they called Gomes spoke up, and he didn't exactly mince his words, once he'd got going. He made a pretence the mutiny was due to the rough handling Hell-fire had given them since we sailed, but all the while he spoke, his eyes were on the girl and every now and again he'd pause and run his tongue over his lips like the dog he was...

“Hell-fire just stands at the break of the poop looking down at him. He seemed to be calculating his personal chances of escape. He'd been braver'n heroes with women and monkeys, but it was easy to see the yellow streak now.

“I remembered he kept a pair of pistols in the deck-house and I



THIS CHARMING Paramount player wears a two-piece model of crepe. The youthful tunic is piped in white with a narrow silver edge and trimmed with tiny rhinestone buttons.

nipped in and got them. Hell-fire was still trying to parley when I came out on deck again, so I gave one pistol to the girl. I thought she'd probably need it, for the odds against us saving her were a sight too long for my liking.

Please turn to Page 16



SHE IS TERRIBLY
RESTLESS AT NIGHT,
AND SO CRANKY AND
IRRITABLE DURING THE
DAY — SHE WAS
ALWAYS SUCH A BRIGHT
CHILD, TOO.

WHAT SHE REALLY NEEDS
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—Pictures by AIR MAIL



UNUSUAL FROCK of wool challis in a specially woven design in carbon-blue. The same shade is repeated in the accessories.



SMART REDINGOTE in navy-blue tweed, designed to be worn over the "morning glory" printed frock. Quaint leather buttons and butterfly in lapel.



ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE in heavy off-white silk crepe, woven in raised floral design in self tonings. Very simply made.



CARBON-BLUE CREPE dress printed with white "morning glories," featuring a simple neckline and long plain sleeves. Hat trimmed with "morning glories."



DRESS OF BLACK CREPE sparsely printed with small white turtles which appear at infrequent intervals. Belt buckle repeats the turtle motif.



DRESS IN HEAVY BLACK SILK, worn with a hyacinth-blue tweed jacket. Black jet butterflies embroidered on the jacket lapels.



THIS IS THE SENSATIONAL EVENING DRESS which was so much featured in the cables. It is of white organza printed with a red lobster. Scarlet belt.



DINNER DRESS IN BLACK MOUSSELINE made with very slim skirt and high neck. An attractive neckline trimming of flowers in various shades.

EVENING FROCK of heavy black silk ribbed crepe, cut on the plainest possible lines, and belted with black suede with an attractive buckle.




BLACK WOOLLEN SUIT, fastened with patent leather chessmen. White crepe blouse also printed with black chessmen.



ENSEMBLE comprising dress in brown wool and jacket in sky-blue tweed, cut without collar or lapels. Butterflies in graduated sizes instead of buttons.

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OBTAINABLE AT ALL GOOD FURNISHING STORES.

GUARANTEED MOTHPROOF FOR LIFE

MR. SIMS Forgets

Continued from Page 14

"It was as I turned away from her to join Hell-fire that the Skipper's monkey took a hand in the game. I didn't realise I was so near his cage till I felt a drag at my jacket pocket and 'fore I could stop him, he was backing away from the bars, clapping that box of sulphur matches I'd brought aboard and forgotten to get rid of.

"Without wasting time, I dragged up the door of the cage and reached in to try and grab him, but as I reached, so he twisted under my arm and dashed out on the deck, chattering and grinning like a human.

"By all rights he should've set on Hell-fire and torn him limb from limb after the way he'd been treated, but the fool didn't. He bounded up and perched himself on top of the bulwark rail. Then he took one look over the side at the sea and that was enough. Quick as a flash, he darts up the mizzen rigging and paused at the futtock shrouds, still gripping the box of sulphur matches.

"You can guess that gave our precious crew something else to think about, and even then only one of them, Gomez, does anything but shout and run round helpless like. But as Gomez starts aloft with a knife between his teeth, the monkey skips up through the Lubber's Hole and squatting down in the top, starts to open the matchbox.

"The Skipper, keeping his eyes aloft, steps backward, reaching back his hand for one of the pistols and like a fool, I gave him mine. The ship had suddenly become quiet as death, for we all knew that if that blasted monkey struck a match over the windsail we'd rigged in the top, we'd probably all be blown to hell at just about the same split second.

"Then the Skipper fired, but I reckon his hand was shaking pretty badly, for the monkey never turned a hair, but just sat there working at the matchbox which he'd got half open by now.

"Some of the men must've thought Hell-fire was shooting at Gomez, for there was a rush for the poop ladder.

"Hell-fire dropped his gun and started to run aft. As I stooped to get it, the girl fired from behind me and it seemed to check the leaders long enough to give me time to empty the pistol into the mob that had reached the poop.

"Most of 'em started to go back, but one slung a belaying pin at Hell-fire and it caught him on the base of the skull and knocked him senseless. He dropped like he'd been pole-axed.

"Then I remembered the jolly-boat was still made fast to the stern rail. We'd kept her in tow ever since we'd left Sumatra and I'd been meaning each day to have her hoisted in but somehow I'd always forgot.

"I picked up Hell-fire, shouted at Olsen to quit the wheel and join us, and dragged the girl aft to where the painter was made fast.

"Meanwhile the crew was struggling round the lifeboats midships, 'cept Gomez, and he was still about six feet below the top when he must have seen us making for the jolly-boat.

"Whether he thought we'd fired at him or whether he saw there wasn't much hope of catching the monkey, I don't know, but he suddenly starts cursing and raving at us from the mizzen shrouds.

"Well, I got the girl over the side and she went down the painter to the boat. Then I looked round for Olsen to lend me a hand with the Skipper, but he was stretched out by the wheel, on his face.

"I propped Hell-fire against the rail and went to see what was wrong, but it didn't take long to find out. Olsen was dead as mutton. Gomez's knife must have caught him behind the left shoulder blade as he turned aft. Gomez had a reputation in the ship for knife throwing, and he'd lived up to it. So I left Olsen, and turned back to the jolly boat.

"I don't remember much about the struggle down that painter, but I do remember giving way with a will once we'd cast off, with the result we were well astern when the end came.

"And it came sudden, too. So sudden that although we were braced up for it, it seemed unexpected, somehow.

"It was like the bursting of a giant's balloon . . . a tremendous 'puff' and the next I was heading was nearly wrenched out of my hands. I remember seeing the main hatches high up in the air, looking as though they were balanced on a sheet of

flame, and then she was alight fore and aft, her mizzen and mainmast gone, and she was coming up into the wind.

"The explosion must have blown out her plates, for she settled fast for'ard. There wasn't much smoke; just a streaming mass of flame and sparks going up into the air. Then her bow went right under and her stern stood up out of the sea. . . . she went slowly out of sight, leaving the water all round burning with funny licking flames, like methylated spirits.

"I hadn't seen a sign of a soul aboard 'fore she went under, but we pulled back towards her, through the ash and scum she left on the surface . . . but no one could have lived in that scorching furnace, anyway."

Dodger Sims lapsed into reminiscent silence. At last:

"Well?" I asked.

He came back from his reverie with a start.

"Oh, yes," he said, "we was picked up next morning by an Orient boat, homeward bound."

He paused again.

"And the Skipper's missis?" I persisted.

"You've met her. Name of Mary. I married her," he explained briefly.

"Then what of Hell-fire Bains?" I demanded.

Dodger turned and looked at me.

"Yes," he apologised, "that was a pity. 'Snatter of fact, when I got down into that jolly-boat, I'm dashed if I hadn't gone and forgotten to bring Hell-fire Bains off the Drum-along."

"Seems to me I'm always forgetting things," concluded Dodger Sims.

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Headache, dizziness, biliousness — and even more serious symptoms, such as rheumatism, sciatica, gout, neuritis, etc. — are nearly always caused by the dangerous poisons brewed in disordered kidneys and liver.

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To ensure one free movement of the bowels daily, take Warner's Safe Pills, 1/- per pinch.



"Daddy don't forget TO SEE THE A.M.P."

SHE heard her mother say it as daddy was going out of the front door that morning: "Don't forget to see the A.M.P."

The mother wants the husband and father to buttress the happy family life with two more A.M.P. policies. She wants one to wipe out the mortgage on the home, either in the event of her husband's death or in 20 years if he lives, and she wants a little policy (\$200 is her idea) that, with bonuses added, will provide a dowry for the beloved daughter when she marries.

Her husband can afford it. She knows that. The cost will be nothing in comparison with his earnings. She just can't get him to take the necessary action. He forgets, he says. He is one of those dear procrastinators, but she'll win. She'll win because she is in the right.

Wives! It's a good practice to say, occasionally, "Don't forget to see the A.M.P." Don't overdo it. Tact works wonders. Just say it occasionally.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



BARRISTER: How far away were you when the accident happened?
WITNESS: Two yards and three inches.
BARRISTER: Surely you didn't measure the distance?
WITNESS: Yes; I guessed some goat or other would be sure to ask me!



HE: I noticed your friend didn't return your nod.
SHE: She never returns anything; she used to live next door.



"Jack's very good to me, Mother. He gives me everything I ask for."
 "Then take the advice of an experienced woman—you're not asking for enough!"



"I seldom think of my audience when I'm singing."
 "But you ought to show some consideration, my dear."



"I'M WORRIED ABOUT WINNIE, NURSE. SHE FRETS FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT. WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?"

"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant. Kids don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable. Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs,' 'Califig' and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning. You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system, saves stomach unctions and biliousness. If children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed

well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it. If I were you, I would send for a bottle and give Winnie a dose at once. Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs.' Mrs. Grant, I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realise that 'California Syrup of Figs' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared. 'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2 1/2 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
 'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

A YOUNG doctor received a phone call from a colleague, who invited him to make a fourth at bridge. "Got to go out, dear?" asked his wife sympathetically. "I'm afraid so," was the grave reply. "It's a very important case. There are three doctors there already."

ONE of the inmates of the prison was called into the Governor's office. "You were sent here, I believe, for writing a glowing prospectus for an oil company."

"Yes," said the prisoner, "I was a little too optimistic."
 "Well," said the Governor, "the authorities want a report on conditions in this prison. I've decided to let you write it."

"HOW'S your new boarding-house?"
 "The rooms are just tolerable, the food so-so—but the gossip is simply great."

POLICEMAN: Did you get his number?
 Victim (peevishly): No, I missed that, but I got the mudguards, the wheels and the axle.

"WOMEN are certainly patronising barbers' shops these days."
 "Yes, and it serves some of these talkative barbers right!"

EXASPERATED GOLFER: Good heavens, boy, I thought you came out with me to look for balls. Bland Caddie: Lady, we've both been had; I thought you came out to play golf.

FLU & COLDS



with **"DOUBLE D"**
Eucalyptus Extract

Coughs and Colds which we may not worry about in Summer, all too often develop into serious complaints in Winter. Be on your guard! If you have that "catching cold" feeling—don't let it linger on until it becomes serious—arrest it speedily with the Double "D" 3-way Treatment.

- 1 TAKE** 3 drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar.
- 2 RUB** Chest and back thoroughly with Double "D."
- 3 INHALE** 15 drops of Double "D" in hot water before retiring.

Double "D" Eucalyptus is double distilled—is entirely free from Phenol—and conforms in every way with the British Pharmacopoeia regulations. You run no risks when you use Double "D"—it is pure, strong and safe.

ENORMOUS SALES 1/3
 THE PURE STRONG EUCALYPTUS WITH THE SWEET FRESH SMELL

Coughs & Colds nearly Cost him his job!...

... now, thanks to Heenzo, he's turned "Offdays" into Paydays



You will be delighted with the speedy way HEENZO soothes sore throats, eases the chest and quickly cures **COUGHS, COLDS, Croup, Bronchitis and Influenza**

HEENZO

COSTS 2/- A two shilling bottle of HEENZO when added to sweetened water makes a family supply equal to eight ordinary sized bottles of the best ready made cough and flu remedies.

"HEENZO should be used in every home and office."

IT IS CHEAPER TO BUY GOOD MUSTARD!

• When you buy mustard be sure to get Keen's D.S.F. Mustard. It is full strength pure mustard and is much more economical.

Sold everywhere in original 1 oz. to 1 lb. tins.

KEEN'S D.S.F. Mustard



"BETTER get your coonskin cap," said Kilmartin. "There's a nip in the air, Deilah. A couple of nips, to be exact." He looked at Mimi, not without curiosity. She was accustomed to be barely civil to him.

This sudden desire for his company would take explaining. When she had gone for her hat and coat he inquired of Meg laconically: "Who'm I pinch-hitting for this time?"

"Get her to tell you herself, if she will," said Meg. "Maybe you could talk sense to her, Jimmy." Kilmartin said, "If I don't hit her over her beautiful head in the process. That's the way she affects me from time to time."

The hired car was a slightly battered four-door sedan of a vintage not too recent; but its engine, the garageman assured Kilmartin, was pretty peppy and its tyres practically new.

"Not more than ten years old, I expect," Kilmartin returned amiably. He looked at Mimi with a grin. "Can you take it?"

"So long as it runs without falling apart," said Mimi, eager to feel a road—any road—unwinding before her burning eyes. To feel herself freed from that quiet house and that quiet room. To feel those two women, strangers for all their claim of blood relationship, left behind—silenced by distance—even if only for an hour, wiped out of the pattern.

Kilmartin said, "Then let's get going!"

He drove through the village, innocent as a scene on a Christmas card in its translucent veiling of snow.

"Can't we get away from all this holiday spirit and just do a little driving?" said Mimi. She sat huddled in a loose brown beaver coat her father had given her, with a cavalierish brown felt pulled well down over her left eye. In the occasional light of a street lamp her lips showed scarlet and satin smooth. "I hate Christmas," she said, "and New Years."

"And cripples and blind beggars and little children, eh?" said Kilmartin, chuckling briefly. "Go on—curse the gods and get it off your mind!"

He turned into a narrow lane that suddenly at a sharp angle converged upon an open road. No more cottages now, only a long reach of dimly shining roadway with a spectral shimmer of snow on branch and bush. It was not yet full dark. Low in the west the sky showed a cold, thin rose. The car's dull headlights probed the twilight, picked out an occasional drift of unmelted snow. At intervals there were lights along the road, little or no traffic. Sighing with relief, Mimi sank lower yet upon the worn leather seat, drew her beaver collar higher about her throat.

KILMARTIN felt her change of position. "O.K.?" he inquired casually.

"Fine, thanks," said Mimi.

"Not a bad old buckboard, is it?" Kilmartin asked.

"For a buckboard, no; but as a car it's terrible."

"Next time I'll have a coach and four."

"Rats," said Mimi.

"All right, my proud beauty—a coach and six."

She laughed at him. "More likely a wheelbarrow."

"Rats to you!" said Kilmartin.

They were coming to a light, a stark pole with an electric bulb dangling. Under the light someone was standing with an arm out. Kilmartin slowed down, peering through the none-too-clean windshield.

"Hitchhiker," said Mimi contemptuously. The man beneath the light waited, jerking a hopeful thumb in the direction Kilmartin was going. He was an old man in a long, flapping overcoat. He might have been a scarecrow in a wintry field. He wore a battered felt hat and carried a small straw suitcase held together by a piece of twine.

Kilmartin stopped at the side of the road and, leaning out, inquired cheerfully, "Like a lift, pop?"

"I certainly would be obliged to you, sir," said the old man.

Leaning back, Kilmartin opened the rear door, and with a grasshopperish scramble the passenger threw his suitcase onto the floor ahead of him and came aboard.

"Seems like not many cars going this way to-night, and what there is, is in a terrible hurry."

"Where you bound?" asked Kilmartin pleasantly.

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 6

"Well, to-night I'm just aimin' to get to the next town. To-morrow I'm goin' on to New Rochelle."

Mimi had half turned in her seat and was looking at the old man with curiosity, but not unkindly. "What," she inquired, "are you going to do in New Rochelle? Have you got friends there?"

"Friends! I got a daughter. Married to a feller workin' in a factory." When he said he had a daughter his voice vibrated with pride. "That's who I'm goin' to, ma'am. Haven't seen her since she got married, most a year ago."

"How old is she?" asked Mimi.

KILMARTIN smiled to himself. Getting interested, was she? Forgetting Mimi Swift for a second or so.

"She's twenty-one, fifth of last August."

"I'm twenty-one myself," said Mimi. She laughed a little at her own discursiveness.

The old man had a weather-beaten, friendly face, with deep wrinkles about mouth and eyes. "Is that a fact?" he inquired. Kilmartin happening at that moment to glance back, he included him politely in the conversation: "I was just about to say to your wife that I'd 'a' took her for more than twenty-one."

Mimi's startled eyes flashed into Kilmartin's now broadly smiling ones.

"Oh, well," he said, "these blondes fade early."

Before Mimi could retaliate or even attempt to deny domesticity, the old man inquired with friendliness

ness impossible decently to rebut or ignore. "Got any children?"

There was a moment in which black-ringed green irises and nearsighted brown ones met again. "Only twins," said Kilmartin modestly. "Couple of fine boys, if I do say it."

"That so?" said the old man, regarding Mimi with increased respect. "Twins is something I always thought I'd like to have myself, but it didn't work out that way. How old would they be?"

Kilmartin began largely, "About

"Ten months," said Mimi, before he could finish. "Richard is crawling already. He beat John to that, anyhow."

"I expect I'll be nip and tuck between 'em the rest of their lives," said Kilmartin. "Why didn't we call 'em Nip and Tuck, mother?"

"Because," said Mimi smartly, "you know I don't like family names."

Kilmartin began to laugh. His mirth developed into a guffaw.

"Take care," said Mimi. "Remember your weak throat, dear."

Kilmartin sobered abruptly. He said to the old man, "It sure takes a wife to boss a man around, doesn't it?"

"That's right," said the old man simply. "I lost mine six years ago. Things ain't never been the same for me since."

Mimi sat silent. So did Kilmartin. Neither had intended to rake a ghost.

Please turn to Page 52



He Doesn't Need a Porter!

HELP Grandpa to the platform?

The idea! You'd better look out, or he may land on top of you. He grabs his bags and leaps out! That's his way, for he is as fit and as supple as many a man of twenty. And so he should be. His "inside" is as regular as a clock—he takes his Kruschen every morning.

Vital Mineral Salts—the Secret of Regularity

Inward regularity depends on certain vital mineral salts. If you lived a natural life, Nature would extract those salts from your food. But—we tax our digestion with hurried meals, we work at high pressure, anxiety weighs on us, for these are trying times. So we pay the penalty of salts starvation. Headaches, backache, indigestion, depression—all these arise from a poisoned bloodstream caused by the inactivity of our internal organs.

Kruschen Salts is a scientific combination of the mineral salts which your system must have, if it is to do its work properly. When you take the "little daily dose" of Kruschen, your internal organs begin to function normally and regularly. All harmful

He's got "that Kruschen Feeling!"

poisonous and waste matter are punctually eliminated. Aches and pains, weakness and depression disappear. Rich, pure blood caters

pulsing energy to every part of your body, and you feel young once more. Read this testimony:

Regularity Restored—Rheumatism Banished

"My system generates too much uric acid. Two months ago, following an attack of rheumatism, the fourth finger of my right hand became deformed. I decided to give Kruschen a trial. Results were conclusive, and I have continued with Kruschen ever since. In my case Kruschen eliminates uric acid thoroughly. It also regulates my intestinal functions—now I don't know what constipation is, and my blood pressure has become normal. In short, my health is now splendid—and it is all thanks to Kruschen."—(Mrs.) G.K.

Kruschen Salts is taken by millions of people throughout the world. Why shouldn't you join that happy band? Get a bottle of Kruschen to-day, and start to-morrow morning.

Kruschen Salts

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

FARMER'S

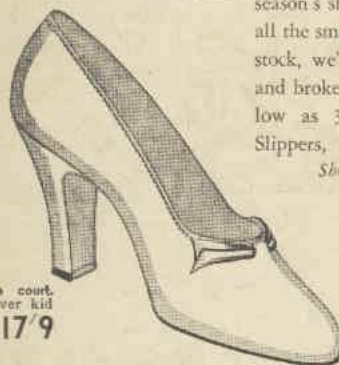


25/9 Crepe court. Black. Grey-stitched trimming. In 1.9 to 1.5 heels. 2-6, 15/9

57/6 Oxford. Black kid, lizard, genuine pumps. In 4 1/2 to 7 1/2, 30/-



25/9 Shilla of tan calf. Welted soles. Half sizes, 8 to 7, at 15/-



27/9 Crepe court. White. Silver kid front trim. 8 to 6, at 17/9

Sale OF SHOES

Step feet first into fashion this Winter. Farmer's shows you how with this thrilling scoop of new season's shoes in a versatile range you'll see at all the smartest places. To make room for new stock, we've drastically reduced all oddments and broken lines. Imagine! Evening shoes as low as 3/9 . . . Walking shoes, 10/- . . . Slippers, 2/-. Why not a Farmer's lay-by?

Shoes on the Third Floor. Lay-by!

FARMER'S CHIROPODY DEPT., Third Floor, is staffed by qualified experts. Quickly and painlessly they'll whisk out those corns that are spoiling all your fun. 3/- per foot, or 5/6 for two.



Knit this smart cardigan for only 13/-

No fooling! Though you'd think it would cost a fabulous sum, you can actually knit it yourself with 12 1-oz. skeins of Paton and Baldwin's "Dunora" wool at 1/1 sk. Slim tailored charm. Attractive pattern is a speciality in Book No. 55. Price, 6d.

Knitting Wool, Ground Floor

SPECIAL Farmer's "extra" beret

Usually 18/11. Extra smart. Extra versatile. Extra fetching styles. The most heart-melting little hat in angora brushed wool. Black, brown, navy, lido, now at 10/11

Millinery on the Third Floor



Girls' cosy singlets

Every smart child will adore the soft caress of these all-wool, ribbed vests. Mother, too, will appreciate the hard-wearing quality that makes for easy washing . . . and such low prices. 1 to 2 years, usually 2/6, and now priced at only 1/6

3 to 8 years, usually 3/6, now 1/9
9 to 13 years, usually 4/6, now 2/-

From the Fourth Floor

CARL SHREVE EXHIBITION of oil paintings of the East, by courtesy of the Royal Packet Navigation Company Limited, will be open to the public in the Blaxland Galleries (on Ninth Floor) from Tuesday, June 22nd.



STREAMLINE CHIC . . . 2/11

'Neath those princess frocks and trim tailored there must be slim lines. Here's a dainty little lace brassiere that's youth itself. Net lined and back fastening. 32-36.

Suspender Belt Dept., Ground Floor



Buckle Sale

The current darlings of glamorous Paris

Usually 13/6. Light gilt buckles in frivolous bow shapes, smartly studded with coloured stones. At 6/11

Usually 14/6. Sleek oxidised silver combines smartly with black in this new and unusual double buckle. 4/6

Usually 35/-. Dainty buckle of filigree gilt with gaily coloured stones. Five inches long. Glamorous. 12/6

Buckles on the Ground Floor



Easing-up golf expenses

Tee Branch. Tees attached. Pin on jumper. Price, 1/9

Anchor golf tee, a weighted pencil holds tee. Price, 1/-

Sports Goods on the Lower Ground Floor



NEW HEADLINES

Ginger Rogers Hair Bandeaux, youthfully plaited or in the new twisted roll. Of finest mohair in five natural colours: blonde, light, medium, dark and auburn . . . to match your hair exactly. 2/-

Hair Accessories, Ground Floor

CHILDREN

love this easy way to KEEP THEM FREE FROM COUGHS and COLDS



It's easier to catch cold during winter months because bodily resistance is lower. There is less sunlight, more time is spent indoors, and quick changes in temperature from warm rooms to cold out-of-doors which relax the membranes of nose and throat and make them more open to attack by the cold germs which are everywhere.

Children suffer also from jumping out of warm beds to play in the cold winter air.

Build up General Resistance

All these dangers may be overcome, if means are taken to build up the general resistance, because a perfectly healthy, vigorous system will either throw germs off altogether or, if an infection does take hold, the attack is mild and soon over.

A Tonic necessary

You should therefore build up general resistance NOW. Take BIDOMAK, give it to all your family, and you'll be spared a great deal of discomfort later.

BIDOMAK is rich in protective minerals: ferrum, calcium, sodium, potassium, phosphates and sucrose. These build rich, red blood, strengthen nerves and invigorate every body cell.

They aid digestion so that you make better use of your regular food, extract from it the precious vitamins you need for extra protection. BIDOMAK thus makes run-down people—children or adults—fit and sparkling with health. It charges the system with power to resist infection. It prevents colds or helps you throw them off quickly. NOT by merely relieving them, but by correcting the debility which makes it possible for the cold germs to attack in the first place.

KEEP IT UP!

When you give BIDOMAK to your children or take it yourself keep it up regularly every day. Then you will experience its greatest benefits. It's safe for even the youngest child, and so pleasant to take everyone will like taking it. A big bottle costs only 3/- at any chemist or store (New Zealand 3/6), so get one TO-DAY and make this a different winter, free from long-drawn-out coughs and sniffles.

'FLU IS ABOUT!

There's a great deal of 'flu about and if your resistance is not sufficiently good you may be attacked. Nothing then, is so good as BIDOMAK to correct that after-'flu depression and build you up quickly to prevent a relapse.

YOUR MONEY BACK

If you do not benefit by taking Bidomak we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty Bidomak bottle to the Douglas Drug Co.

BIDOMAK

"The Tonic of the Century"

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

THESE ARE THE BENEFITS
BROUGHT YOU BY

BIDOMAK

1. Ends Mineral Starvation by providing ferrum, calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose.
2. Gives you a good appetite.
3. Brings sweet sleep.
4. Strengthens nerves.
5. Relieves stomach upsets.
6. Builds energy, "pep" and endurance.
7. Clears out body wastes from every cell of the body by increasing the amount of oxygen in the blood stream.
8. Creates rich, red blood, new healthy nerve cells, and nerve fluid.
9. Makes you feel well all over.
10. Safely take and nice, too. Children like its wild cherry flavour.

AMAZING RESULTS FOR USERS

Drammoyne,
25th July, 1935.

Dear Sir,—I can confidently recommend your "Bidomak" to anyone suffering from weakness and nervous debility, or in a run-down condition of health after 'flu.

Its effects, even after the first few doses, are really magical. The many friends to whom I have recommended it are equally enthusiastic about it, and I consider that in placing so splendid a tonic on the market at so reasonable a price, you are conferring a benefit on the public that they will need to try but once to appreciate.

Wishing it the success it deserves.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. A. Q.

SONG of the SIREN

Continued from Page 7

"EVERYTHING"

cried Foss, overlooking devils in his triumph. "The ship's chock full of ivory, as that old Hiramut pedlar told me."

"From the piles on deck it's all here, too—queer again, but that don't matter. Parton himself lists seven thousand tusks. All first-chop AJ ivory, too, my son. None of your Ruba Aj or Nuss Aj stuff, prime fifty-dollar ivory every tusk, and seven thousand tusks, my boy. . . . It's a killing!"

"It doesn't appear to be the only one," said the lean adventurer with his grim smile. "What became of Parton?"

"Oh, Parton," grunted Foss, as though humanity scarcely mattered before such a vision of wealth. "I haven't got that yet. I checked up on the ivory first. But as far as I can see—"

He flicked back pages of what was obviously a diary. "He's been collecting ivory for years, and, as that old Hiramut whispered to me back in Dar es Salaam, he seems to have found a small elephant graveyard, too. . . . Having cached his stuff he went to the coast for this schooner. Had to transport it this way. It seems, because it was autumn '14 and the War had begun. He didn't dare risk a caravan with the Germans on the move and the tribes up, you see. . . . Seems, too, he got to the Rovuma at a bad time. The German patrols were all over the place and he was shot at several times. In fact, only his auxiliary engine saved him from capture once. . . . It got so hot that he decided to dodge into little known rivers and lie low until the going was better. . . . There are days and days of log bearings here you can look at if you like. . . . but I guess we can see pretty plainly how they got here."

"They?" was all Savaran's comment.

"Oh," said Foss uncomfortably. "Parton had his family with him. They ran the schooner with three black boys."

"What sort of family?" asked Savaran, his eyes narrowed fiercely on the Hill of Dread.

"Oh," muttered Foss. "There was his wife, an' two sons, youngsters from the sound o' things, and what he calls the baby—a girl, I guess; he writes or her as Tess, Tussy or Therese. . . . The thick and wicked stillness of the place seemed to settle down on them with so tangible a weight of horror as he spoke the Foss ended in a husky whisper: "I guess they're all dead."

"And hope it—knowing the Leppa-Lep," said Savaran softly. "Does that diary give you any hints?"

"You could hear Foss turning the pages in that dread silence, then he said in a tight, edgy voice: "Yes. . . here's the last passage but one. . . ."

"A woman is singing again on the Hill of Dread. It means blood sacrifice. . . . God save us all. Mary, Mother of God, protect me and mine. . . ."

He stopped, shuddering. Savaran said in a voice with a new, hard decision in it: "What's the last passage?"

"They'd come for them," said Foss hoarsely. "Listen: "Jargon the king, Mbam'ala the witch doctor and his devils are on the bank beside the schooner. It is the end. God have mercy on our souls."

"Jargon, the king, Mbam'ala and his devils," said Savaran quietly. "All—here!"

"What's that?" cried Foss. "Look!" said the lean man.

Foss looked through the porthole and cried out again.

Lined up on the bank beside the schooner were more than a hundred tall, thin, repulsively ugly and fear-somely silent black men. In the centre sat a squat and evil grey-pate on a high gold and ebony stool of state—Jargon, King of the Leppa-Lep. At his elbow was a thing all dangling bones, snake skulls, amulets and painted face, who nursed in the crook of his steel-wire arm the great half-moon blade of a sacrificial knife—and that was Mbam'ala, the ju-ju man, whose name was terror and whose power of life and death was greater than any king's. And behind him was a demon-masked rank of satellite priests.

"Bluff him, Savaran," cried Foss, crouching in cover as the limby adventurer stood straddled and four-square on the top of the deck-house, listening to the sly

and ominous inquiries of Jargon, the king, as to why white strangers had ventured not only into his country, but on to the most sacred ground of his tribe. "Bluff him, Tell him we've a right to come here and collect this ivory. The Portuguese never venture near the brite, so he'll know nothing about the law of it."

"Savaran is quite as good a liar as any slippery trader," the fierce man mocked. "Also kings are his side-line." He leant comfortably on the deck-house rail. "O king," he said genially, "big words do not disturb me, for I am Savaran before whom rulers and tribes habitually wither."

JARGON, the king, shifted uneasily on the throne that looked rather like a clumsy edition of a quick-lunch counter stool. Even he, remote and terrible over his kind, had heard whispers of this bizarre war maker and his genius.

"This is a bad thing you have done, O Savaran. This wind-cano which you desecrate with your unpurified feet is set apart for the great and angry spirit of the Hill of Dread. Blood and death must appease his wrath else I and my people die. Thus said the demon through Mbam'ala his mouth."

Please turn to Page 24

★ Just listen to this

"Good heavens!" laughed Irene. "If Creme Charmosan keeps on making my skin clear and young and pretty like this, some young man will be making eyes at me."

"Darling," smiled Jeanette. "Peter is outside with a bunch of flowers for you. . . . No lie."

"Confidentially he tells me he is so much in love with you that he's gone off his head."

O, that is the kind of skin cream to use. For Charmosan brings charm. It brings youth. It brings the years.

The Star's powder base. Graciously.

Creme Charmosan

A charm for your skin against dust, the heat of summer and the cold of winter. Big jars for your dressing table 2/6. Handing tubes 1/- Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

P.S.—Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour. . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like. . . . Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It's the best powder money can buy, and costs only 2/6 per large box. You get it in all shades including suntan. It's the favourite powder of stage and film stars. It brings enchantment to your skin. It matters what you use. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

STOP PAIN

If you suffer from Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Quinsy, Bronchitis or other throat or chest affection, the application of Wawn's Wonder Wool direct to the skin, over the part affected, will bring speedy relief. For painful, aching Rheumatism, either in muscles or joints, Wawn's Wonder Wool has a most beneficial effect and for the winter scourge—INFLUENZA—Wawn's Wonder Wool overcomes congestion and inflammation and definitely prevents extension of the trouble.

For Lumbago, Sciatica and nagging Neuralgia Wawn's Wonder Wool brings soothing comfort and ultimate clearing up of the trouble.

Banish pain with

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

Obtainable everywhere at 7/6 per packet

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Contributors to this page must reply to the questionnaire on page 3 and attach it to their entries.

This condition will apply only for the duration of the ballot on Starting Price betting, as announced on page 3.

THOSE "QUIET" GIRLS

AN English writer deprecates the lack of manners in the present-day female. He protests loudly against their "lounging," their indecorum, and a host of other vices.

One thing I have learnt in "man's domain"—the business world—is the fundamental principle of supply and demand. That the admirable type of girl, who is a model of decorum and femininity, is fast dying out, speaks for itself.

There are girls of quiet charm, good manners, inconspicuous in their dress and dignified in their bearing, but they are seldom noticed. Too often they are condemned to a life of arid loneliness, and by whom? Our critic and members of his sex.

All of which goes to prove that the stronger sex thinks with its heart and leaves the mind to adjust itself to the heart's choice.

£1 for this letter to Miss Mavis Bird, 180 Livingstone Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.

FATALISM NONSENSE

MOST men and women seem to be fatalists, regarding themselves more or less as counters in a mighty mighty game of chance.

I find it impossible to convince myself that man is not master of his own destiny, and can only regard fatalism as a cowardly hope.

If we could place such confidence in the so-called "fates," our hoping and striving would become a futility, and life then would not be worth the living.

Miss E. Smillie, 19 Raglan Street, Mosman, N.S.W.

FEELING "OUT OF IT"

THERE are so many disgruntled women who make a habit of decrying the young and of refusing to join in their pleasures because they are afraid they will be "out of it."

So they will be if they start with such a supposition.

It is only those women who, remembering their own youth, are kindly and sympathetic towards the young, and can remain friends with them, who will be welcome to join in their pleasures.

Miss G. McCare, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

NOVELETTE HEROINE

IN almost every light novel one reads to-day the heroine is a girl about nineteen or twenty years of age. It may have been reasonable in old-fashioned novels, when a girl was considered "on the shelf" if still unmarried in her early twenties. But in these modern times a girl of nineteen, in spite of her outward air of sophistication, is really only a child, incapable as yet of the depths of emotion and strength of character that are the necessary attributes of any modern heroine.

What do readers think?
Mrs. M. Turner, 10 Gibraltar Flats, Allen's Parade, Waverley, N.S.W.

BOOKS LENT

ONE wonders why people who are so honorable in other ways should pay such scant heed to the returning of books lent them by friends.

Perhaps they cannot grasp that to some a book is a beloved possession. I have known cases where the non-returning of books lent has severed a friendship of years' standing, and marvel that people would risk such a priceless thing as true friendship through what surely must be carelessness.

What do readers think?
Mrs. Otto Blaubaum, Telka, 8 Lanoma St., East Launceston, Tas.

No Place Like a Home of Your Own!

NO. J. Riley (29/5/37), I don't agree that a man must provide a home before he marries.

Many young couples, admirably suited to each other, would simply grow old and embittered waiting for the bank roll to assume the necessary proportions.

My advice to youth is, make sure of yourselves first, then go ahead—marry while life is still sweet, and work for your future hand in hand.

Cleo Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne CL.

Battle Together

OH, Rip Van Winkle Riley! Where have you been hibernating that you can still assert that men should not marry until they can offer their brides homes? In these uncertain days how many of them could provide a home while they are still young?

I think it is an excellent spirit which prompts young people to prefer to face difficulties together rather than play safe and wait for security while life and youth slip away. When people are young and in love there is as much satisfaction in travelling as in arriving, and an attractive home is appreciated the more for having been worked and waited for.

The displaced lodging house is merely the necessary stepping-stone to better things.

M. Taylor, 18 Swete Street, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Home Best

I LIKE J. Riley, think that it is better to have a tin shed of one's own than to live in boarding-house or rented room. I know by experience, having lived in rooms for the past eight years.

But now I am thankful to say we are out on our own again, and happier than we have ever been, in a place of our own.

I say every bride should have a home, however small.

Mrs. Alma Small, River Avenue, North Ryde, N.S.W.

Blessed Privacy

YES, every young couple establishing themselves should have a home of their own, however small. To have a corner of your very own is an absolute necessity to married happiness.

In living with others—or even having others to live with—you can never know that peaceful feeling of contentment and freedom.

So long as you have privacy, you are on the royal road to content.

Mrs. T. White, Williams Avenue, Newbad, S.A.

Can Have Fun

HOW absurd, J. Riley. I think you can have lots of fun if you are young, boarding or renting a couple of rooms. The young wife hasn't too much arduous housework to do, can enjoy herself as she is meant to do, and go out with her husband without thinking of housework to be done.

Of course, when the children begin



Home, sweet home.

to arrive, it is only fair to all concerned to move into something more roomy and removed from others.

L. Allen, Renown Avenue, Claremont, W.A.

Can't Generalise

HOW foolish to generalise! Sometimes people who are quite well off prefer to board, liking that sort of life best. And there are others, however poor, who strive always to acquire a "little home of their own."

Anne Young, First Avenue, East Adelaide, S.A.

Is Modern Wife Worth Her Keep?

MRS. ALLARDYCE (29/5/37) is wrong when she says that wives to-day don't do enough "to earn their keep," compared with what they did in the 19th century, and so are liabilities to their husbands. I maintain they are worth their keep. Very much so.

How many do you know who make their own frocks, their children's clothes, and do all the housework and laundry? I know many such hard-working women.

Above all, a wife makes a home for her husband, and if for only that fact I think she earns her keep.

Mona Taylor, Tyrell St., Nedlands, W.A.

Love's the Thing

ISNT it a fact that a man proposing marriage considers the companionship and love his future wife will bring him and not how much of an asset she will be to him economically?

If this were not the case the fewer marriages that Mrs. Allardyce says take place to-day compared with those of the nineteenth century would be more easily explained. No girl is going to give up her independence, and, often, a good salary, just to be an unpaid housekeeper.

Nor do I agree that the modern wife is a liability. When necessity demands it she can save and manage.

Given our present-day conveniences, I'm afraid the nineteenth-century wife would have been no more industrious than we are to-day.

Mrs. L. Turner, 15 Owen St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Say a Good Word For Matrimony!

MANY a single girl contemplating matrimony must often be worried, and quite frequently deterred from taking the final step by the cynical remarks on marriage, both spoken and written.

Every magazine I read seems to contain some cynical epigrams sneering at marriage—disheartening reading for a girl thinking of marriage. Can we be blamed, therefore, for doubting?

Hasn't someone a good word to say for matrimony?

Vera Ford, Station Road, Booral, Qld.

Expensive Items

YES, wives to-day are expensive items, and we cannot wonder that our young men hesitate to marry. Few can sew, they require help with their housework, and the husband in acquiring a wife merely gets an extra person to look after—on the same salary.

But in the nineteenth century, and even later, wives definitely did work hard.

Mrs. O'Grady, Funt Rd., South Yarra, Vic.

Countrywoman Works

MRS. ALLARDYCE'S criticism of the modern wife is most unfair—particularly to the average countrywoman.

A farmer's wife still lights fuel fires, attends to oil-lamps, makes her own bread, cakes, jams, pickles and butter; she often milks the cows and grows the vegetables.

Being better educated than the women of last century, she is capable of helping her husband with his correspondence and accounts. Is such a woman a liability to her husband? And they are not rare.

In the city, with its many modern conveniences, a woman, if she is thrifty and capable, can be her husband's greatest asset, for she will provide him with a comfortable, well-run household at the least possible expense.

Mrs. A. Barden, Myrtle St., Gildandra, N.S.W.

Do Parents To-day Mollycoddle Their Children?

IN reply to Mrs. Hursthouse (29/5/37), who says that mothers to-day tend to destroy the individuality of their daughters by watching their interests too closely.

Do you seriously think, Mrs. Hursthouse, that the girl who is "pushed from the nest at an early age" has any advantages over the girl who is given the security of a happy home?



Girls need freedom.

mature judgment and sympathy, until she is well able to cope with the problems that crop up later in life?

Surely it is far better to start off with that bond that only the close and constant association of mother and daughter can create than to be left to flounder around, "learning from experience." In this age of intelligent girlhood it is a rarity for one to lose individuality and initiative.

Many mothers do not realise the precious thing they destroy when they proudly state that their daughters are "leading their own lives."

Miss Elizabeth James, 20 Bennett Street, Cremorne, N.S.W.

Don't Welcome It

MRS. HURSTHOUSE is wise in suggesting that mothers should cease guiding their daughters and foster in them independence of action.

A child will always appreciate the fact that counsel could be obtained from parents when required, but unwelcome commands and advice should not be foisted upon her.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

END YOUR SOUR STOMACH

Sour, acid stomach, burning pains soon after food is taken, griping, twisting agony, point most surely to the fact that the lining of the digestive tract is becoming inflamed or even ulcerated.

Sufferers should lose no time in getting a remedy which will not only give immediate relief but treats their stomach trouble in a common-sense way.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been specially prepared to meet the complicated nature of indigestion.

For De Witt's Antacid Powder firmly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food without distress. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

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Exhibitors
at SHEEP
SHOW

An attractive young woman of twenty, who owns and breeds sheep, is one of the outstanding exhibitors at the Sheep Show, which opens this week.

SHE is Miss Joan Harrison, a well-known sheep-breeder, whose property is Rylstone, Goulburn.

Miss Harrison for the past five years has been exhibiting Dorset Horns and Southdowns at the annual shows, and has on each occasion won prizes with her exhibits.

At last year's show she was successful in carrying off three prizes.

Miss Harrison is one of the youngest sheep-breeders in Australia. She is of a very shy and reserved disposition.

Her sound and comprehensive knowledge of sheep has long been recognised by expert breeders. She began to display her keen interest in them at an early age, and at 15 became a sheep-owner.

Not only does Miss Harrison understand sheep, but with her own stud actually attends to their requirements, personally supervising and handling all phases and operations which are involved in sheep-breeding.

Buys Own Stock

THIS youthful breeder also does all her own buying and selling.

Rather than trust the judgment of others, Miss Harrison personally is responsible for the purchasing of her entire stud.

For this purpose she frequently visits New Zealand, where she buys large numbers of pedigreed sheep to add to her stock.

Another well-known sheep-breeder exhibiting at this year's annual show is Mrs. J. L. Hoskins, of Eumera, Breckwongie.

Mrs. Hoskins also breeds Southdowns, and her stock at Eumera is of a very high pedigree.

Women sheep-breeders are to be found in all parts of New South Wales. There are many varieties bred, including Merinos, Border Leicester, Dorset Horns, Southdowns, Ryelands, Romney Marsh, and Corriedales.

Man's Country
Succumbs to
Women

From Our Special Representative in New York.

Women are winning for themselves a place in Alaska, long known as a "man's country."

THIS was the report brought back from the far north by Mrs. Mildred R. Hermann, of Juneau, only woman attorney in the territory.

"Alaska formerly was a man's country, all right," Mrs. Hermann admitted, smiling. "Now several women are holding important offices."

"This year we had our first woman legislator, elected from among seven women candidates. I'm the only woman attorney."

Mrs. Hermann came to Salt Lake City to attend a convention of the Western Federation of Women's Clubs. "Alaska is becoming club-conscious," she said. "We have approximately 700 women in 14 federated clubs. There aren't any Eskimos in the federation, but they have their small individual clubs."

"When I took my examination for the Bar, people declared it was unheard of for a woman to do such a thing."

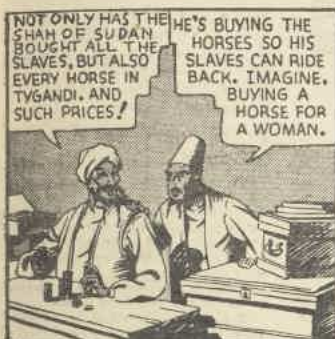
"The opposition to women in the territory comes from the feeling that Alaska is a man's country. There's a place for women there—but they'll have to make it."

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have gone to the rescue of
NARDA: Lovely princess, dwelling in Gizeh, in Egypt, who has been kidnapped and taken to the slave markets at Tygandi by
HAMID: Greedy slave-dealer. Mandrake, however, follows

across the desert, and, using his magic, acquires the necessary luxurious appurtenances and is announced as Shah of Sudan. When
FELLI: Slave auctioneer, offers Narda up for sale, Mandrake outbids the others, and then, at her request, buys all the other 200 girls who have been brought to the market to be sold. Felli and Hamid chuckle with joy at the vast sum he has paid them. NOW READ ON.





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NAME
ADDRESS

"I ALSO have a demon," grinned Savaran. "He is the power by which white men smite. And thus he saith through the mouth of Savaran his sword: the wind—canoe belonged to a white man and to white men it must be restored and all that is in it, else there shall be woe on the Leppa-Lep and their king shall have no throne. And my demon also asks: What have you done with the white men of this wind-canoe, Jargon the king?"

Jargon shifted still more uneasily. Remote he lived, yet he had heard of punitive expeditions and the vengeance of white men for white men killed.

"They died," he said sullenly. "All?" Savaran's voice was a sword edge. "The woman and the sons as well—and the little Missy?" "All dead," the king continued. "They broke the taboo and the spirit of the Hill claimed them." The ju-ju man spoke again and the royal and wicked face brightened. "That is the law. And it is also the law that all that belongs to strangers who die thus goes to the demon of the Hill."

"These are not our laws," said Savaran, serenely ignoring the fact that he was there to loot that ivory. "With us no black man, king, priest or demon, may take from whites what belongs to whites. And thou knowest well, O Jargon, that many strong kings have gone down in the dust and their tribes have been eaten up for disobeying that law."

But Jargon was already snapping orders. His bodyguard leapt about him, screening him with their great ox shields. At the same moment thirty picked braves advanced on the schooner in mass, shield locked to shield in a wall.

Savaran did not seem excited. With his elbows unmoving on the rail, his eagle grin unabashed, he cried grimly:

SONG of the SIREN

Continued from Page 20

"O men of Leppa-Lep, why be so eager for death and everlasting damnation?"

The phalanx hesitated before that sardonic unconcern, and Savaran said quietly to the hidden Foss: "Ready with that Mills bomb." Mbam'ala shouted and two of his devil-masked priests sprang to lead the braves. Mbam'ala shouted again: "Oh, men of the Leppa-Lep, no arrow, spear, or white man bullet can kill you now—on and kill!"

"Savaran slays not with bullets but with the thunderbolts of heaven," cried the lean man, still not stirring, and, as the braves made a compact forward rush: "Let 'em have it, Foss."

Foss, whatever else he was, had been a bombing sergeant in the War. He held the grenade to the exact second before lobbing it quick and true into the pack of warriors. It exploded amid the very thickest of their bodies and about waist high, and its effect was terrible.

When the smoke, confusion and the dust made by the stampeding feet of half his remaining forces had cleared, Jargon, the king, looked at the shambles which had once been his storm troops, and then at Savaran, who still leant savagely sardonically and unmoved on the rail. He was very much afraid, Jargon.

A Mills bomb was a new death palaver to him.

"Thou hast shown thy might and the might of thy demon, O Savaran," he muttered. "Take what belongs to white men and go in peace."

WHEN Savaran came back from sounding the channel—two of the schooner's boats were reasonably watertight—

Foss met him heady with joyful greed.

"It's all here," he cried. "Every tuak of Parton's seven thousand is aboard and I never saw such prime ivory. Fifty dollars will be the minimum. You and I have our hands on big money at last, old campaigner. Gosh, it's dreams come true, your empire, my villa, on the Riviera—all ours for the taking."

"AND the getting away," said Savaran grimly. "You have had time to find out whether the schooner will float, I hope."

"She'll float—or just about; her bottom's still sound enough. She'll carry us and the ivory to where we can cash in, if you can get us to clear water—can you?"

"It'll take work," said the lean adventurer. "There are shallow patches to be passed but the mud's mere swamp slime. The auxiliary engine's no good, I take it?"

"No good, and no petrol," said Foss. "But I can make the capstan work and I've found a good wire cable in the chain-locker. If we get that ahead to the trees we can manhaul her, eh? It shouldn't take long."

"No," said Savaran, "not more than a week."

"A week!" Foss shivered and his scared eyes glanced at the sinister hill behind which the Leppa-Lep king-town stood. "A week, that's a darn long time."

"Maybe it'll be longer," grinned Savaran. "It'll take us that to get to the broader channel beyond the jungle; after that it will depend how free the river is behind the Hill of Dread."

If

If you had planned a scene to set me in,
Dim lights, the passion of a violin;
Dark roses in a bowl, to dip and float—
The rough, harsh smell of tweed about your coat,
And there within our reach an open book
Of all my dearest loves, and firstly, Brooke
To say "the way that lovers use is this,"
To tell how they "catch hands and they do kiss,"
I would have known you understood a part
Of things that matter to a woman's heart.

—Yvonne Webb.

"These devils have got my nerves all jangled," shuddered Foss. "I feel like getting out to-night."

"You could—in these boats," the lean man jeered, "but you wouldn't be able to take a stick of ivory with you."

"And, by Heaven, we're not going to lose that," cried Foss. "Not now. Not for any Leppa-Lep ju-ju man. Can we stand them off for a week?"

"We ought to," frowned Savaran. "Mbam'ala is the danger, but he's lost face and it'll take him time to get this power over the tribe back. Before he does and can raise those black devils against us we should be clear—that is, if the river beyond the Hill is easy."

Please turn to Page 26

Another man faces his doctor— — and gets the truth!

This man's a chronic case. But only six months ago he felt as well as you do now. He took his regular dose of medicine every morning, just like you. There were still no danger signals of the havoc that harsh medicines, taken constantly, had already played with his bowels. And then he became listless—tired—his eyes would blur—his head never stopped aching. An old-young man. He tried to rouse himself to take more exercise. Blindly he kept on dosing himself with medicines. The one sensible thing he did was to go to the doctor. Only then did he hear

The Truth About Constipation

Far from correcting a condition of intestinal sluggishness, the habitual use of harsh medicines can so weaken the system that actual chronic constipation and other serious disorders will result. This is how an eminent medical authority sums up the case against all harsh medicines. "Anyone can understand that if their intestines come to depend on a harsh stimulant to force them to act, larger and larger doses will soon become necessary. There is a very real danger in this habitual use—or rather abuse—of purgatives by individuals who rely almost entirely on some sort of drug to get their bowels to act."



"Here is the safe way to Health"

Nowadays people have accustomed themselves to a constipating diet. Our most common foods, white bread, milk, meat, fish, eggs, potatoes, and cheese contain little or no bulk. If you wish to rid yourself of ordinary common constipation and (much more important) its results—including ordinary cases of so-called "chronic catarrhal colitis"—you must get more natural "bulk" into your

Kellogg's All-Bran is a nut sweet breakfast cereal.

Two tablespoonsful of All-Bran each morning served just like a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar, should have you well within a week or ten days. After you are back to normal, two tablespoonsful three times a week may be enough to keep you regular. Free yourself of that dangerous daily habit of using harsh medicines.

Your Grocer Sells All-Bran.

meals. What is here advocated is the addition of bran to the diet, for bran is the best possible source of "bulk" . . . For this reason one must acknowledge the very practical conveniences in Kellogg's preparation.

Your doctor will confirm every word of that statement. He, too, will tell you that—

Natural Bulk in Diet can cure common constipation and prevent its subsequent misery.

To keep the intestines "regular" all any normal person needs is plenty of natural "bulk" in the diet. Without this vital "bulk", natural normal inner stimulation to the intestines is missing, and they become sluggish and inactive. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies this natural "bulk" your system needs. All-Bran is pure 100% Bran prepared in nut sweet cereal form. It absorbs moisture within the system and gently sponges out the intestinal tract. Once you add those two tablespoonsful of All-Bran to your daily diet, you will soon begin to feel better, and your bowels will act regularly and without artificial stimulants.

What Women Are Doing

Clever Country Woman
SIX years ago Mrs. A. Stringer, of Ensay, East Gippsland, was taught spinning and weaving by a member of the Country Women's Association.

At the recent Exhibition held in the Melbourne Town Hall her work was outstanding.

She was the only member whose exhibits were actually spun and woven by herself. She uses both vegetable and alkaline dyes.

Mrs. Stringer is the wife of a farmer, and has four growing children for whom she spins, weaves and makes clothes.

Encouraging the Drama in S.A.

THE Housewives' Association in South Australia has, with the encouragement of its new secretary, Miss Catherine Brownbill, planned to form a dramatic club. In the near future its members will have a chance to display their histrionic ability at the weekly social afternoons the association holds.

Future editions of the housewives magazine in South Australia will include critiques of amateur theatrical productions in Adelaide with the object of keeping members in touch with local dramatic work.

Miss Brownbill recently had two of her plays accepted for broadcasting in New Zealand.

Business Tour Of Australia

SURELY one of the "plums" that can fall to the lot of a business woman is to be sent overseas to tour in the interests of the firm to which she is attached.

One of these "plums" fell to the lot of Miss Mollie Brice, who arrived not long ago from England. She represents a firm famous for its perfumery and beauty preparations, and will visit each capital city in Australia to discourse on their merits and advise on their correct usage.

Miss Brice is in Sydney at present.

Effectively Combines Work and Play

MRS. S. E. TRAVILL, of Brisbane, as well as working for many charitable causes, finds time to take an interest in two sports — hockey and golf. She is patron of the Brisbane Women's Hockey Association, and is very busy preparing for the interstate carnival in July. She is a vice-president of the women's committee for the Montrose Crippled Children's Home, and her latest big "job" is honorary secretary for the fete to be held at Government House as far away as 1938.

Mrs. Travill's golfing record is one to be envied. She was associate champion at Victoria Park in 1932, 1933, and 1934. She is also an associate member of the Brisbane Club, and this year she is the handicapper out there.

Popular Leader Of Orchestra

ACTING as leader of the South Australian orchestra, in which she has played first violin since its inception, has made Miss Silvia Whittington one of the best-loved musicians in South Australia. Miss Whittington is a member of the staff of the Elder Conservatorium, and has followed up a brilliant early career when she obtained her A.M.U.A. degree in seven months instead of the usual three years with numerous successes with the South Australian orchestra and the Conservatorium string quartet.

She has recently led the orchestra with the noted Professor Schneevogt conducting, and has also played under the conductorship of Mr. Percy Grainger, Professor Helzlsouer and Mr. W. Cade.

Self Help

VINA BARNDEN, who recently returned to Adelaide from a triumphant broadcasting tour of the capitals of the Commonwealth, has, by her own efforts, earned nearly £500, which she has paid into the Trust Fund organised to send her abroad for further study. The objective of the Vina Barnden Trust Fund is £1250, which will mean £1000 clear, the rest of the money being necessary for exchange in currency.

Thus the brilliant young pianist has actually paid into the fund half the money the Trust thinks it will be necessary for her to have for living and satisfactory study abroad. About £850 is in hand now. It has not been decided whether she will go to Europe or America.

To Produce and Play Leading Role

MISS PAULINE ABRAHAMS, well known in the elocutionary world in Victoria, has a full-time job these days.

She will play the lead and produce the comedy, "An Experiment," at the Kelvin Hall, Melbourne, on June 24, in aid of the Theatre Lovers' Club and the National Theatre Movement.

Miss Abrahams has acted with the Little Theatre and Theatre Association and produced plays for several colleges.

Holder of the aggregate championship for elocution in Adelaide, Launceston, Ballarat and Geelong, she has adjudicated for numerous competitions and is often heard over the air, both from Adelaide and Melbourne stations.



Miss Abrahams — Hollywood

To Give Paper On Social Welfare

WHEN the South Australian School of Political Economy meets at Victor Harbor at the end of June, one of the four papers will be given by a woman, Lady Bonychon, with Social Welfare as her subject.

Other papers will be on health, industrial efficiency, and on national insurance. Many well-known Adelaide women will attend, including Mrs. Amy Wheaton, Director of Social Services at Adelaide University, Miss Nancy Newland, who attended a similar school at Canberra early this year, Miss Stella Pines, who is interested in mental hygiene, Mrs. Gordon Rogers, of the National Council of Women, and other women's organisations, Miss Esther Messent, secretary of the Adelaide Women Graduates' Association, and Dr. Bindschedel, Doctor of Laws of the University of Zurich, now resident in Adelaide.

Mr. Geoffrey T. Clarke, of 44 Grenfell St., Adelaide, is still repelling names of students who wish to attend.

Recently Celebrated Ninetieth Birthday

MRS. JUSTIN BROWNE, of Launceston, who recently celebrated her 90th birthday, is one of the outstanding personalities in the northern Tasmanian capital, and by the vigor of her mentality and the excellence of her health is a good example of the type produced by Tasmania's bracing climate.

Mrs. Browne is a daughter of the late Rev. R. D. Poulett Harris, formerly headmaster of Hobart High School. She was born in England and came out to Tasmania as a young girl in the same ship as Bishop Bromley, the second Bishop of Tasmania. Her reminiscences are most interesting.

She has always been a keen church worker, and until quite recently she had taken an active part in public affairs. She is a woman of scholarship, with a cultured mind and cultivated tastes, and an exact, almost scientific, knowledge of events and of literature. Her society has always been sought and cultivated, equally for the interest of her conversation and the charm of her personality.

Art Students to Present Play Evening

TWENTY students will take part in plays they have dramatised, and for which they have designed all the costumes, when the South Australian School of Arts and Crafts, Girls' Central Arts School, presents its Poets and Painters' Play Evening this Saturday.

The students will give five short plays dealing with incidents in the lives of Keats, Constable, and other famous artists. "The Painter of Trees," in which the death of Constable is portrayed, has been dramatised by Miss Gwen Hall.

Miss Elva Wheeler, another art student, is responsible for designing the costumes in this play where the different trees are represented.

Concerts Give Auslans in London

UNA Gibson, the Sydney harpist who has been studying in London for the past three years, organised a Coronation concert at Australia House, at which all the performers were young Australian students—many of them scholarship winners—at the Royal College of Music.

They were Harold Lobb, Sydney pianist; Nancy Osborne, W.A. violinist, accompanied by the Victorian pianist, John Nicholls; Diana Herring, N.S.W. singer, accompanied by Elizabeth Angove, S.A. pianist; Winifred McDonnell, Victorian pianist, whose scholarship has been extended; Marie Miller, Sydney singer, who was a member of the Abbey Choir on Coronation Day; the Australian string quartet — Dorcas McLean, Hugh McLean, Georgina McLean, and Orrie Fyfe, the last-named of whom has recently become a member of London Philharmonic Orchestra, and was in the orchestra at the Empire broadcast of the King's speech; Dorothy White, Sydney pianist; Norman Menges, Victorian singer who was another Australian in the Abbey Choir, and who sang at the concert a group of Esther Rofe's songs with the composer as his accompanist; Beatrice Alworth, Sydney pianist; Una Gibson, and Robert Scott, Sydney singer.

A Busy Week at Queensland Links

THIS is a particularly busy week for Miss Myrtle Macdonald, of Brisbane, who is secretary of the Queensland Ladies' Golf Union.

She is on duty every day out at the Indooroopilly Links during the State Golf Championship, where more than 100 golfers are at play.

Miss Macdonald is very experienced in the work, having done it six or seven times at least. She is on duty every morning before nine, and does not return home until dark. She sees the field hit off to time, and waits to check up the cards. Of course she has great assistance from committee members of the Q.L.G.U.

Miss Macdonald, herself an excellent golfer, has sacrificed her game for the union work. She is also the handicapper, and that, too, keeps her busy all the year.

Dietitian To Assist With Plans of Hostel

THE Travellers' Aid Society, Melbourne, proposes to build a new hostel in King Street, and Miss Betty Wilmot, dietitian for the Victorian Railways, is assisting in planning the lay-out of the kitchens and dining-room.

Miss Wilmot, the first woman dietitian to be appointed by railway authorities in any part of Australia or New Zealand, has had considerable experience in actual planning and lay-out of numerous food services connected with her job, including the new buffet car now running between Bendigo and Melbourne.

She obtained her Bachelor of Science degree at Melbourne University and did a practical course of dietetics at St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne.



Miss Betty Wilmot. —Brotherhood.

Awarded the Gill Scholarship

AT the annual exhibition of the South Australian School of Arts and Crafts, Miss Patricia Western was awarded the Gill Medal, which is an annual scholarship open to students of a School of Arts or any central school.

The scholarship entitles the winner, who must be under 21 years of age, to two years' tuition at the arts school. It calls for any applied art work that is based on an Australian motif, and Miss Western's entry was a large wood stained vase in sturt pea design.

Although she is only 16, Miss Western has already won 18 prizes for art and dressmaking exhibits in the Royal Adelaide Show, and early this year became a cadet teacher in dressmaking at the South Australian School of Mines.

Scheme Taken Over By National Council

MRS. PARKIN, wife of the Rev. L. C. Parkin, of North Adelaide, S.A., began recently to interest various people in a scheme for the abolition of slums. Mrs. Parkin now reports that she has relinquished the scheme to the National Council of Women in South Australia. She is happy that the N.C.W. has put this project upon its programme of work for 1937, stating that because of the efficiency and energy of this organisation her scheme could not be in better hands.

Young Airwoman Studying for B Licence

FROM now until September Dell Mullin, of Brisbane, will be busy every day studying air navigation for her B licence, which will make her a commercial pilot.

Dell is an enthusiastic flyer, and, although she would like to spend a great deal more time out at the aerodrome, she gives up a good deal of her days to charity work.

She is a vice-president of the Red Cross Link, and secretary of the Junior branch of the Victoria League, and is a great worker for both.



Miss Dell Mullin. —Real Mailand.

MARY JANE CHEATS THE FLU..



ISN'T IT WONDERFUL MUM - THIS IS THE FIRST WINTER I HAVEN'T HAD FLU!

YES DEAR - THAT BONOX HAS DONE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID IT WOULD!

BONOX HELPS YOU FIGHT OFF COLDS AND FLU BECAUSE it stimulates the digestive juices, so that you get more value from your food and thus build up your resistance — and also because, unlike ordinary meat extracts, Bonox contains extra Predigested Beef. During the season when cold and 'flu germs are floating about everywhere you need Bonox to give your body that extra fight. When you're feeling a bit tired and not up to par — watch out. Take a cup of steaming hot Bonox — it's a rich delicious stimulant that will make you feel better at once, and will help you ward off cold weather ills. Try some to-day!

FREE! It costs you nothing to prove what Bonox can do for you. Go to your nearest Retailer and buy a 2 oz. bottle of Bonox. With it you will receive a big trial bottle, absolutely free. Use the trial bottle, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return the 2 oz. bottle unopened, and your money will be refunded.

LISTEN TO THE KRAFT MUSIC PARADE
SYDNEY, 2UW, every Tues., 8.45 p.m.
MELB. 3DB-LK, every Tues., 8 p.m.
PERTH, 6IX-WB, every Tues., 8 p.m.





Irene Dunne, Star of
"SHOW BOAT,"
Universal Picture.

SUCH LOVELINESS and FRAGRANCE
can be yours..!



Colgate's
Cashmere Bouquet
The Aristocrat of Face Powders

Other Cashmere Bouquet Products that will appeal to you are: Toilet Soap, Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Lipstick, Rouge (Crème or Compact), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brillantine (Liquid or Solid)

SO much depends on your choice of Face Powder. It's your most important cosmetic. Therefore, choose the Powder which Colgate's make. It is delicately scented with Cashmere Bouquet—lovely women's choice for the past 131 years.

Here is a Face Powder that really does marvels to your skin. The seven flattering shades blend with natural skin tones; the unusually fine texture conceals blemishes and coarse pores... makes your skin look petal-smooth. Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder clings smoothly and evenly for hours—and it cannot cake or clog your pores. Never before has loveliness been so easy to acquire.

SONG of the SIREN

Continued from Page 24

"We ought to find out about that at once," cried Foss. "Are you volunteering?" the lean man mocked.

"Me!" Foss went green. "I'd—I'd only make a mess of it. You've got a genius for these things, Savaran."

"I thought I might have—and for other things," jeered the eagle-faced man. "I'll go to-night. And I want to find out why that song seemed familiar, anyhow."

"The song we heard from the Hill of Dread?" cried Foss abruptly anxious. "The song the woman sang? You just can't go monkeying with dynamite like that, man! That hill's triple-distilled sacred. If you break that taboo there'll be no holding them then."

And these ju-ju women—they're sort of Vestal Virgins. They're as strict as death about them. Why, even for one of their own men as much as to look on them is death...

"Gives them the double allure of mystery and terror, doesn't it?" said Savaran.

"For heaven's sake drop it," cried Foss. "It's smash, man. Not even our Mills bombs will stop them if you stir up a religious war like that. They'll go after our blood blind, baldheaded and raving and—and there are three hundred thousand dollars of easy money to share, Savaran. All that you aim for, all that you've dreamed, is in your hands at last. Don't chuck it all away for a fancy."

"There is, of course—that," said the lean man with his ironic frown. "And yet—there's something that calls to Savaran in that song and the woman who sang it."

SAVARAN worked his boat through the jungle and right round the Hill of Dread that night. In the heat-stagnant darkness, full it seemed of a crawling evil, he crept by the sprawled and smelly king-town of the Leppa-Lep unobserved. There was, in fact, no one to watch him.

The tom-toms were throbbing from the base of the Hill of Dread and in the blood-red flames of fires he saw massed black men watching a grotesque and terrible figure mowing and jerking and screeching before them.

Mbam'ala was already at work trying to recreate that religious fervor for murder which Savaran's Mills bomb had so badly blunted.

Savaran, laughing his savage, soundless laugh, slipped by and found his best hopes realised. Beyond the Hill and the town the swamp backwater joined a considerable stream that flowed free, deep and with a steady three-knot current towards some mightier African river. Let them but warp and poise the schooner into that stream and it would carry them to safety with no more effort on their part than steering.

In a week they should be away and safe with their riches and dreams secure. Savaran saw the best chance of his life all but fulfilled. He was returning exultant, already planning how, with the aid of the Matabarri, a poverty-rowelled but warlike people, he might make a good beginning in empires, when he heard the singing again.

Clear and near under a shoulder of the Hill of Dread that hid her

from Mbam'ala's ju-ju palaver, the girl was singing again. Clear and eerie and profound that silver voice that never came from a negro throat floated across the night water.

"Make stroke! Make stroke!" the askari headman yelled in panic. "Pull dogs—devils be out to-night."

But Savaran cried fierce and soft:

"Pull in close to the singer. Quiet, dogs. Put me ashore... and haul off to the far bank until I signal for you to take me off again."

He landed. He was sure the singer must have watched him, yet felt she had not run. His bush cunning, his courage, his discipline were never held tighter in hand, for he knew that he was on taboo ground and that a spear from the night might spit him any moment. Yet, when he had watched the boat away, he deliberately began to sing, too.

He sang softly, using the tune the singer had used, only his words were true words, where hers had been meaningless sounds.

Ave maria stella,
Dei Mater alma

he sang, and then even he lost himself in a jumble of sounds. He, too, had forgotten what followed, for he, too, had not sung those words since childhood.

He stopped singing. There was a white, slim glimmer in the bush ahead of him; a frightened voice crying in Leppa-Lep:

"White Lion! White man! Don't kill—I am white!" Then the voice

Start the Day Quietly!

From our London Office.
By Air Mail.

FOR anybody over fifty, jumping out of bed in the morning with a wild whoop of joy is a bad habit. Doing the daily dozen may be dangerous.

Dr. M. Boigey, French scientist, has been studying this early morning enthusiasm and he doesn't like it at all.

In any case, "one of the most dangerous things for a person of about fifty or older is to raise the legs above the head. This form of exercise, safe to practise in younger years, causes a blow upon the walls of the blood vessels in the brain."

The older you get the more quietly you should take things in the morning.

broke and said in faltering English the only words she knew to prove her blood: "Good night, Dada! God bless you!"

And Savaran was at her side, holding her tight, something thick in his throat as he muttered: "You poor kid. You poor darn kid... Hold up. Everything will be right now. Savaran is here!"

Parton's daughter. The baby, the Tess of that pitiful diary. Parton's daughter alive—all that the Leppa-Lep had let live.

SHE told him about it, whispering fearfully in the thick, tropic darkness with the throb of the bush drums and Mbam'ala's blood howls as a fitted background. But luckily it was not much she could recall, for she had been no more than four or five when that horror of horrors had overwhelmed her family. She recalled but little of the voyage of the schooner, and only that because men had fired at them now and then and they had been so frightened that they had prayed together every night in the cabin that they might escape dangers, and sung hymns, too; that was how "Ave maria stella" had become bitten into her mind. She recalled the gladness of her father and mother at finding the green place under the Hill. How that gladness had changed to fear.

She remembered an abrupt uproar of shooting and fighting on the deck above her head and then a rush of black men into the cabin where she lay... how she had screamed... how her mother had stood against her bunk shooting until she sank under the spears.

Please turn to Page 28

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS FROM HISTORY

"Noah gets told off"—By Syd Miller



TAKE IT FROM ME GIRLS
MAKE SURE YOUR
HUSBAND WEARS
BONDS ATHLETIC VESTS.
YOU CAN BOIL THEM EVERY
WEEK AND THEY WON'T
LOSE THEIR SHAPE,
BECAUSE THEY'RE MADE
WITH THE FINEST
QUALITY SUPER-CARDED
COTTON—BONDS STANDARD
ATHLETICS ARE ONLY 2/6
EVERYWHERE
YOURS Mrs. Noah.

LENTHERIC
PARIS



THE TOUCH OF GENIUS

A lipstick that will last through busy days—glamorous evenings. Cocktail-proof—gloriously flattering. Six shades to make you lovely.

3/9—REFILLS, 2/6

FACE POWDER • EAU-DE-COLOGNE

LENTHERIC

PERFUMES • ROUGES

Just like the SUN



Stablond Lightens Brown-Blond Hair NATURALLY... SAFELY.

New "Sun-Action" Shampoo-Rinse washes Brownish, Mossy Hair 2-4 SHADES LIGHTER. BLONDIS!—You know how the sun will turn mossy, even brownish blond hair several shades lighter—make it beautifully light—no appealing to your friends. You can't have summer fun all the time, but Stablond does the same thing in the same natural way as the sun—it makes hair even more beautiful, keeps it soft and elastic without a trace of that streaky, bleached look.



STABLOND

Medicates Throat 12-15 Minutes

Preferred by Millions to Quick Gulp of Old-Time Cough Syrup

No wonder so many people now use a Vicks Medicated Cough Drop instead of the short, quick gulp of old-fashioned cough syrups. As a Vicks Cough Drop dissolves in the mouth, it applies direct medication to the irritated membranes of the throat for 12 to 15 minutes.



Medicated with Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

REAL LIFE STORIES

Have You a Story Better Than Any of These?

IT MAY WIN A PRIZE

Are mothers the best storytellers? Two mothers again carry off prizes in this week's Real Life story awards—one winning the first prize of £1/1/-.

Every reader has a chance of winning a prize in this fascinating weekly competition.

If you consider you can equal or better any of the Real Life stories that win this week's prizes, write it down and post to The Australian Women's Weekly.

What is the most outstanding event in your life? Tell it in a letter of not more than 300 words, setting down all the circumstances and relevant details.

A guinea is paid for the best letter each week and consolation prizes of 5/- each for any others published.

Endorse envelopes, "Real Life Stories." Our full postal address appears at top of page 3.

Drama, tragedy, romance, pathos, humor... the stories may revolve around any one of these emotions and may concern childhood, work, or any phase of life.

Personal anecdotes are desirable, that is, incidents in which you have been personally concerned in some manner.

Here are this week's prize-winners:

Born on a Ferry

JUST on 21 years ago, while on my way by ferry from Balmain to Sydney to occupy a prearranged bed at St. Margaret's Women's Hospital, my son was born before the ferry reached the wharf.

Accompanied only by my husband, my plight was undoubtedly serious, because not only was it 10 o'clock on a winter's night, and my bed the hard ferry floor (softened slightly by the captain's sweater as a pillow and his overcoat as a blanket but acceptable covering), but medical aid was not procured while at the wharf. In his dilemma, the captain apparently decided that the best course was to return me to Balmain.

Upon arrival there, another ferry was requisitioned to take up the time-table. Although the ambulance arrived shortly afterwards, the officer would not accept the responsibility of removing me to hospital without the authority of a qualified medical practitioner, owing to abnormal conditions of my case.

About an hour elapsed before the doctor reached me. Although by that time I was semi-conscious, I vividly recollect the proprietress of the refreshment room at the wharf providing some of her own clothing, in which the doctor wrapped the child.

During another brief space of consciousness I heard the ambulance officer, with typical war-time psychology, inquiring "Another soldier, doctor?" "I don't quite know," the doctor replied, and, turning his attention temporarily from me, he drew aside some of baby's wrapping and I dimly heard the answer, "Yes, another soldier."

Lying there, in my (as I thought) precarious state, I visibly shuddered to think that two "mere males" could be so seemingly regardless of my plight that they could waste valuable moments to ascertain whether the child was "a soldier" or "a nurse," although I, of course, realised subsequently I had not been at all neglected.

Notwithstanding these unusual circumstances of childbirth, the principal parties concerned can still report, "Both doing well."

£1/1/- to Ada Davies, 6 Stafford St., Stanmore, N.S.W.

Rescued the Baby

I HAD just put my four youngest children, aged from 4 months to 5 years, off to sleep after a bad night with whooping cough and measles, and had settled into a sound sleep when my boys, aged 7 years and 8 years respectively, rushed in and woke me, crying, "The house is on fire."

Telling them to wake the two older ones I caught up little 2-year-old and rushed out with the pram in which the baby was accustomed to sleep.

A neighbor, seeing the flames, came

up and took the children to her home, while I went back to get out what money, books, etc., I could, as the house was burning fiercely.

After taking out what I could in the first rush I returned to try to find my bag, which contained a small sum of money.

Unable to find it, I decided on the way out to grab a few bedclothes off the bed.

Imagine my feelings when on pulling the clothes off the bed my 4-month-old baby was revealed.

Although it is nearly 12 months ago since this happened, that moment is



MOTHER WON BEAUTY CONTEST. Not until the contest was over and the Queen of Beauty crowned was it revealed that the prize-winner was Mrs. Mary Slavin, mother of two bonny children, with whom she is shown here. It brought an unusual human touch to one of America's many beauty contests.

very vivid in my mind, and will be through the rest of my life.
5/- to Mrs. C. Turnley, 4 Sutherland St., Geelong, Vic.

Fortunate Disaster

ONE bitterly cold day a few weeks after our marriage, I became ill with what we thought was severe gastric influenza.

I went to bed, and my husband lit a fire in the room, gave me a dose of chloroquine (panacea for all pains in those days), and, locking window and door, as I was nervous, he departed to his afternoon shift in a mine which he and five others owned.

An hour later I took another dose of my "medicine," pulled the possum rug higher, and after a time, slept and dreamed mad dreams, in which my husband seemed in danger.

I woke slowly to consciousness to realise hubby was shaking me, and entreating me to speak, while smoke swirled round the room and an icy blast came from open window and door.

Later I heard his story. He and his mate had nearly lost their lives in the mine.

A dislodged boulder in the "drive" had released a rush of foul air. Their candles went out, and in darkness they stumbled frantically to the shaft, and with great difficulty climbed the iron ladder.

Reaching the surface at last they both rolled in agony on the frost-covered ground trying to force the deadly gas from their lungs.

They recovered sufficiently to stagger down the hill to their homes.

On opening the door my husband said he was met by a wall of dense

CONTRIBUTORS to this page must reply to the questionnaire on page 3 and attach it to their entries.

This condition will apply only for the duration of the ballot on Starting Price betting, as announced on page 3.

smoke, and as he stood against a moment a flame shot up from the thick hearthrug.

The big ewer, luckily full, quenched that, and his next effort was to open the window and rouse me.

Had his fortuitous accident not brought him home before the usual hour, I should have been past rousing!

5/- to Mrs. Eastman, West Ulverstone, Tas.



His lips said "Darling" but his breath said

"STALE DRINK"

THAT glass of beer has ruined your night. How can you carry on a conversation when you are worrying about your breath? Don't worry, slip a May Breath into your mouth and clear your breath in a minute.

May Breath non-scented tablets are good for you, they're antiseptic. Carry a tin with you always—they take up very little space—and avoid offensive breath.



MAY BREATH

CLEARs YOUR BREATH

1/- a tin at all Chemists

M1573 B



Pimples, blackheads, blotches, greasy inflamed skin—these are the warning signs of acne. Rexona Ointment will rid you of this complaint. Its healing medications cool the inflamed skin and cleanse the pores of the poisons that are causing the skin eruptions. Keep on with regular applications, till healing is complete.

TREATMENT: Wash the face with REXONA MEDICATED SOAP and warm water. Dry, cover the head with a towel and steam the face over a basin of hot water till the skin perspires. Squeeze the blackheads, taking care not to bruise or prick the skin. Then, with a clean sterilised needle (boil in water for 10 minutes), prick the pimples and squeeze. Rub Rexona Ointment gently into the skin and let it stay on overnight. For washing the affected part, use Rexona Medicated Soap—it contains the same soothing and healing properties as the Ointment, and has been specially made to assist healing.

Rexona

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT: 6 per tin • SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburb)

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

\$1.06.32

Buried Under Wheat

IT happened just about four years ago now, and will I ever forget it!

I was wheat carting, and at the wheat silos we were all in line—about twenty to thirty trucks and wagons waiting our turn to unload.

I had one hundred and twenty bags of wheat on my wagon, and as the signal was given to drive on I jumped up, grabbed hold of the reins, whipped up the horses and just started to move when the wagon broke in two.

I was thrown right down between the horses, with half the load of wheat on top of me. I was lucky the horse next to me fell with his back facing me, or I would have been kicked to death.

How I escaped death was a miracle. There were just about sixty bags of wheat on top of me.

5/- to A. Price, William St., Young, N.S.W.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

The same old daily routine? Or, some change for the better? *

NOT A CHARACTER READING, but A SCIENTIFIC FUTURE FORECAST. Covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, children, speculation, etc.

Questions answered. No extra cost.

Send P.N. 2-6. Birthdate, year, and Stamped Addressed Envelope.

Dept. C, Box 3093NN, RAMON, G.P.O. SYDNEY.

BABY NOW SLEEPS SO WELL



IS SO HEALTHY AND HAPPY

Mrs. A. M. SAWYER writes:—"Your Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders are most wonderful for our baby. She was very ill, and we had sleepless nights, but by giving her your Infants' Powders she has come on wonderfully again, sleeps so well, and is so healthy and happy. We think there are no Infants' Powders like yours. We have been recommending them to our friends for about two years, that is since we started using them." 30, School Lane, Hasbury, Halesowen, England.

A. & P. INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guaranteed perfectly harmless. Boxes of 20 Powders 1/6, at Chemists and Stores.

For free sample write to:—

PROSTERINK (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD., 131, Palmer Street, Sydney.

SONG of the SIREN

Continued from Page 26

SHE had been reared with other *appa* - Lep children until she was about seven or eight, not unhappily, for since she was destined for great things care was taken of her. After that period she was taken by Mbam'ala to the caves in the Hill of Dread, where the Seven Young Unwedded and the Seven Old dwelt as priestesses to that abominable shrine. There, with other girl children, she was trained in ritual dancing, singing and the like in the Outer Caves in preparation for the day when she would replace one of the seven younger vestals as priestess of the more hateful rites in the Inner Cave. Only her part was to be a greater one than any of her companions.

"In five moons from now," she told Savaran, "Mivambe, the eldest of the seven old women, will be given to the fire, as is the custom. Then Iramna, the first of the Young Virgins, will move up into her place and I am to be the First of the Virgins at once, without the usual progress, step by step, through the Seven—for I am white and Mbam'ala says I have great ju-ju in me. . . . And as chief of the seven I shall have terrible things to do and must be present at the killings . . . and I fear."

She clung to Savaran, slim, shaking, pitiful and very young, begging him to take her away. White blood rebelling against black infamy in spite of black upbringing, in spite of the fact that she went as naked as any black save for the few clinking ritual beads upon her ghostly white slimmess. White blood was passionate for rescue, and Savaran, being Savaran, just naturally swore that he was here for nothing else but to save her from this infamy.

"To-morrow! To-morrow night without fail Savaran will come for you. Wait you for me here at the same hour."

And full of sardonic mockery at his chivalry, he freed himself from her arms and signalled his boat.

The sweating men strained groaning on the capstan, the schooner heaved and slithered in the mud as the hawser strained taut—heaved and slid sideways as before, but not forward.

The askari hanging over the bows and prodding about in the mud called back: "Old mango roots. Big stuff. Take time and time and time to cut him away."

Foss, red-hot with rage and sweating like a pig, flung down his capstan bar and snarled at Savaran: "We can't do it. Not even you can work miracles."

The lean adventurer turned his twisted smile to the too swift, evening sun.

"No, I've got us over two mud banks instead of one—nearly three. Three days' work in one. If I had five hundred men working in the channel and on ropes I'd have done it . . . but, well, you're right, even Savaran has limitations it seems."

"We've cut down time, anyhow," said Foss with forced cheerfulness.

"It'll still take two-three days," sighed the lean man.

"Well, we've got those days," growled Foss challengingly. "You've said so yourself. No need to work us to rags."

"No need," said Savaran grimly. "No more need at all . . ." He turned to the askari. "Eat well and sleep. O men, you have a hard night before you."

Foss blazed rage: "Curse you, Savaran, do you mean to go on with this rescue?"

"Savaran has given his word."

"But, by Heaven, it's utter folly," shouted Foss. "Sheer madness. Chucking away half-a-million in ivory for a whim; wealth you've sweated for, risked your life for . . . And all your dreams—aye all these to be flung away for the sake of a chit of a girl? . . . It's crazy madness . . ."

"My heart's savage with thinking of it," frowned the lean man. "I even curse the girl that stirs this folly in me—and as I curse I hear this"—he hummed "Ave maria stella" . . . "A white child singing in a black land the hymn I used to sing as a child, Foss. And, hearing it, Savaran, who has broken kings and shattered tribes, whose ambition is of the stars, becomes—well, the utter darn fool you see before you. Queer what flaws



RICH PRINTED CREPE makes this charming afternoon frock worn by Kay Francis. The soft tunic lines, neck treatment and sleeves are the highlights.

Nature serves out with greatness.

"By Heaven, you're past argument," raved Foss. "Won't anything make you see sense? What about the danger? These Leppa-Lep devils will go blood raving if you touch this sacred woman of theirs. Nothing can save us from them then."

"As to that," said Savaran, always fiercely cheerful under danger, "what is a little risk beside Savaran's word? The boats will move off an hour after dark."

Please turn to Page 30

FIFTEEN WAS HER LUCKY NUMBER



Unique skin tests prove Lifebuoy 20% milder than many so-called 'Beauty Soaps'

Beauty is only skin deep—and that is why scientists choose to test Lifebuoy on the skins of hundreds of women of every type—blonde, brunette and in-between! After the test, the results showed that Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." Yet Lifebuoy's lather is deep-cleansing, too. It rids the skin pores of all impurities, promotes and maintains complexion loveliness.

Its own clean scent rinses away!

MILLIONS SAY . . . "It agrees with my skin."

Stops "B.O." too. "B.O." (body odour) is an offence it is hard to forgive. That is why it is so important you should make sure of personal freshness. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its deep-cleansing lather—containing the famous health element—searches out and removes every hidden trace of stale perspiration, leaves you refreshed and amused!

180-150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

LIFEBOUY Shaving Cream

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

Did You Know—

That Pat Gaden, a Queenslander, will accompany Peggy Pixley, of Potts Point, to Kosciusko for the winter sports?

Brightening Things Up

POLO is responsible for brightening up the city this week.

Lots of parties in the offing and sun-tanned heroes with polo sticks in hand turned out in the smartest of riding kit give an air to all our best pubs and clubs.

The Town and Country Club tournament made a brave showing at Kyeemagh on Saturday, and the Dudley Cup matches will take place from June 23 to 26.

This Saturday the Harborside branch of the C.W.A. will hold a tea dance, and Lady Wakehurst will be presented to a number of the players at the tea dance at Elizabeth Bay House on the following Saturday.

Prepared This Time

"PLAYING makes me so hungry," said demure little Valda Aveling at the end of her piano recital at the Conservatorium last Thursday. She said she had previous experience in that regard when she could only find some dry biscuits to devour in between stage appearances, so came prepared this time with a thermos of coffee and a packet of sandwiches.

Valda was the winner of The Australian Women's Weekly £100 scholarship at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

Lady Gordon, the good fairy to so many young artists, Mary Patterson, Ramsay Pennicuik, Phyllis McDonald, and Dr. Keith Barry were in the audience.

When you go to see James Jackson's lovely exhibition of paintings, I hope you have the luck I did in finding the artist himself at the Exhibition Hall. He is full of amusing and interesting incidents of all his pictures and is not at all highbrow in discussing their detail.

Formal Party

MOST formal was the dance given at Elizabeth Bay House on Thursday night by the ex-Students' Association of the Rose Bay Convent. Long gloves and programmes were de rigueur, and each guest was presented to the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Panico. Dorothy Porter and Joan Meagher, president and secretary of the committee, were naturally delighted with the success of the party.

Three "debs," Josephine and Philomena Loneragan and Peggy Sullivan, added a picturesque note to the scene.

Accomplished Frenchman

VERY glad of their schooldays' industry are the girls that have met Georges Rose, attractive French artist at present in Sydney. Georges has more accomplishments than two or three ordinary people put together, but the English language is not one of his best efforts. His exhibition of paintings opened in the Gloucester room at the Hotel Australia this week, and at painting Georges does excel.

A handy man at any gymkhana is the same visitor. Not until he was eighteen years of age did his father allow him to ride with stirrups, with the result that Georges can vault on and off horses as easily as I can fall off them.

Leaving Goulburn

MR. AND MRS. BILLY LOVE and their fair-haired daughter, Joyce, will be much missed from the Goulburn district. They are coming to Sydney to live, and many parties have been given in their honor.

Last Saturday, Mrs. Graham Henderson and Mrs. Irwin Maple Brown, members of the Faithfull clan, gave a jolly "do" at the Fireside Inn. It began with a cocktail party and finished up with a dance.

With Japanese Orchestra

BERTHA CLARKE does not spend all her time dashing from railway stations to shipping offices when she does her self-conducted Eastern tours. She is one ahead of most of us by hearing Arthur Rubenstein play with a Japanese orchestra in Kyoto with Viscount Konoye wielding the baton.

When she leaves with her party in August in time for the autumn season in Japan, she has the seldom-visited Diamond Mountains on her itinerary. It is no use visitors expecting to find a fortune in precious stones there as the mountains are called "Diamond" because of their shape.

Melbourne's chilly winter breezes have proved too much for Pat Carnegie and her parents, who are off in search of sunshine. They have motored to Brisbane, where they will spend several weeks, and then come on to Sydney for a while. Pat's marriage to Tony Fairbairn will take place some time this year.



THIS IS A HAPPY PHOTOGRAPH of Miss Fannie Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, of Rose Bay, who is looking forward to making her debut this Friday at a dance given by her parents at Elizabeth Bay House.

—Women's Weekly.



September Bride

WEDDING bells will ring for Dorothy Ferguson and Major Percy Dobson, of the Australian Staff Corps, within the next few months.

No definite plans have as yet been made, but the wedding will probably take place in September. The ceremony will be a quiet one and Dorothy has not yet made up her mind on the subject of bridesmaids.

She is the younger daughter of the late Rev. John Ferguson, best-known for his ministry at St. Stephen's Church, and is at present staying with her sister, Mrs. H. V. Macintosh, at Vaucluse, just across the harbor from Major Dobson, who is stationed at Middle Head.

Youthful Hostesses

VERY lovely were the young girls who donned their prettiest frocks for the coming-out dance given on Friday night at the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Club, Rushcutter Bay. Betty Winn, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Coupland Winn, and "Binkie," christened Evelyn, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cedric Bowker, were the joint hostesses, assisted of course by their parents. There were just a few sub-debs, too, who had the thrill of their first grown-up party.

Journeyed By Plane

DAWN JACKSON, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. E. Jackson, who spent many years in Sydney and are now stationed in Melbourne, donned her warmest woollies and set off from her home by plane for Canberra on Friday. While she is up country she will be the guest of Mrs. Gerald O'Hanlon at Queanbeyan. Mrs. O'Hanlon also belongs to the military circle, as her father is Brigadier McColl.

Dawn will be present at the jolly junketings when the Governor-General visits Duntroon College in October.

Cry of Curlews

THE cries of curlews and magpies will be a new experience for the recent bride, Mrs. George Newton, who leaves with her husband this week to make her home in Forbes. She was formerly Marie McDonald, of Cremorne, and has never lived up country before.

Wedding presents have already been sent to the new home, and will take quite a deal of placing.

The Newtons motored to Melbourne for their honeymoon, and have been spending a few days in Sydney on the return trip.

Betty Nicholls, daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Nicholls, of Tasmania, who made many friends in Sydney during recent University days, has left with her parents for a trip to New Caledonia.

Young Christopher

HOW very thrilled Morris McCullagh will be when he dashes to the ship which will bring his wife and brand-new son back to his Fiji home in July. Mrs. McCullagh, who is calling her son and heir Christopher Beahan, is at present the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hart, at Dulwich Station, Singleton.

Young Christopher is the first grandson on both sides of his family, so you can just imagine how spoilt he will be.

Tosses Up Doughnuts

MR. AND MRS. LLOYD HUGHES are now settled in their flat in Macleay Street and are thoroughly enjoying the life domestic. "Lloyd is the coffee maker for the establishment," his wife says, and he is equally full of admiration for the manner in which she tosses up doughnuts.

These goodies, which the average Australian finds somewhat difficult to cope with, are prime favorites with our petite visitor. She says they should always be eaten cold and thinks them too awful when eaten hot with maple syrup or honey.

Did You Notice—

That Anne Gordon has found a new way of wearing her hair bow of black velvet? Rather large in size, it is placed fair and square in front of her forehead.

WINTER COMPLAINTS That Quickly Yield To 'ASPRO'

COLDS

FLU

RHEUMATISM

LUMBAGO

SCIATICA

NEURALGIA

HEADACHES

NERVE PAINS

TOOTHACHE

EARACHE

GOUT

NEURITIS

MALARIA

SORE THROAT

ASTHMA

THE 1937 Winter has arrived in earnest. With it comes the average crop of complaints listed at the side. Even minor complaints are often more painful than serious ones. They worry you and reduce resistance to such an extent that the way is open for attacks of a more serious illness. 'ASPRO' definitely banishes these Winter complaints—QUICKLY and SAFELY. Millions of people all over the world have proved it. Be forewarned! Have 'ASPRO' in the home ready for any emergency.

PROOF

**'ASPRO' used
with Hot Lemonade
Broke Up Severe
Cold**

Chesfield Parade,
Waverley, N.S.W.,
28/2/36

Dear Sir,
My son had a severe cold coming on, but on taking a couple of 'ASPRO' in hot lemonade the cold was completely broken up, and no sign of it in two days' time. I think hot lemonade is better than lemon juice to take with 'ASPRO' for a cold, it seems to act quicker and gives greater relief.

I am, yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. A. SCOTT

**'ASPRO' Never
Failed to Break Up
a Cold**

C/o Post Office,
Dartmoor, Vic.,
22nd June, 1935

Dear Sir,
Living in the country and having to work in all weathers, I am often subject to Colds. I find on taking two 'ASPRO' Tablets with a hot lemon drink at bedtime, they have never yet failed to break up my cold. It is best to take 'ASPRO' as soon as you feel a cold coming on.

Yours truly,
(Signed) N. K. WILLIAMS

**"ASPRO" Keeps
Me Free From
Colds"**

12 Forrest Street,
Mt. Lawley, W.A.,
1/8/36

Dear Sir,
I take 'ASPRO' tablets at the least indication of Cold or Chill, and can say I go all the winter without a Cold. I have recommended 'ASPRO' to very many who come into my little shop, who also have had similar results.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. J. SLACK

**Victim of 'Flu
Epidemic —
'ASPRO' Had Me
Back at Work in
Three Days"**

140 Park Road Section,
Ipswich Road,
Stn. Brisbane, Q'd.,
12/3/36

Dear Sir,
During an Influenza Epidemic I was taken home with a severe attack. I immediately started dosing myself with 'ASPRO' according to directions and was able to go back to work within three days. For Colds and 'Flu' I consider 'ASPRO' invaluable. We always have a supply in the house available for immediate use.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. L. MILLER

Nicholas Pty Ltd

SONG of the SIREN

Continued from Page 24

"YOU'VE made up your mind to double cross me then?" Foss shouted.

"Not at all," shrugged Savaran. "I'm leaving you all the ivory."

"Leaving me in the lurch, you mean."

"You can have one of the boats, half the askari, and I think you'd better have the machine-gun and bombs too."

"And you'll march in on the king and all his army with bare fists, I suppose," snarled Foss. "Curse you, you know I can't let you down—even if I had nerve enough to stay."

"White blood is a noble but unprofitable bond, isn't it?" grinned the lean man. "Then you'll take your place in command of the second boat an hour after dark. I rather expected you would."

There was no more hope for the ivory or his dreams. Savaran had feared that from the first, even though he had tried to work miracles. There seemed, even, little hope of their lives when they came in sight of the king-town of the Leppa-Leppa.

The great fires were burning again close under the Hill of Dread. The bush drums were throbbing. Silent, masked faces, blood-red from the flames, stared at Mbam'ala as he pranced and moved once more in the wide, cleared ring round which the tribesmen squatted. Only now Mbam'ala was not trying to win them through speeches, but through religious blood frenzy.

He was not alone now in that clearing.

There was another figure with him, more dreadful, more lonely. A single, slim figure bound helpless to the tall thick post in the centre of the clearing—the sacrificial stake.

A frail slip of a figure, white in the fire glare and unmistakable. Even as Savaran stood up in his boat, his steel-wire figure dreadfully tense, his fierce eyes glittering, Foss cried from the boat alongside: "My Heaven, the girl! The swine are going to sacrifice the white girl."

Savaran, standing like an angel of death, said nothing. His iron glances were studying the hideous scene, the approaches, the chances, the condition of the girl herself.

There was no doubt it was she; her white skin shone like a flame amid all that blackness. Someone had seen her talking to a man—and a white man at devilish that—last night as she had feared, and the witch doctor had seen in that offence his chance of stirring up the blood lust of his wavering dupes.

She was bound by her ankles and her wrists, the latter tied high above her head so that her body would be free for the work the moon-bladed knife would presently do. Mbam'ala was in the midst of a ritual dance full of rushes at her and retreats. Every time he came near her his great knife slashed within a hair's-breadth of her shrinking body. Thus he tormented her as well as worked up the excitement of the Leppa-Leppa to fever pitch.

TOWERING over this ghastly ceremonial, and some ten feet behind the girl, was a big and horrible carving of the Demon of the Hill. The idol, which had been rolled forward on a platform of rough wheels, was monstrous and vile. Carved from some black and brittle stone, it gleamed in the firelight with a sinister life, while its great bulging brass eyes seemed to gloat over the promise of blood.

Savaran studied everything with a still deliberation that made Foss cry out against the delay, but when he spoke his voice was steady and unfurled, his orders as precise as though he had plotted them on paper. Careful, daring, deadly orders for Foss and the askari, and he ended:

"Wait exactly on the signal for the machine-gun fire and the bombing, Foss — and give me a couple of bombs now."

Foss made no protest then. Looking at the girl, he thrust the Mills grenades eagerly into the lean hand, anxious for action.

Savaran took them quietly, and quietly landed.

He walked calmly and boldly at an unhurried pace, not by a stealthy path but straight through the squatting ranks of the Leppa-

Leppa. Daring strokes were paralyzing strokes, and Savaran was a master of icy daring—also he had to give Foss and the askari time to get into position.

THE impudent recklessness of it carried him through. The Leppa-Leppa stared, dumbfounded and awed. So completely did he dominate them that it was only when Mbam'ala turned in his dance to swoop down upon his victim to make the first blood-drawing stroke that he realised that he was no longer alone in the clearing with the victim.

He halted dead as he saw the eagle-faced man. Even he was awed. Savaran looked so tall, lean and savagely powerful in the flame light that he seemed a towering figure of terror and vengeance. And Savaran moved not at all. He stood, hands lightly on pistol butts, holding the throng by the sheer spell of his personality and daring. So he stood until an owl hooted behind his back. Then the fierce smile flashed in the gipsy face. Savaran had done it again. By daring and magnetism he had won the first, most momentous move. Foss and his askari were in their appointed places.

Please turn to Page 31

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

SONG of the SIREN

Continued from Page 30

MBAM'ALA acted. He saw his chance of winning back the wavering Leppa-Lep by the single stroke of sweeping this dangerous white devil away. He flung his moon-blade gleaming aloft and shouted for death.

Not a warrior dared stir under those masterful eyes, but five of the devil-masked priests leapt forward to overwhelm this sublime fool by their stabbing spears and knives. Forward they charged and still Savaran did not move. Half-way across the clearing they stamped in a swirl of dust, yelling and threatening. Only then did the lean right hand twitch. Only that, a twitch—no more than was needed to jerk a pistol out of its holster. It was from the level of the hip that the pistol spoke. Five shots it fired, and so quickly that they seemed but one long explosion. Five shots, no more. No more were needed. The five priests were dead.

As the great circle of blacks cringed and sucked back, loosing a storm of cries at the wonder of that shooting, the lean adventurer stepped to the sacrificial post. His hand went up to the bound wrists and a knife gleamed. A couple of quick cuts and the wrists were free, the knife was in the girl's hands and Savaran had stepped back to cover her with his pistols as she stooped to free her ankles.

He had won the second move in

the way he had planned to win it.

But he had, as he had also foreseen, loosed the real danger at last. His interference with the sacrificial victim, a taboo maiden, too, his threat to rob the Leppa-Lep of their night's pleasure in torture, roused the storm. Mbam'ala, screaming against sacrilege, had little need to yell. With a roar the whole black mob was on its feet clamouring for vengeance, and sweeping together as surprised blacks will, in a compact mob, poured towards him. Savaran flung up his left hand.

From the darkness behind him came the shattering stutter of the machine-gun leaping into action the slash-slash-slash of the askari's volley firing. From four points of the circle Mills bombs rained into the packed mass as fast as arms could hurl them, bursting with terrifying explosions and deadly execution amid the thick press of the bodies.

THE surprise effect was as appalling as an attack of the gods. Even as the rush started it seemed to be scythed down and blown to pieces by the very thunder and fire of heaven.

The rush halted, broke to pieces and scattered backward with screams. For a moment hopeless panic reigned. Savaran waved his hand again and knew by the clatter in the darkness behind him that Foss and his men were legging it to their boats as ordered. So far his plans had gone like clockwork. But now his own safety and the girl's was to be a matter of luck and moments.

Mbam'ala knew it. He leapt forward, stilling the chaos with his brazen yells. He waved the moon-blade above his head like a standard and ordered the Leppa-Lep under threat of the Demon to follow him. The warriors began to rally. It was going to be touch and go for Savaran and the girl.

Savaran had seen it like that, too. He had retreated to the idol of the demon. On the very platform of

SHE DIDN'T WANT TO FLY THE PACIFIC

or star in the films. All her interest centred round her home. Making jam, feeding chickens, and looking after the children during the holidays kept her busy and contented. Then, for no apparent reason, these things began to pall . . .



THERE must be hundreds of people all over the country who wake up tired and get more and more tired as the day goes on. It never occurs to them that energy is still used up during sleep, so they do nothing to create new energy in its place. The last thing they suspect is "Night-Starvation."

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My Favorite Poem

Teach me to feel another's woe—
To hide the faults I see;
The mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.
—Author not known.
Sent by Miss Y. Pulley, Randwick.

the great image he turned, and his high, fierce voice called back:

"Woe to you, Leppa-Lep, for my gods are angered with you. See with your own eyes how Mbam'ala and his demon will be destroyed. Fall on your faces, O pigs of villenness, and eat dirt else the same wrath devour ye."

As he spoke his pistol cracked and Mbam'ala, rushing towards him, leapt high and died.

THE warriors hung back for an instant under that death and Savaran's threat. It was just long enough to allow the lean man to whip the safety pins out of the two Mills bombs and roll them under the platform of the idol. Then he caught the girl's hand and ran for the bush.

As they ran they heard the roaring of the Leppa-Lep as they started in chase. They gave tongue like wolves eager for blood—for five seconds. Then came the earth-splitting crash and the blinding flame of the double explosion and the sound of a brittle carving flying to pieces.

Savaran pulled the girl to a halt. He heard no pursuit now. Only the screams and the wallings of a tribe smitten with superstitious terror as they looked upon the splintered ruin of what had once been their god.

"And that, my dear, saves us," the lean man grinned as Foss helped them into the boats. "The Leppa-Lep will be too occupied dreading the vengeance of Savaran and his gods to think of pursuing us . . . Savaran may not have worked miracles with ivory, but in purely theological spheres he has not done so badly."

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DARRER are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, or the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

WHEN he came into the old man's room, there were three servants around the bed; and one of them was Eleanor Hart.

Her golden hair was like a splash of sunshine in the shadowy chamber.

But the sick man presently raised those tired lids. Staring out of black caverns, he nodded to his secretary in a kind of approval. When he spoke, his deep, guttural voice rumbled through the hushed room with eerie clarity.

"Wade, I want to talk to you—alone."

Stephen mumbled a hasty, "Yes, sir." Himself pale, he began to coax the maids out of the door. But John Tayne suddenly told him:

"Better keep somebody here with you. One will do. We'll need a witness."

That startled Stephen and puzzled him. But he asked no

SAD Man TELLS

Continued from
Page 5

futile questions. He caught Eleanor Hart's slim warm arm, holding her back. She had drawn a flimsy blue negligee over her nightgown. It really revealed as much as it concealed of her exquisite young figure; and even there, in that tragic, murky room, Stephen tingled with the nearness and the loveliness of her.

Then Tayne's parched lips stirred, and his cracked voice rumbled slowly: "You'll find papers and a pen in one of the drawers, Wade. I want to dictate something to you. I want to dictate a—new will—before I go."

"A will, sir?" in amazement.

"Yes. Hurry."

"I'm ready, sir."

"This—this will be a cruel thing to dictate to you, Wade."

rumbled John Tayne. "But I'm sure you'll understand. You must know I have no alternative."

"Sir?"

"A year ago, Wade, I might have left an estate of close to a million. You know that. Those were the good days. But my money has shrunk; it has shrunk dreadfully—hasn't it, Wade?"

Stephen swallowed uncomfortably. "It has, sir. Quite seriously."

"First when the stocks crashed. Then when I had those two failures."

Wade, I doubt if I shall leave much more than a hundred and fifty thousand when I go.

"Wade," the old man went on, closing his tired eyes, "I've always appreciated your services. I've always liked you. And you've been with me many years. In the

will I left with Judge Baxter a year ago. I stipulated that you were to receive ten thousand dollars in cash after my death."

"Why, good heavens, sir!" gasped Stephen, stunned. "I—I never knew—I really never expected—"

He might have stammered on in his amazement; but Eleanor's hand suddenly squeezed his arm fiercely, stopping him. She stood tense now, staring at Tayne in wonder. Her eyes were alight. There was a new rigidity about her which affected Stephen, too. He remained silent, attentive, his heart thudding rapidly.

"You deserved it," John Tayne sighed wearily, his eyes still shut. "But that was a year ago, Wade, when ten thousand wouldn't have mattered much. I left practically all the rest of the estate in a trust fund for the children."

HE meant Ruth and Walter, his grandchildren; they had been living with him ever since their parents' death in an automobile crash two years ago, and it was for them that Eleanor Hart had been engaged as governess.

"But now," Tayne was saying in that heavy, weary voice, "ten thousand dollars means a great deal to me, Wade. Means a great deal to the children. I—I want to leave them as secure as I can. That is why I'm going to dictate this new will to you. I can't leave you more than a few hundred, Wade, to express my gratitude."

"But, I'm not expecting anything, sir!" hushedly exclaimed Stephen. "I assure you I'd be just as happy knowing I've been able to please you."

Again, however, he felt the fierce pressure of Eleanor Hart's tight fingers; a sudden clasp; and, with a startled glance at her, he stopped talking.

John Tayne smiled without opening his eyes.

"Good of you, Wade," he said. "I knew you'd understand. Now, will you take down my will as I dictate it? I think I'm still strong enough to sign it. You and Miss Hart can sign as witnesses when I'm through."

Two hours later, with a physician at his side, John Henry Tayne died in a coma.

Dishevelled, spiritually exhausted, Stephen was thinking with genuine and poignant grief of the John Tayne he had served for fourteen years. He continued to brood for long minutes, until someone rapped at the door.

He said mechanically, almost on a sigh, "Yes? Come in."

The door opened slowly; and Stephen, looking around over his shoulder, violently started.

Eleanor Hart was there.

"Eleanor—"

"I can stay only a moment," she said quickly. "It wouldn't do to be found here, would it?—But I did want to talk to you alone, Steve."

He detected something new in her voice; something infinitely thrilling. The mockery was gone.

But she forestalled anything he might have blurted with a firm, quiet: "Steve, what are we going to do about it? Have you decided yet?"

That puzzled him, and his smile faded.

"Do?" he asked in wonder.

"About what?"

"The will, of course."

STEPHEN stared at her in bewilderment. "Why, what's there to do?" he murmured. "I'll just turn it over to my lawyer, Judge Baxter, when he comes."

"Oh . . . will you?" Eleanor spoke slowly now, in an unfamiliar, strangely calculating voice. Her eyes thinned oddly as they looked deep into his. She seemed to be searching for his thoughts.

"Will you, really, Steve?"

That was when he realised what she meant. The idea stunned him. He fell back a step, his eyes wide in a pale face, and gaped at her.

"For Heaven's sake, Eleanor!" he whispered. "You don't imagine I'd deliberately—"

"I'm not imagining anything," she said softly. "We could do a lot with ten thousand; we could be very—happy, I think."

"We?"

"UNLESS—" she became quite demure of a sudden and looked at him in a kind of childish fear, a kind of abashment. "Unless you didn't mean it when—when you said you—wanted me—"

Stephen stood dazed. His hand groped toward the bedside for support. There was an interval of silence like a hiatus in his life. Then he saw Eleanor Hart smile in a queer, provocative way. It was an exciting smile that curled only half her mouth, and had in it a hint of the old mockery.

"After all, Steve," she said, "whatever happens is between you and me. Nobody else knows about the will. And—well, you know you can count on me, always."

"But good Lord!" he cried huskily. "I—I couldn't do a thing like that. Destroy the will—"

Suddenly she turned to the door, the skirt of her white uniform swishing with the motion. With her hand on the knob she smiled at him over her shoulder.

"Of course, it's entirely up to you," she said. "I just wanted you to know, Steve, that whatever you did, I—I'd understand. I'd be with you . . . After all, Mr. Tayne himself said you deserved the money."

She might have gone out then. But something in his expression—the shock, possibly, or the amazement, or the vague suggestion of terror—brought her back swiftly. She came to him with a low, reassuring murmur of laughter.

"I do love you, Steve . . . But boy, I do!"

Stephen Wade must have gone a little mad. He tried to hold her there, to crush her furiously against himself. He buried his face in her lustrous golden hair, lost himself in its perfume. If she had asked him at that instant to burn John Tayne's will, he might have done it in a kind of savage ecstasy. But she didn't. How she escaped his arms he didn't know. Abruptly she was gone.

Alone again, Stephen regained his senses. He let his lean, lanky figure sink to the edge of the bed and sent shaky fingers back through his hair.

"It's crazy!" he thought.

It was after noon when he saw Eleanor again, alone. They decided to take a short run in the car to talk things over without fear of interruption.

Please turn to Page 33

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Twelve distinct Herbs banish gloom and restore the joy of living.

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It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

SAD Man TELLS

"GOODNESS, Steve," she murmured, "you do look worried."

He answered brusquely, "I am. I just don't know what to do!"

"You mean to say," in mild surprise, "you're still undecided about the thing?"

"Of course!"

"But Judge Baxter was here this morning. And you didn't give him the new will."

"I was going to," Stephen said thickly. "In fact, I had it in my hand and started to find him. But—somehow I couldn't. I felt I—I wanted to see you first."

"Me?" she said, astonished. "But why? Isn't it something you've got to decide for yourself?"

"Oh," he flung out bitterly. "I suppose I oughtn't to hesitate like this. I suppose I ought to make up my mind. No one would ever know there was a new will if I just kept quiet..."

She let him drive fully a quarter of a mile in silence. Then she moved closer to him, slipped her arm through his, and said confidently, with a promise in the words:

"You'll do exactly what you think wisest, dear. Only remember that ten thousand dollars—well, money like that could mean everything to us."

She glanced at him archly. "Where is the will? Have you got it here?"

"No. It's in my room."

"Well, when you get back then."

But when he returned Stephen didn't destroy the paper. He sat staring at it a long while before a shudder rippled through him. Then he thrust it away and began to stride about the room in quest of courage.

He wasn't, unfortunately, the sort of man who could make drastic decisions easily. Nor was he the sort who could coolly commit himself to crime. He told himself that the only thing which deterred him from tearing the paper or burning it was an inherent cowardice.

Yet he knew, deep within himself, that there was something else, too; something he couldn't define in words.

At dinner that evening he scarcely dared meet Eleanor's eyes. He was ashamed, really, to confess he hadn't been able to reach a decision. But she asked him nothing.

And his tormenting irresolution continued four days, until after the funeral.

On that fourth day, however—

At dusk he met Eleanor in the foyer outside the dark drawing-room. He caught her arm, led her towards the door. An abnormal tension gripped him, and it found reflection in his burning eyes. He said tightly:

"I want to talk to you. Let's get out of here."

SHE went willingly enough, though in obvious wonder. He drew her along a crooked path that wound among naked trees behind the house; a really romantic path in the bluish twilight. When they reached a rustic little bridge that hung above a brook, he stopped and looked down at her through his spectacles.

"We've both got to leave here at the end of the week," he said. "We're through. Judge Baxter is taking the children and closing the house."

"Yes, so I heard," murmured Eleanor, nodding. In questioning curiosity she waited for more. She saw his hand grope unsteadily into a pocket and emerge with a folded blue paper. She recognised that letterhead; knew instantly it was John Tayne's will. And she smiled up at him with sudden brightness.

"I hope you've made up your mind," she said.

"I have!"

"You haven't left yourself much choice, Steve. If you were to give it to Judge Baxter now, after four days' delay, you'd have to answer impossible questions."

"I know."

So—?

He said tensely, in a quivering voice, "Look." He tore the paper in half; tore it again and again and again... until his unsteady hands were filled with scraps no larger than snowflakes. And like snowflakes he let them dribble down to the brook under the bridge.

Continued from Page 32

Then, instantly, Eleanor's lovely arms were around his neck, pulling down his head. She kissed him, pressed against him hard, said things he didn't hear. There was fervor in her low voice, and beauty shone in her eyes, and he knew she was his. He should have felt deliciously happy. He should have crushed her. He should have gloried in his achievement.

But he didn't.

Stephen felt strangely cold and shaky as he pushed her away. Holding her arms, he stared uncertainly into her flushed young face. And he said:

"There's just one thing, Eleanor."

"What thing, dear?"

"You'll have to stand by me."

"Of course! You know I will."

"I mean when they take us before the District Attorney."

She laughed at that; a gay, scoffing, reassuring laugh. "Don't be absurd! Why should they take us before any District Attorney? Nobody will ever know."

STEPHEN shook his head. In a strained, husky voice he told her, "You're wrong, Eleanor. They know already."

She suddenly blinked. Stepped back from him. Stared in dazed incredulity.

"They what?"

"They know, I tell you. The servants—two of them—were standing outside Tayne's door that night. They heard him dictate the will. They were under the impression—"

"Good Heavens, Steve!" she gasped, her eyes round with quick terror. "No! They didn't—"

"They were under the impression," he went on in a dead low voice, "that I had already given the will to Judge Baxter. When they learned to-day that a year-old will was to be read instead, they told him what they knew. He said my silence and yours constituted criminal conspiracy to defraud the heirs."

Eleanor had gone utterly pallid. She fell back against the rail of the little bridge, staring as though Stephen had threatened her with death.

Please turn to Page 34

Catching Cold? Prevention...

is easier than cure!



At the First Sneeze

Now when a sneeze, sniffle, or irritated feeling in your nose warns you that days of misery are ahead, you can often stop the cold before it starts. For medical science has perfected a way to prevent many colds. It is easy to use...



Quick! Vicks Va-tro-nol

You simply put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril with the handy dropper. Instantly, you can feel the tingling medication spread through the hidden nasal passages—where 3 out of every 4 colds start.



THAT cold avoided!

The stuffy, irritated feeling vanishes! Every breath is clear and cool. And usually that cold will never develop. For Va-tro-nol, if used in time, rouses Nature's own defences to throw off many a threatening cold before it can take hold.

CLEARs STUFFY HEADS, TOO. Even if you have neglected the first signs and have a fully developed head-cold (or nasal catarrh), Va-tro-nol quickly clears away mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, helps to drain the sinuses, lets you breathe again.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Great New Ally to Vicks VapoRuh

To keep your hands lovely restore natural moisture



Hands become red, rough and old-looking because water, work, gardening, sports dry out the Natural Moisture of the skin.



Pond's new Hand Lotion restores Natural Moisture to the skin, renewing youth and loveliness. Use several times daily.

EXPOSED skin dries quickly

—that's why you use creams to guard a lovely complexion.

Think of how desperately your hands need attention, too—

special care that will nourish and soften and restore the Natural Moisture that keeps them beautiful! To fill this need, Pond's

have perfected a new lotion—a fragrant liquid cream that can be absorbed instantly, nourishing the skin, supplying it with the natural moisture that active

daily life dries out. Pond's Lotion smooths and softens, bringing a petal-like texture to your hands, keeping them lovely,

restoring their expressive youthfulness. Keep a bottle of Pond's new Lotion on your dressing table, in the bathroom, in the kitchen. Use it often—after washing the hands, before working or sewing, before going out.

Use Pond's Lotion on all skin surfaces to smooth and soften. It's especially cooling and healing after sunburn.

Now selling at all stores and chemists. 1/-



NEW

FEEL HOW SOFT THEY ARE
... HOW STRONG THEY ARE



Laconia
BLANKETS

MAKE "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

SAD Man TELLS

Continued from Page 33 21

"STEVE!" she whispered hoarsely. "And—and you love the will after that?"

"What difference does it make?" he said bitterly. "They can't prove anything against us."

"You're insane."

"No, I'm not. If you'll stick by me, we'll be all right. Our work against the words of those two servants. Two against two. They can't convict us. And if they can't convict us, they've got to give us the benefit of the first will."

Suddenly Eleanor was erect, flushed, trembling. A savage fury came to blaze in her cheeks, and with it rose a terrible rush of contempt. She cried huskily:

"You fool! Oh, you—you impossible fool!"

"But you said—"

"Forget what I said! Do you think I'm going to let you drag me into this?"

Oddly Stephen didn't seem surprised by her attitude. True, he winced slightly, but he steadied himself at once. And a strange harshness colored his voice.

"You're in it already, Eleanor. With me."

"I'm not!"

"We were both witnesses to the will."

"And you think you can pull me into gaol because of that? If you do, you're crazy."

"I thought," he said heavily, "I could count on you."

"And I thought you had some sense!" she flared wildly. "Ripping up that will when you knew what was going to happen—good life! All right, let them take us to the District Attorney. What do I care? You had the will. I'll swear I thought you had delivered it to Baxter the first day. They can't do anything to me."

STEPHEN WADE didn't answer. He just stood there, tall and colorless and quiet, staring at the girl. The twilight had deepened into darkness, but he seemed to notice no change. He remained silent in a kind of spell—until at last a queer, bitter smile began to twitch at his lips. It was a sad smile, full of hopeless disillusionment.

"I thought so," he said, sighing.

"You thought what?" furiously.

"I—I couldn't quite understand what it was that held me back from tearing up that will for you—for us. There was something more than conscience, I knew. A kind of uncertainty, fear of a thing I couldn't see, couldn't define even to myself. Until to-day. To-day I suddenly realised that though I loved you, I didn't quite—trust you, Eleanor."

She merely gaped at him.

"I loved you crazily. That's probably why I wouldn't allow myself to have ugly thoughts about you. But—but the thoughts were there, anyhow, forcing themselves. And to-day I recognised them. couldn't help seeing you were mercenary—scheming—and full of cheap trickery—"

"Steve!"

"Oh, I saw it," he assured her bitterly. "And I hated myself for not having seen it sooner. Maybe it was cruel of me to do what I did—but I couldn't help it. I—I had to convince myself that I was right, that I could never depend on you really to stand by me. I had to make sure I'd never regret having lost you. So—Eleanor, it's quite true the maids heard us the other night. One of them was talking about the will to-day. But—it wasn't the will I tore up just now. It was just one of the letterheads. The will is in my room."

He laughed briefly, without mirth. He turned and walked back to the house alone, leaving Eleanor Hart to stare after him in a daze from the little rustic bridge.

That's the whole story. Judge Baxter. Now you understand why the paper hasn't reached you sooner. I've tried to explain the delay impersonally, calmly, and I hope I've succeeded. You will find the will of John Henry Tayne attached to this letter.

Faithfully yours,
Stephen Wade.

(Copyright).

PATON

GIRL GUIDE'S *Good DEEDS* REWARDED

To Attend International Camp In America

Eighteen-year-old Rozalie McDonald, a Girl Guide, received the surprise of her young life the other day, when she was told she would be leaving for America in a few weeks' time.

Unknown to her, she had been nominated by the Girl Guides' Association of New South Wales, and, as a result, is the successful candidate to represent Australia at the 25th anniversary celebrations of Girl Scouts in the United States.



MISS ROZALIE McDONALD, who has been selected by the Federal Council of the Girl Guides' Association to represent Australia at the 25th anniversary celebrations in America.

WITH short golden hair and devoid of make-up, Rozalie is an attractive little lady.

At present she is employed as bookkeeper in her father's city business, but she hopes to begin a nursing career this year.

"This is the dream of my life come true," she joyously declared. "I've always wanted to travel and I am very ambitious, but I never expected such a wonderful surprise. I hadn't the least idea I had even been nominated."

Every country which is a full member of the World Association of Girl Guides has been invited to send a delegate to the International Camp, which will be held at Andree Clark, New York, in August.

The organisation, known as the Girl Scouts of America, has arranged transport, accommodation and entertainment.

America's Girl Scouts, in compar-

son with those in Australia, are conducted on a much more luxurious scale. The camps are permanent, the equipment more "civilised," and they even boast hot and cold water in the camps.

Australia's delegate, Rozalie McDonald, is a representative type of the 7000 Girl Guides in New South Wales. Completely absorbed with the movement, she is disarmingly frank and unself-conscious, and tremendously interested to attend an international camp.

"I've never lost my enthusiasm for Guiding," she says. "We may appear to learn a lot of things that seem silly to an outsider, but everything we do is intended for character building, which is the main idea behind the Girl Guide movement."

Miss McDonald will leave Sydney on July 8 by the Niagara for America. At Auckland she will meet the New Zealand delegate, and they will return together at the end of the year.

FED ON DOG Biscuits and Tainted MEAT

How Women Faced Terrors of Rabaul Volcano

How the women of Rabaul faced the terrors and uncertainty of the recent earthquakes and volcanic eruptions is graphically told in a letter from Mrs. Helen Sherry, of Rabaul, to her sister-in-law, Miss M. Sherry, of Liverpool Road, Ashfield.

In this simple letter from one woman to another there is all the drama of a thrilling story, all the more effective because it is not over-emphasised.

THE first shock on the Friday, which presaged the tremendous upheaval to follow, found Mrs. Sherry at her dressmaker's.

"I was having my dress fitted, when there was a terrific earthquake," she writes. "Just one sharp shake which almost threw us to the ground. The tremor was so severe along the Kokopo Road that a house collapsed. A woman reading in bed was injured when the wardrobe fell on her. She was taken to hospital."

"A few of the chaps at Burns, Philip watched the sea recede and return three times, leaving three small schooners high and dry."

On Saturday the rumblings grew worse. Mrs. Sherry went to her husband's office and was writing a letter when a terrific shock was experienced.

"We rushed into the street," she writes. "I thought at first when I saw the thick black-grey clouds of smoke that The Beehives (a small island near Rabaul) had gone up. We dashed down to the water's edge, but suddenly, fearful of tidal waves, I got panicky and we decided to go to higher ground. On the way we were met by cars driven by people who had been at a baseball game. They were rushing back to Rabaul to see what had happened."

"Volcan Island had gone up—a marvellous and awe-inspiring sight. An enormous cloud of black-grey smoke going up into the sky, and then falling like a rocket, shooting stones in all directions. At Tunnel Hill the smoke closed down on us, shutting us in complete and terrifying darkness."

"There were hundreds of natives running for their lives, poor devils, calling out 'Master, Master, catch 'em me fella' ('Take us with you')."

Of the exodus from Rabaul Mrs. Sherry gives a tragic and graphic picture.

"It was a drive of terror. It rained mud; great torrents of it. We couldn't see a yard ahead of us. Windcreens were clogged and natives were running screaming everywhere. After the mud came a terrific electric storm. Every minute we thought we would be struck. The crackle of the lightning was terrific and seemed all about us. It was actually the gas out of the crater causing combustion in the air."

"Next day more mud and more rain. It was torrential. Creeks became swirling rivers."

"In the house where we sheltered there were 75 people. We ran out of sugar, and were fed on dog-biscuits and meat that was tainted. But we were lucky—others hadn't that much."

"We saw the Monitor on her way back to Rabaul to pick up all inhabitants. We were cut off completely. Couldn't get to Kerarat and couldn't get to Rabaul. Cars were abandoned all along the road—beautiful new cars some of them."

"On Monday a schooner took us to Kokopo, where 20 or 30 people were crammed into each house. But we were safe, if a little dazed by the bewildering suddenness of it all."

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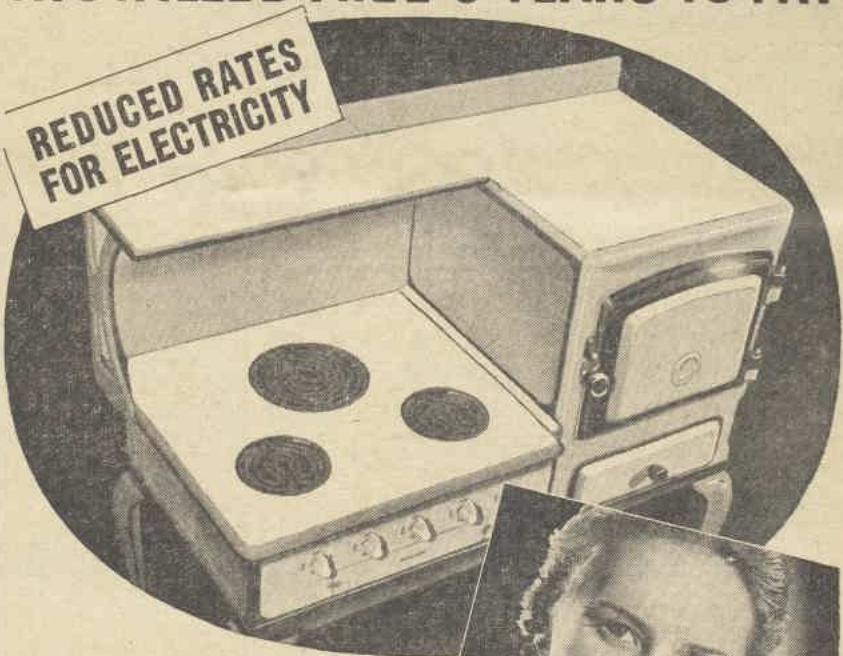
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(The Sydney County Council will pay for installation—up to a cost of £5.) And remember—when you cook electrically ALL your secondary kilowatt hours are supplied at a 30 per cent. reduced rate!

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The Sydney County Council—Electricity Undertaking—Queen Victoria Building, Sydney



"That ends all argument! I'll get an Electric Range and pay for it like rent."

Customers of the Sydney County Council can purchase any approved type of electric range in this super-easy way. Call at The Electricity Undertaking Showrooms, Queen Victoria Building, George Street, and select your electric range.

Refusing your Favourite Dish will never cure Indigestion



THERE is something wrong with your stomach if you don't enjoy your food and are constantly troubled with heartburn, heaviness and sourness after meals. Probably it is nothing more than excess acidity, but if you do not take care you will pay for it heavily in the end as this may lead to all sorts of serious troubles. Going without those dainty dishes you like so much but can't digest is no use; on the contrary, by not taking food which may be essential to your system you run the risk of impoverishing your blood and undermining your health.

Get to the root of the trouble and neutralise excess acid by taking a small dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a little water after each meal.

By reducing the acid content of the gastric juice, 'Bisurated' Magnesia will bring back normal digestion and enable you to assimilate all the nutritive properties of your food. Even in the most obstinate cases 'Bisurated' Magnesia will give instant relief from the very first dose.

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark.

BISMAG

'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

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OCT. 21	NEW ZEALAND	Returning Nov. 2	From £13 12 0
NOV. 12	NEW ZEALAND	Returning Nov. 25	From £13 12 0
OCT. 30	LORD HOWE	Returning Nov. 8	From £13 5 0
NOV. 11	LORD HOWE	Returning Nov. 30	From £14 15 0
DEC. 22	LORD HOWE	Returning Jan. 11	From £14 15 0
DEC. 24	NEW ZEALAND	Returning Jan. 2	From £14 10 0
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Return via Canberra, 3 days Melbourne, with sightseeing. Return, Jan. 2, 5.30 p.m.

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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

A Wise And Wondrous Tip At Canterbury

By BETTY GEE

"East, West—Home's Best," said Darby Munro when an Eastern potentate offered him a huge retainer to ride horses for him in India—£50 a week and winning fees.

It was a wise and wondrous thing he did, because I won £12 on Wondrous at Canterbury, thanks to Darby's great horsemanship. If that wasn't a tip, what was?

HE is called "dark debonair Darby," and he certainly is the best-dressed, handsomest jockey in Sydney. What's more to the point, he won two races.

Wasn't I glad I missed the Hurdle when I found Trechillo had won it at 10 to 1, but I wish I'd given the second race the miss, too, because I backed Sydney on a roasting hot tip from Mr. Harry Brett, and it cost me £1 to see him run second to Brazand.

My heart was down in my navy kid gussets when Welcome won the Second Juvenile, because it was in that I had taken £7 to £2 Picamar with Darby up.

You should have seen the bump poor Picamar got, and, of course, there was a protest, and, of course, Picamar got it.

Everybody has been whispering "be on Mr. Quinlan's mount" when an amateur race comes on in Sydney, but who could have foreseen the trick Fate played on the poor punter, when

WHAT do you think about S.P. betting?

Read the article on Page 3 and study the questions set out there.

We are anxious to learn your views, and consequently invite you to answer those questions and send them in to us.

two Mr. Quinlans appeared in the Bracelet at Canterbury on Saturday. Well, there's only one way out of a dilemma like that to a woman of just bare commonsense, back both. So I did!

I took £4/10 to £1 Tredonner, which Dolley Clayton owns, bless her, and ridden by Mr. L. Quinlan, and £7 to £1 Odillon, with Mr. M. Quinlan as equestrian. In the straight, when all hope seemed sunk, Tredonner appeared like a flash of lightning and won easily, and then, of course, everybody knew that Mr. Leslie Quinlan was THE Mr. Quinlan.

The way Darby gets dumped about is a scandal. Take Bim Boy in the first division of the Flying Weller. Well, it wasn't a race for Darby, it was simply a scam. Poor old Bim Boy must have thought he was hit by a steam-roller.

Have you ever met the irrepressible rascallous gambler? There's one who gives me tips. He talks so, I'm sure he answers the radio announcers back, when he sits next his wireless at home.

Run Off Raleigh

He butted in just as a person was giving us a tip from Sings Jones about Raleigh, and argued us into backing Bembrecht, and Bembrecht came only second to Raleigh.

I didn't bet on the Canterbury Park Handicap. I've seen better horses pulling bottle-oh's carts around our suburb, and it's not my habit to stake my money on what ought to be Zoo steaks.

I lost £1 on War Machine in the first Park Stakes, and Jockey McMenamin was in such a hurry on this top-weight, you'd have thought it was an elopement.

But all good things come to those who wait, and Wondrous WAS a good thing; you take it from a girl who knows her onions. A friend that had it from Mr. Ted Hush, the trainer, said it could not lose. At the moment I was copying the jockeys, and who do you think was

Ease that sore spot and SLEEP



"A little Sloan's will soon put an end to that twitching pain."
"I hope so. I've hardly slept at all this week."

STIFF JOINTS

Stop the pain—Sleep

Don't let pain keep you awake during damp weather. Wipe those stiff sore joints with Sloan's—and you'll sleep soundly. For Sloan's rubs fresh blood to the sore spots, kills the pain, relaxes the stiffness. No rubbing is needed with Sloan's—simply pat it on. Gives the quickest relief in the world... and costs only 1/6.

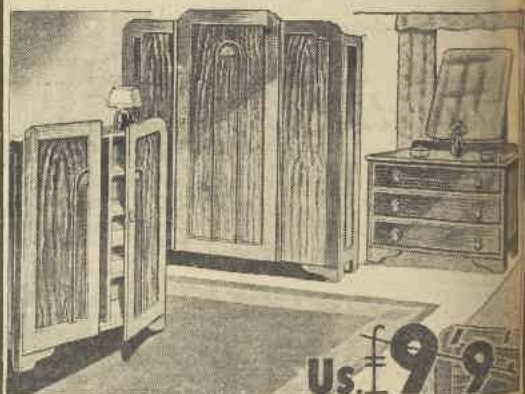
SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Couldn't Stand Terrible Pain

"I suffered terrible pain with rheumatism to turn or stand on my feet made me sweat," writes Mrs. M. Walling, Warlike, Sussex, N.S.W. "Thank goodness for S.L.O. I was a hospital case, but I am feeling a lot better since I started on it." R.H.C. Rheumatism Remedy is sold with money back guarantee certificate by all leading chemists or drug or post free from R.H.C. Pty. Ltd., 100 George St., Sydney. Ask or write for free booklet."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

June 19, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

37

HOME of ROMANTIC COUPLE

By Our
Home Decorator

Here are interior glimpses of a house designed and decorated for two famous characters....

WHAT sort of a home do you imagine the ideal married couple should have? A happy couple upon whom fortune has smiled and bestowed good looks, popularity and sufficient wealth to enable them to build a luxurious house?

YOUR imagination would probably run riot at the thought of such married bliss and so many material advantages. It would be a dream home indeed if you had your way!

Well, here's what happened when experts in the field of designing and interior decorating put their heads together and built a glamorous home as a background for two romantic characters.

Most filmgoers are familiar with the delightful couple, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles, or Mr. and Mrs. "Thin Man," as they are better known and portrayed by William Powell and Myrna Loy in the "Thin Man" pictures.

The pictures on this page show some interior views of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles, which has been specially created for them.

The illustration at the top of this page shows portion of the lounge. In this room the fascinating effect of spaciousness and light is enhanced by the way in which the furniture is arranged and the wide windows look out on to the garden.

The color-scheme of the room is

blue and gold. The pattern of the wide full-length draw curtains— they extend from ceiling to floor— combines these two colors while the under drapes which draw across the window at night are blue.

An original note is struck by the weird Chinese tapestry over the fireplace supplemented with two china figures of mythical dragons.

Notice the simplicity of the design



of the settees and unusual lines of the lounge chair.

The centre illustration gives a glimpse of the dining-room. The furniture and walls are cream, while the curtains, lampshade and carpet are a soft shade of blue. The chair upholstery is also in this color while the table has a mirror top. Wide windows with full-length curtains are also a feature in this room. The glass is veiled this time, however, with sheer muslin while the window-box with its tall plants adds a decorative touch.

Another lovely room in the house is the bedroom, a corner of which is shown at the foot of this page. The predominating colors in this room are green and cream—the lace curtains and walls being a deep cream, while the twin beds, severely modern in line, are covered with cream fabric patterned with pale green leaves.

The all-over plain carpet is a deeper green, as is the little round table in front of the fireplace.

You will notice that extra comfort is provided in this room with a fire-

place and easy chairs, or, rather, small settees, upholstered in heavy cream pile.

Wall lights on either side of the fireplace provide illumination for reading, while a tall mirror inset over the mantel reflects a colored picture on the opposite wall above the beds.

Double Lamp

BETWEEN the beds, by the way, there is a small green lacquered table which holds a double reading lamp and telephone, and is fitted with shelves beneath for books and magazines.

The dressing-table is placed in the window recess. Here again the windows are full-length and entirely covered with filmy curtains. On the other side of the room (not shown in the picture) is another set of windows where there stands a neat little writing-desk.

"But where is the wardrobe or hanging space?" you ask.

Space for clothes is built-in on either side of the fireplace. If you look carefully you will see the wardrobe door just where the wall curves round to meet the window on the left of the picture.

Another attractive part of the house (not shown here) is the main staircase and hall in the house. The walls are finished in cream squares outlined in chocolate which throws them into relief against the brown of the all-over plain carpeting, a decorative treatment unusual but attractive.—J.K.

MY HUSBAND
IS STILL
PROUD
OF MY
HANDS..
THANKS
TO LUX FOR
WASHING-UP!



There's no soda in Lux to spoil lovely hands. Harsh soaps dry the skin and start nails splitting... but Lux for washing-up leaves hands soft and smooth.



LUX CONTAINS
NO SODA
A LEVER PRODUCT

531632

ABOVE: The bedroom, in which the predominating colors are green and cream. The all-over carpet is green, walls cream, and curtains and bed coverings in cream and green-patterned fabric.

TOP: The blue-and-gold lounge-room. Wide curtains extending from ceiling to floor are draped with full-length curtains in blue-and-gold tones. To all-over carpet is blue and walls deep cream.

CENTRE: The dining-room, which is decorated in blue and cream. Walls are cream, and carpet, upholstery, and curtains are blue.

Keep Your
Hands
Young



No sandpaper hands when you use Hinds. It puts back the softness that dish-washing takes away. For its precious lubricants soak dry skin into natural smoothness—give rich lubrication to abused or weathered skin. Hands freshen up cool and soft. Use Hinds regularly. Creams—not waters—every drop counts!

Price 1/- and 2/6 everywhere. Hillebrand Ltd., Agents

HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM

Make Dull Teeth look Sparkling White

TRUST YOUR DENTIST
— he says use Kolynos



The first step towards personal beauty and attractiveness is to give your teeth what is rightly their due and reward them with special care and attention. This, thousands are now doing daily and with a radiant smile which is a reflection of beauty and a passport to happiness.

Dentists recommend Kolynos Dental Cream because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching

action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Use only *half-an-inch* of KOLYNOS, the proved antiseptic and germicidal tooth paste, on a dry brush—and for two minutes! Your mouth will immediately feel cleaner and fresher and your teeth will glisten and sparkle. Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Sold by all Chemists and Stores



KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

YOUR HARD-WORKED FEET NEED REGULAR CARE WITH Zam-Buk

ARE you one of those unfortunate whose feet ache and become so sore that it is a real struggle to keep going and finish the day out?

Here's an easy treatment which not only brings immediate relief but keeps the feet in fine condition all the time. Every night bathe the feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns, bunions, and hard growths are softened, the whole feet are strengthened and you can again work and walk in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



I'm a factory overman, but since regularly using Zam-Buk I no longer experience the misery of aching feet. At the end of a day's work my feet are as comfortable as at the beginning."

Mr. F. H. D.

CASH PRIZES To Be Won! Enter Our Weekly Best Recipe Competition Now!

Here are this week's prizewinning recipes—a new sweet, a piquant jelly, an appetising cheese savory, and other interesting dishes.

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prizes for every other recipe published.

To compete in this fascinating competition just write out your favorite recipe clearly, attach full name and address and send it in to our offices.

WAFER CHARLOTTE

Twelve oblong ice-cream wafers, 1 round thick slice plain cake, 1 teacup royal icing, 1 breakfastcup shelled walnuts, 1 pint cream, 1 tablespoon caster sugar, 1 tablespoon brandy, 1 teaspoon chopped nuts.

Cut slices of cake into octagonal shape. Each of its eight sides should be the width of one of the wafers, and the slice about an inch in thickness. Spread sides of slice thinly with little of icing and stand on dish with a paper doyley underneath. Press wafers gently upright against the sides onto the icing, which acts like glue and keeps them in position as it hardens. Put icing into forcing bag and join up sides of each of the eight wafers where it touches the next one. Put a rose of icing on top of this sugar line, and press onto each two halves of walnuts at regular intervals. Now, a complete wafer case is made. Chop 4 large tablespoons of walnuts, and add gently to whipped cream. Add sugar and brandy to taste. Put a large pipe into bag and fill in the wafer case with this cream, or a spoon can be used. Heap cream high in centre. Decorate with few halved walnuts and light sprinkling chopped nuts. The wafers round with white ribbon and serve cold.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Johns, 28 Divett Place, Adelaide.

QUINCE CHUTNEY

Four pounds quinces (peeled, cored and sliced), 2 lbs. stoned raisins, 3 large onions (chopped), 1 lb. brown sugar, 3 teaspoons

salt, 1 teaspoon ground spice, 1 teaspoon cayenne, 10 cloves of garlic, vinegar.

Put in whole ginger (bruised), 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon pepper and 8 blades mace into a bag, add to the other ingredients, cover whole with vinegar and boil slowly for 4 hours. Take out bag of spices when cooked and bottle chutney.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. McDougall, 186 Kurra Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

CHILLI JELLY

One dozen chillies, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup vinegar.

Pull chillies and allow to stand for a few days, then chop finely and add sugar and vinegar. Allow to boil until jellied, about one hour. Delicious on cold meats and also useful as sandwich filling.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Barrett, 65 Gould St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

LADIES' CIGARS

Put through mincer 3oz. each of sultanas, currants, seeded raisins, and shelled peanuts (dessertspoon of peanut-butter may be used instead), one level tablespoon brown sugar, 4 drops almond essence and six drops lemon essence. Mix all well together. Now make a paste of 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. lard or butter, and a well-beaten egg (retain a little of the white). Roll out pastry thinly, cut into lengths about 3 x 1 1/2 inches; upon centre of each place a long thin layer of fruit mixture, roll over and close ends. Have ready a deep pan of very hot fat and gently place in each cigar. Cook until a golden brown, drain each cigar well and roll in castor sugar. Brush little melted chocolate around centre (for cigar band) and press in a few pieces of chopped candied cherries. Brush about 1 inch of one end with white of egg, and dip in hundreds and thousands (for cigar ash).

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Nellie E. Blight, Dewsbury Park, Kellieberton, W.A.

THIS WEEK

Mushroom Delights

Mushrooms are always a de luxe food, and every new way of serving them opens up fresh epicurean delights.

Try these special mushroom recipes from readers, and give a filip to dinner course or supper menu.

MUSHROOM MERINGUES

Quarter-pound sliced mushrooms, 1 beaten egg yolk, 1 stiffly-whipped egg white, 8 rounds fried bread, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon cream, grated Parmesan cheese to taste, salt, pepper, and paprika.

Melt butter in pan. Add mushrooms. Fry till lightly cooked. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and paprika. Stir egg yolk and cream together, then stir into mushrooms. Keep stirring till mixture thickens. Spread on fried bread. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Cover with frothed egg white. Sprinkle again with cheese. Bake in moderate oven until egg white is set, and pale brown. Drizzle with paprika.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Henry, 4 Sydney Street, Armadale St., Melbourne.

MUSHROOM PANCAKES

Quarter-pound flour, 1 egg, 1 breakfastcup milk, 1oz. grated cheese, salt, pepper, lard for frying.

For Filling: Quarter-pound peeled chopped mushrooms, 1oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon finely-grated onion, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, a little butter.

Make a batter with flour, egg, milk and beat until smooth. Leave for an hour, then add cheese. Season to taste. Heat a little lard in pan, and pour in a little of the batter. Cook on both sides till brown.

Put filling on the bottom. Mix mushrooms, onion and parsley together. Season and fry in butter. When sufficiently cooked, add beaten egg to liquid in mixture. Spread thickly on pancakes. Roll up and serve hot. This quantity is sufficient for four diners.

2/6 to Mrs. N. Eastman, Sheffield Street, Cobden, Vic.

MUSHROOM CROTONS

3 x 1-inch crotons of fried bread, mushroom porree, scrambled egg, rolls of grilled bacon or minced, cooked kidney.

Fry bread in hot fat, sprinkle with salt, keep hot. Cover one-half of each croton with mushroom porree and other half with scrambled egg. Place piece grilled bacon or teaspoon minced kidney on top. Garnish with parsley. Serve hot.

Mushroom Porree: Cut mushrooms into small pieces and is better served in ten minutes, add a few fresh breadcrumbs to make gravy, also salt, cayenne pepper to taste.

2/6 to Miss D. Black, 185 Main Street, Ballarat East, Vic.

CONTRIBUTORS to this page must reply to the questionnaire on page 3 and attach it to their entries.

This condition will apply only for the duration of the ballot on Starting Price betting, as announced on page 3.

CHEESE BUTTERFLIES

CHEESE PASTRY: 1oz. butter, 1oz. hard cheese, 1oz. cheddar cheese, cayenne, salt, 1oz. flour, 1 egg-yolk, little water.

FILLING: 2 tablespoons cream, 1 tablespoon grated hard cheese. Rub fat into flour. Add rest of ingredients, mix thoroughly, and knead with egg. Roll pastry to about a inch thickness. Cut into small rounds and cut an equal number of rounds in half. Bake in moderate oven for about 10 minutes. Allow cheese pastry to cool. Whip up cream, with grated cheese and seasoning. Fill mixture on rounds of pastry. Place two half rounds so that they form wings, and sprinkle with paprika pepper. Serve daintily on dish paper.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Berechree, Flowerdale, Tas.

AMERICAN POTATO SALAD

One large tin salmon, 8 potatoes, 2oz. butter, 1 cup vinegar, 1 tomatoes, 1 head lettuce, 1 hard-boiled egg, pepper and salt to taste.

Potatoes, cut into dice, and place on large meat plate. Mix over this the salmon. Place butter in small saucepan, bring to boil, add vinegar, boil again, and pour over salmon and potatoes. Stir once with a knife. Garnish with lettuce, tomatoes and hard-boiled egg. Season to taste. Serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. M. Ruhl, 163 Fernberg Road, Faldington, Brisbane.

VIRGINIA CREAM

Three eggs, 1/2 pint milk, 1/2 pint cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla pod, 1oz. each cooking chocolate, whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Put cream and milk in saucepan with vanilla pod, and beat almost to boiling point. (All milk may be used, but the sweet is richer with cream.) Put 2oz. each of one in a basin with sugar and pour of salt, and beat well, pour the hot cream and milk into mixture. Add rest of the time. Take out vanilla pod, wash and wipe it, and put away for further use. Strain egg and milk into mixture. Add until thickened, stirring all the time with wooden spoon, and taking care not to overcook, or it will curdle. Beat white of egg till stiff and dry, fold into cream and put into a bowl. When cold, cream with chocolate grated on pan, or grater that makes long rolled shavings. Top with white cream and chocolate with chopped nuts. If vanilla pod is difficult to obtain (chemists sometimes stock them), use vanilla essence in taste, but the pod is better flavor and is more economical.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. M. McLean, Killarney, Eitham, Vic.

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VITAPAN PEARLS

one concentrated Vitamins "A" and "D" from specially selected fish liver oils. Each Vitapan Pearl is equivalent to 1 1/2 teaspoonful of Cod Liver Oil. Taken regularly they build up resistance against coughs, colds, chills and other ills.

Only 3/- for 40 pearls (Net. 40s).

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VITAPAN PEARLS

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VITAPAN PEARLS

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. More than the prescription of an American physician, starts killing Asthma germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality.

So that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Send for an successful trial that is guaranteed to you free, was breathing in 24 hours and completely stop your Asthma in 8 days of money back on return of empty container. Get Mondragon from your chemist. He guarantees protects you.

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OMELETTE TIME

It's Always

Some New Ways With Old Favorites . . . Nourishing and Delicious For Breakfast, Luncheon and Supper

There is no more appetising way of serving eggs than in the form of an omelette, either sweet or savory. Yet they are quite simple to make. If you follow the instructions given here you should become quite an expert at omelette-making.

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



IT IS a good idea to fold the omelette in the pan before turning on to hot serving plate.

THERE are two different kinds of omelettes—sweet and savory.

Of course, you can make a plain omelette by just whisking the eggs, and cooking till set.

But there is no end to the additional ingredients you can add to give interest, flavor, and variety.

You can become an expert at omelette-making by specialising in either

ENGLISH OMELETTE

Yolks 2 eggs, whites 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons cold water, flavoring either sweet or savory.

Beat yolks of eggs, add water. Then add to the well-whisked whites with whatever flavoring used. Then proceed to cook as for French omelette.

ASPARAGUS OMELETTE

Allow 1 tablespoon cooked asparagus tops to each 2 eggs. Make as for French omelette.



RIGHT: When making omelettes have everything at hand to mix and cook immediately. Whisk the eggs thoroughly, either yolks and whites together or separately as required for type of omelette you are making.

OYSTER OMELETTE

Allow 3 oysters to each egg.

Heat oysters in own liquor (don't allow to boil), chop finely, add to egg-yolks, with salt and cayenne to taste. Add the well-whisked whites. Pour into buttered omelette pan. Cook gently till underneath is brown. Set the top under griller or in oven. Turn on to hot plate, fold over and serve at once.

CHEESE OMELETTE

Allow 2oz. finely-grated cheese to each 3 eggs, with salt and cayenne to taste, and 1 tablespoon water or milk.

Use either French or English method.

ORANGE OMELETTE

One tablespoon orange juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 eggs, butter.

Beat yolks and sugar well; add juice and rind, then stiffly-beaten whites, folding in evenly. Pour into hot buttered omelette pan. Cook slowly till set underneath. Brown top under griller. Slip on to hot plate, fold in two, and serve at once.

CORN OMELETTE

Half cup cooked corn, 3 eggs, salt, cayenne, butter, 1 tablespoon milk.

Beat eggs very well; add salt, cayenne and milk, then the drained corn. Melt butter in omelette pan. Pour in corn mixture. Cook slowly

till set underneath. Set top under griller. Loosen round edge. Turn on to hot serving dish, fold in two. Serve at once.

BAKED OMELETTE

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 cup tomato juice or tomato sauce, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 egg, 1 cup cooked liver, parsley.

Melt butter, add flour and tomato juice, beat well, then add yolk, parsley, onion, and chopped liver, then add beaten white. Pour into buttered fireproof dish. Bake in a moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Serve at once.



LEFT: A delicious savory omelette garnished with slices of grilled tomato and parsley and served very hot.

CHEAP OMELETTE

Quarter pound cooked potatoes, 1oz. butter, 2 rashers bacon, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, salt, cayenne to taste.

Remove rind from bacon, chop finely. Melt fat in pan, add bacon, and cook till clear. Then add thinly-sliced potatoes. Cook till a pale brown. Beat eggs; add milk and seasoning. Pour over potatoes. Stir well, then cook slowly till set without stirring. Brown top in oven or under griller. Loosen round edges, slip carefully on to hot dish and serve at once.

ENGLISH SWEET OMELETTE

Three eggs, 1 teaspoon water, 1oz. sugar, jam, little water, butter.

Boil sugar and water in small saucepan, add this to beaten yolks of 2 eggs, then stir in lightly well-whisked whites of 3 eggs. Heat some butter in an omelette pan, and when hot pour in egg mixture and cook gently over low flame, shaking occasionally until quite set and lightly colored underneath. Place under griller or in oven to brown the top. Slip on to hot dish, pour hot jam on one side. Turn other side over and serve immediately.

SAVORY FRENCH OMELETTE

Four eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley, butter.

Beat eggs well; add to them milk, salt, cayenne, and chopped parsley. Melt a little butter in an omelette pan and when hot pour in the egg mixture. Place over low flame and allow to slowly set, without stirring. Then place under griller or in oven to brown and set the top. Loosen round edges with a knife. Place on hot dish, double over. Serve at once. Chopped ham may be used instead of parsley.

FRENCH OMELETTE

Three eggs, 3 teaspoons cold water, salt, cayenne, butter.

Break eggs into basin and beat till well mixed; add water and seasoning. Melt sufficient butter in omelette pan till very hot but not browned. Pour in egg mixture and cook over moderate heat until it sets beneath and turns slightly brown. Lift the edges frequently to allow the liquid to run underneath. Place under griller or in the oven to set the top. Slip on to hot plate, fold in two, and serve at once.

Order a packet from your grocer right away!

"MOTHER, YOU'RE THE BEST LITTLE COOK IN ALL THE WORLD. BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING NEEDED IN OUR HOUSE TO MAKE BREAKFAST PERFECT... AND THAT'S KELLOGG'S NEW WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS! I HAD SOME AT DOROTHY'S OVER THE WEEK-END — AND THEY'RE MARVELLOUS! THEY'RE CRISPIER AND MORE DELICIOUS THAN ANY BREAKFAST CEREAL BISCUIT I'VE EVER TASTED"

... And remember, Mother, all the valuable nourishment of whole wheat is concentrated in Kellogg's New, better-tasting Whole Wheat Biscuits!

KILLING THE COMMON COLD —with Vitamins

Old-fashioned remedies having failed to rid the world of "the common cold," it has been left to a few advanced people to experiment on more modern lines—with Vitamins.

Large scale tests on office and factory staffs have already produced extraordinary results. Easily the most striking was in the Benax factory and offices in London. The tests were carried out when the whole country was in the grip of an influenza epidemic.

Every man and woman on the staff was given a tablespoonful of Benax every day as an addition to their ordinary diet. They were exposed to infection in buses, trams and trains; yet at the very height of the epidemic the Benax Company was able to inform the Ministry of Health that not one employee was absent through influenza or for any other reason.

Vitamins offer the stoutest resistance to infection—no other food contains anything like the rich concentration of Vitamins that Benax does.

Keep free from colds: keep free from Flu—keep fit on

BEMAX

THE HIGHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD

From Chemistry and Store, 2/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN

WIST WATCHES
Cameras, Ma Ma Dolls, Footballs, Spins, many other valuable prizes for selling small parcels of wist garden seeds. Send for parcel and big catalogue of presents. Send no money now, only name and address. Write to-day!

JOHN B. MURRAY, 681V, George St., Sydney

Grow Perennial VEGETABLES and HERBS

Asparagus, rhubarb, strawberries, herbs, eschallots, all deserve a place in your vegetable garden, and they all may be planted from now to July, either from seed or plants.

—Says the Old Gardener.

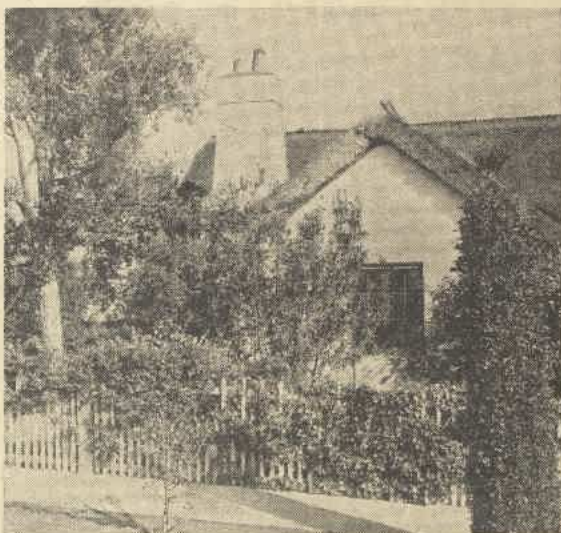
A SPARAGUS is one of our longest-lived vegetables, and is a perennial plant.

It is absolutely necessary that considerable attention should be paid to the preparation of the soil, for once a bed of asparagus is properly prepared and planted it should last for many years without much attention—that is, if the asparagus is not cut too often.

It should be planted now, in the months of June and July. The beds are usually made long and narrow. Have them about six feet wide, to allow for cutting from each side without having to walk on the bed.

The soil should not be too heavy in texture, in fact any good garden soil will grow asparagus to advantage, but it must contain a considerable quantity of decayed vegetable matter. Deep working of the soil is necessary.

Follow the trenching system and add plenty of well-decayed manure. The trench should be filled in with alternate layers of soil and manure until it is filled. Asparagus should be planted in rows one and a half feet apart.



EVEN THE TINIEST COTTAGE GARDEN, like the one above, can find room for growing rhubarb, herbs, and other useful plants.

Asparagus is easily raised from seed, but in this case three years must elapse before the asparagus is edible. Those who wish to make asparagus beds this winter should plant two to three-year crowns.

Asparagus should be cut systematic-

cally over a period from two to two and a half months, then the bed must be allowed to grow.

During the winter, when the tops turn brown, the old plants must be cut level with the ground. The surface is forked lightly over and given a heavy dressing of horse manure at least four inches thick. This will ensure a heavy crop with good, long, thick stalks of asparagus. During the summer months make sure the bed receives a good supply of water.

Rhubarb is another one of our most useful perennials which may be planted now. It can be grown quite simply from seed, and in a few months after sowing will be ready for the table, but for amateur gardeners it would be better to purchase the roots ready-grown.

Select a corner, dig a good deep hole, fill in with good soil and well-decayed manure, and plant a root of rhubarb.

Strawberries also may be grown now. The soil cannot be too well-prepared. They thrive on good,

LISTEN-IN to the gardening talks given by the Old Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly every Sunday afternoon at 4.30 from Station 2GB.

rich soil. When making the bed, trench well and incorporate plenty of well-decayed manure. Young strawberry plants may be put in now.

The permanent strawberry bed should not be cultivated too deeply, especially around the plants. They are very shallow rooters, so hand-weeding is recommended. During the winter months a good dressing of bonedust or blood and bone will be beneficial.

Then in the spring, mulch the whole bed with grass or straw. This will keep the berries off the ground and so keep them clean.

A strawberry bed should never be left down longer than three years. They are at their best the second year. After the third year they should be discarded, and a new bed made. Young plants can be had from runners from the old plants each year. After the cropping season the plants begin to send out runners. These should be constantly removed. If left, they take the strength from the plant.

Eschallots are useful and are always a welcome addition for salads. Now is the time to plant them. For small areas they can be grown as border plants. They are easily grown, requiring little or no attention.

Herbs are always useful to have. A root of each in some corner of the yard or garden is invaluable, and, I think, one of the most important parts of the vegetable garden. Parsley, mint, thyme, marjoram, sage, are all worth growing. Buy a few roots and plant now. Parsley, of course, grows rapidly. Sow the seed where it is to remain.

Catarrhal Deafness may be Relieved.

A SIMPLE, SAFE, AND RELIABLE WAY THAT CALLS FOR NO UGLY TRUMPETS, PHONES, OR OTHER INSTRUMENTS.

To have catarrhal deafness is very annoying and embarrassing. People who are deaf in this way are generally mighty sensitive on this subject. And yet many catarrhal deaf folks carry around instruments that call attention to their infirmity. Therefore, people who are hard of hearing, who suffer from head noises, or who are actually deaf from catarrhal trouble, will be glad to know of a simple treatment that can be easily made up at home for a few pence cost that is really quite efficient in relieving the disagreeable deafness and head noises caused by catarrh.

From any chemist get one ounce of Parmit (Tonic Strength). Take this home and put it into a simple syringe made of a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day.

This treatment should, by tonic action, reduce the inflammation in the middle ear that a catarrhal condition would be likely to cause, and with this inflammation gone the distressing head noises, headaches, cloudy thinking and that dull feeling in the ears should gradually disappear. Anyone who suffers from catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises should give Parmit a trial. It is pleasant to take and is quite inexpensive.

UGLY FAT -GOES FAST!

WITH ENJOLA-ORANGE Treatment

The Enjola-Orange Treatment takes off pounds of UGLY FAT, slimming down multiple stomach, neck, bust and thighs. Now you can wear SEAMLESS dresses and suits with vitality, so you look well with your new slim figure. This amazing Enjola-Orange Treatment reverses the system's perverse storing of fatty tissues—simply, safely and effectively. The combination of Enjola with Orange Juice has an amazing tonic effect on the system, enabling the remarkable treatment to build up the system as it returns. Your weight comes right down, your strength goes up, and your looks improve. Just take the required dose of Enjola in a wine glass of orange juice and the fat will soon depart. Get a 6/6 bottle of this amazing slim-down prescription (medically recommended) from your Chemist or from The Enjola Company, 499 Pitt St., Sydney (postage 1/- per box). Don't be put off with substitutes, but take genuine ENJOLA and definitely lose your untidy, unwanted overweight—the best, fastest, SAFE way known. ENJOLA cannot fail to reduce.

ENJOLA Slims Fast but Safe

MEET YOUR LOVER

In the "Serenade to Beauty"

Every Monday, at 9.00 p.m., from 4BK-AM, 2CH, 6IX-WB. Every Wednesday, from 5DB-LK at 8.15 p.m. 5AD-MU-PL at 8.30 p.m.

Cyclamens

Brighten your home, ceremony and spickery this winter with flowering cyclamens.

Flower for two or three months, and are easily cared for. You will get quality and satisfaction if you buy your cyclamens from the famous specialist at Mona Vale.

J. KRETZ, Samuel St., Mona Vale. Y9067. If you are unable to call, write or phone, and we will deliver. Prices to suit all pockets.

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT DALZO

BRITISH STICKING PLASTER FOR FIRST AID ALL THEMISSES

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 2/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no ports or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. NEAREST CARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

SAVED FROM DRINK

Our free booklet gives score of instances of successful treatment with "DRINKO," the safe, fastidious treatment for drink addicts. If you are troubled, call or write for free confidential advice. Established over 20 years. DRIFT, WYBONNET, WELFARE, 24V, 25, George Street, Sydney.

NINE MONTHS ON A STICK! —and then Played in Rugby League Semi-Final

AMAZING HEALTH RECOVERY OF 45-YEAR-OLD QUEENSLAND MAN

Only those who suffer the agony which faulty kidneys bring in their train can appreciate the joy that Mr. Lee experienced when at last he found the remedy that gave him real and lasting relief—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

This letter, so obviously written from the fulness of a grateful heart, is but one of the thousands which have been sent to us telling of pain relieved, health regained and the joy of living again restored after hope had been given up.

This genuine letter should be read by every sufferer from Rheumatism or Backache

Writing from 137 Wellington Road, E. Brisbane, Queensland, on 24th August, 1936, Mr. W. J. Lee says:—It gives me great pleasure to write these few lines. Twelve months ago, when I heard of your wonderful pills, I was in a very bad way. I had tried everything, but got little relief. When I started taking De Witt's Pills, half a bottle made me a new man. I am 45 years old, and since taking De Witt's Pills would pass for 25. People ask my wife what has happened to me. I was always miserable, suffering intense agony with pains in the shoulders and down the back.

Now I am in the pink of condition. I was nine months on a stick—my own was one of the worst in Queensland and your pills are the only thing that relieved me. Nothing else was any good. I have put on about 15 stone in weight, and I have never felt better in my life. I played in the semi-final Rugby League match last Saturday. Six months ago I gave your pills one of the most severe tests they could ever get. I was working on a storm-water drain for three weeks—wet all the time. But I never got the slightest pain—thanks again to De Witt's Pills. I tell every body how wonderful De Witt's Pills are. I wish I was in the position to send your people a substantial cheque. Your pills are worth \$50 a bottle. I say this from the bottom of my heart.

Year by year there are hundreds of thousands of people who bless the day they first heard of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and were persuaded to test them in order to restore their kidneys to health. Agonising Backache and the tortures of Rheumatism had tormented these people. Many had tried all sorts of remedies, but found that only real and lasting relief could be obtained by using a remedy specially prepared to act on the kidneys—De Witt's Pills.

You will be delighted with the kidney relief that you will get by taking

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- was 3/6 5/9 was 6/6 New Trial Size 1/9

Formula and Quality the same—the best ingredients that money can buy.



Do you suffer from BACKACHE or RHEUMATISM?

In 24 hours you know De Witt's Pills have started their Healing Work

If you, reader, suffer from any of the symptoms which warn you of Kidney Trouble, do not experiment with unknown articles. Again and again De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have proved their worth until there can be no doubt in the mind of any thinking person that here you have a remedy that does all that is claimed for it. Within 24 hours of taking De Witt's Pills you can see for yourself that they have started their healing work. Then comes blessed relief from pain. As the kidneys recover their natural health you begin to feel more vigorous, you lose that "too-old" feeling. Your Rheumatism and Backache disappear, and you can again take your place among your fellows at work or play knowing you can give a good account of yourself.

Skin Diseases

"HOPELESS" CASES RELIEVED BY
BRILLIANT CHEMIST'S NEW
TREATMENT.

After suffering misery for many years and spending pounds in the vain hope at a cure, hundreds have been quickly relieved by the remarkable new formula discovered by the brilliant y. e. o. a. chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.C., of Bondi, N.S.W., and praise his skill in glowing terms.

Typical of reports received is the following: "I had suffered from skin diseases for over twenty-five years, and sweat patches and poisons were various. Mr. Diamond has cured me without needing relief. After being treated by you for just six weeks, I am at last completely cured."

Mr. Diamond has successfully treated by post as well as personally, patients throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand for Eczema, Psoriasis, Acne, Scabies, Pimples, Bursitis, Foot Itches, Pruritis, Varicose Venas, Ulcers, and other irritating and disgusting skin complaints.

Mr. Diamond has on file hundreds of letters from grateful patients. Readers are invited to write for a free diagnosis of their case, enclosing specimens, to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.C., 95W Hall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.



Lumbago Had Me Almost Crazy

"The pain in my back and the sudden 'stitches' had me bent double. Sometimes the pain would catch me so sharply I almost fainted. I was frantic trying one thing after another. You can imagine my surprise, my joy when old 'St. Jacobs Oil' brought me the relief I had sought for years."

"St. Jacobs Oil" gives almost instant relief from soreness, stiffness, lameness and pain! Its action is unique—soothing and penetrating in one. Goes direct to the affected part and draws out all the pain. It is the one remedy for Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, etc., that never disappoints. And it does not burn the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' from any chemist and try it out.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN



Women who are martyrs to PAIN

If you are subject to attacks of prostrating pain you ought never to be without 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders. At the first sign take a powder and the pain will pass off. Repeat when necessary and you will escape the attack you dread so much. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'BAYER' A.P.C. Powders, so be sure to get 'Bayer' and avoid disappointment.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Winter... As It Affects Children

By MARY TRUBY KING

The three main features of winter weather, as it generally affects children, are lack of sunshine, the consequent tendency to coop them up indoors with lack of fresh air and its stimulation, and the lower atmospheric temperature. The last-mentioned in itself is healthy and stimulating, but when children are soft and "coddled," it predisposes to the coughs and colds and other ailments for which it is commonly blamed.

NORMAL nutrition and development of children are often seriously impaired by the sedentary life imposed on them on account of people living so much indoors instead of outdoors during the winter weather.

Nature intended children to play about freely and joyously for most of the daytime in the open air, getting plenty of active exercise and laying down sure foundations for strong, capable minds in sound, enduring bodies.

In cold weather even more activity is needed. The harm done by keeping children constantly indoors in stuffy, unventilated rooms during cold days makes itself seen in the resultant tendency to poor nutrition, coughs, colds, and, in extreme cases, adenoids and rickets.

Adequate exercise must be taken daily throughout the winter. As Sir Truby King says, "Pure, cold air is invigorating and prevents catching cold. Warm, stuffy air is poisonous and devitalising, and makes babies and children liable to catch cold when taken out into the open."

Wrap your children up in warm, light, non-irritating, non-restricting clothing, then send them out into the fresh, cold air. If they play about naturally at running, skipping, rounders, or other active games, they will come inside with glowing faces and tingling, warm bodies. If a playground can be spared in the home, skipping before bedtime does away with cold feet and hot water bags.

The use of hot water bags tends to bring on chilblains in those whose circulation is not of the best.

To make up for lack of sunshine in winter we should give our children a very valuable food which is often

called "bottled sunshine." This is cod liver oil. Halibut liver oil is also excellent. Both contain a very rich and reliable supply of the sunshine factor, Vitamin D, which is absolutely essential for good health in childhood.

Cod liver oil and halibut liver oil counteract ailments and diseases due to lack of the sun's rays on the body, therefore they are of special importance during the winter. They may be given in the form of an emulsion or in highly concentrated forms, and can be procured from all chemists.

The giving of cod liver oil, however, does not do away with the need for a well-balanced diet. Cold weather tends to increase the appetite, and mothers must be prepared for extra hungry mouths to feed.

Clear Eyes

GOOD nutrition throughout the winter months will show itself in clear eyes, glossy hair, smooth soft skin without eruptions, bright facial expression, mouth kept closed, ability to breathe easily through the nose, clear hearing—abdomen not protruding beyond the chest, muscles well developed, and no dark circles round the eyes.

Remember that children should not be huddled together in front of big fires, nor have their toes "toasted," nor should they be allowed to move from heated rooms to unheated rooms without putting on an extra wrap, as nothing so quickly gives rise to feverish colds.

If a child shows signs of having caught a slight chill, put him to bed at once in a well-ventilated room, give light nourishment without forcing him to eat, and keep him there till his temperature has been normal for 24 hours.

On no account let any child go to school who is suffering from a cold.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: Do medical men consider nervousness a serious ailment?

NERVOUSNESS still continues to be one of the most common, as well as one of the most distressing, of ailments. Indeed, each year the number of nerve sufferers shows an increase.

To be sure, nervousness is often an absurd term. Everybody gets nervous at some time or other—that is, he shows a certain instability, leading to anger or worry, confusion or

fear, or a thousand and one other possible things. But such manifestations are not nervousness in the scientific sense of the word. In fact, such nerve manifestations are negligible.

Nervousness is only important when it seriously and more or less continuously interferes with happiness or work or with one's general sense of well-being.

In such cases of nervousness, we often find obsessive ideas that harass the mind.

Contrary to popular opinion, real nervousness does not suddenly jump into being. Shocks, frights, unusual worry—these and many additional severe drains on nerve energy may precipitate a breakdown, yet in practically every case, if it be carefully studied, one discovers faulty character traits that often date back to early childhood.

Hereditary factors may also contribute to nervousness, but here, again, a tendency to nervousness in the family does not actually produce collapse, but acts only as fertile soil for gradual and insidious nervous development. Every child, therefore, should be watched for nervousness. Particular attention should be paid to pronounced day-dreaming, disinclination to play, unusual and peculiar thinking or behaviour.

See to it that children have healthy and normal interests. Try to develop their minds along clear, direct and practical lines. Especially should one be on the alert for nervousness during adolescent years.

MAKES ALUMINIUM LOOK LIKE NEW! Steelo

Steele restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap.



A cup of BOURNVILLE is a cup of FOOD



"Taking it all in!"

No more rebellious uproar from the child who dislikes milk. Bournville Cocoa, and a little sugar, added to the milk has solved the problem. Chubby hands reach eagerly for Bournville Cocoa and hearty gurgles proclaim that its delicious chocolaty flavour has won the day!

BOURNVILLE COCOA is a boon to children, a nourishing food for their active, growing bodies. It supplies Carbohydrates—the energy builders; Proteins—the body builders; Fats—the providers of warmth and energy. And no drink of such high food value is so economical to buy.

MAKE A BIG JUGFUL TO-NIGHT

Be generous! Bournville is so good for everybody and so light and easy to digest.

Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA for extra nourishment

CS.247

Attractive Middle Age

The best period of a woman's life—providing that the stomach and liver are functioning properly. At this period the system is apt to slacken in its activities. Biliousness, sluggish liver, constipation, stomach and other ailments—all a menace to attractiveness—take a toll. They are Nature's S.O.S. signals for help to rid the system of poisons.

The best help is an occasional dose of Chamberlain's Tablets—to retain good health and attractiveness in middle age.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Reliable Patterns For These
Striking Styles Available Now!
Prices Are Reasonable

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



SPECTATOR SPORTS

WW1622.—Semi-tailored spectator sports frock with button front and Peter Pan collar. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SOPHISTICATED!

WW1623.—A very new style for the winter, with contrasting skirt and scarf belt. Sizes, 32in. to 36in. bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide for jacket and skirt; 2 yards for bodice frock. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MATRONS

WW1624.—Fashion-wise matrons will appreciate this becoming tunic frock. Sizes, 38in. to 44in. bust. Material required for 40-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART BUTTONS

WW1625.—Military mode for flecked tweed, angora cloth, or cosy boucle, showing button front and white collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



FOR LITTLE GIRLS

WW1626.—A pretty party frock for the little one 4-10 years of age. Embroidery on collar and belt is a smart touch. Material required: 2½ to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SLACKS AND JACKET

WW1627.—Smart, trim and useful. Make slacks in dark, serviceable woollen, jacket of cosy plaid. Bust sizes: 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 8 yards for slacks and 2½ yards for jacket, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

NEAT BLOUSE

WW1628.—A very neat style blouse for golf, with high neckline and tucked front. Sizes: 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

GOLF SKIRT

WW1629.—With two box pleats back and front to give freedom of action. Sizes: 36 to 44-inch hips. Material required: 2 yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

BE careful to state which size you require when sending in for this three-in-one pattern. Each pattern in each one size costs 3d.



SEND IN NOW!

DELIGHTFULLY feminine, and most briskly sporting, these three blouse styles shown at left may be made from our 3d. concession pattern for this week. Pattern of skirt as shown is also included.

Pattern is cut in three sizes—32, 34, 36-inch bust.

All you have to do is fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices. Full directions for cutting and making are included with each pattern.

SPECIAL CONCESSION COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 385A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 4997, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 183, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 4010, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YT, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castle-
reach Street.
Tasmanian readers may obtain patterns by writing to our Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon 19/37.

JUST Arrived—NEW DESIGN for KNITTED SUIT!

By Air Mail from MARGARET ETON, the famous Australian designer of knitwear, now in London

Ideal for smart wear is this enchanting suit knitted in navy boucle wool. It's the very newest design, now popular in London and on the Continent.

HERE are the complete instructions for making.

Materials Required: 1lb. 5oz. navy boucle wool. 1 pr. No. 8 needles. 2 large buttons. 2 small buttons. Petersham to fit the waist. 1-8th yard 1-inch petersham ribbon.

Measurements: Length of skirt, 30 inches. Width all round bottom, 48 inches. Waist, 28 inches. Length of jacket from underarm, 15 inches. Length of jacket from shoulder, 23 inches. Length of sleeve from underarm, 18 inches. To fit 32-inch and 34-inch bust.

Tension: 5 stitches, 1 inch; 8 rows, 1 inch.

Abbreviations: Kn., knit; tog., together. The entire garment is knitted in moss-stitch. When the word "knit" is used it means therefore "knit in moss-stitch."

Yes I was once just as thin!

You can gain rapidly in weight, with firm flesh and a pleasing figure.

Being too thin is due, in most cases, to poverty of your blood.

When the blood is poor and lacking in red corpuscles it cannot supply nourishment to the body; then strength fails, and you lose weight.

Enrich your blood and increase its red corpuscles by a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this way you regain your lost weight, you make firm healthy flesh, with a graceful well-formed figure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the vital elements that rapidly help to create the rich red corpuscles of healthy blood.

If you are thin, start now a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; you will be astonished with the benefit that results; your weight will be increased, you will gain an attractive figure and enjoy perfect health.

All chemists and stores sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills price 2/- a bottle.

Coughs relieved instantly

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure is the most popular and effective Home Remedy for Coughs and Chest-Colds obtainable in Australia.

After Influenza, HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure will take care of any Chest Condition and will minimise risk of Pneumonia.

Always insist on . . .

**HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE**

THE JACKET FRONTS

Cast on 45 stitches, and knit into the back of these.

1st Row: Knit, knit twice into last stitch.

2nd Row: Knit twice into last stitch, knit to end.

3rd Row: As first.

4th Row: As second.

5th Row: As first.

6th Row: Knit twice into first stitch, knit 13, 00 kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 13, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 13, kn. last 2 stitches tog., 00.

Repeat from ** to **.

12th Row: Kn. twice into first stitch, kn. 14.

Repeat from 00 to 00.

Repeat from ** to **.

18th Row: Kn. twice into first stitch, kn. 15, repeat from 00 to 00.

Repeat from ** to **.

24th Row: Kn. twice into first stitch, kn. 16, repeat from 00 to 00, kn. 5 rows.

30th Row: Kn. 16, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 12, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 11, kn. last 2 stitches together.

Knit 4 rows.

35th Row: Kn. 37, cast off 5, kn. 2.

36th Row: Kn. 2, cast on 5, kn. 9, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 10, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 8, kn. last 2 stitches tog.

37th Row: Kn. into the back of the cast on stitches.

Knit 4 rows.

42nd Row: Kn. 16, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 7, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 16, kn. last 2 stitches tog.

Knit one inch.

Next Row: Kn. twice into the last stitch on the side opposite the button-hole. Repeat the increasing at this side every inch until the work measures 15 inches.

Next Row: At the recently shaped side cast off 8 stitches for the armhole.

Continue the shaping at this side by knitting last 2 stitches tog. at the end of the 3rd and 7th rows from the cast off stitches.

When the work measures 5½ inches from the cast on stitches—on the opposite side from the armhole—cast off 15 stitches. Continue with the remainder for 2 inches.

Next Row: At the armhole side cast off 5 stitches. Kn. 1 row. Repeat last 3 rows and cast off.

THE BACK

Cast on 96 stitches, kn. into the back of these.

Knit 5 rows.

6th Row: Kn. 1, kn. 2 tog., kn. 19, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 20, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 20, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 19, kn. 2 tog., kn. 1.

Knit 5 rows.

11th Row: Kn. 1, kn. 2 tog., kn. 17, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 18, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 17, kn. 2 tog., kn. 1.

Knit 5 rows.

16th Row: Kn. 1, kn. 2 tog., kn. 15, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 16, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 15, kn. 2 tog., kn. 1.

Knit 5 rows.

21th Row: Kn. 1, kn. 2 tog., kn. 13, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 14, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 13, kn. 2 tog., kn. 1.

Knit 5 rows.

26th Row: Kn. 1, kn. 2 tog., kn. 11, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 12, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 11, kn. 2 tog., kn. 1. Continue until the work measures 6 inches.

Next Row: Kn. twice into the first and last stitches.

Repeat the increasing every ½ inch until the work measures 15 inches.

Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and continue with further decreasing until the work measures 7½ inches from the cast off stitches.

Cast on 5 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows and cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 26 stitches and knit into the back of these.

1st Row: Kn. 2 tog., kn. to end.

2nd Row: Kn. to last 2 st., kn. these tog.

3rd Row: As 1st.

4th Row: As 2nd.

5th Row: As 1st.

6th Row: Knit.

Repeat last 6 rows 3 more times. Continue until the work measures 21 inches. Slip onto an odd needle.



INSTRUCTIONS for knitting this smart navy wool suit are given here.

Knit another piece like this. Place both pieces on the needle with the points facing and knit across.

Continue until the work measures 5 inches.

Next Row: Kn. twice into the second and second last stitch.

Repeat this, increasing every 11 inches until there are 8 increases.

When the work measures 18 inches cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

** Kn. 2 inches—kn. 2 tog. each end of the next row. Repeat from ** again.

Knit 5 more rows.

Next Row: Kn. 6, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 6, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 8.

Knit 2 rows.

Next Row: Kn. 7, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 6, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 7.

Knit 2 rows.

Next Row: Kn. 6, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 4, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 6.

Knit 2 rows.

Next Row: Kn. 2 tog., kn. 2, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 4, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 2, kn. 2 tog.

Knit 2 rows.

Next Row: Kn. 2 tog., kn. 3, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 2, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 3, kn. 2 tog.

Knit 1 row.

Next Row: Kn. 2 tog., kn. 1, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 2 tog. twice, kn. 1, kn. 2 tog.

Cast off.

THE SKIRT

Cast on 110 stitches, kn. into the back of these. Kn. for 9 inches.

Next Row: Kn. 2 tog. each end.

Repeat the decreasing every 11 inches until there are 13 decreases. The work should measure 24 inches.

** Kn. 3 rows, kn. 2 tog. each end of next row.

Repeat from ** until the stitches number 62.

Knit 3 rows and cast off to measure 14 inches when stretched.

Knit another piece like this.

Pick up 20 stitches from the top and going down one of the sides.

Knit 5 rows and cast off.

To Make Up: Press all the pieces with a hot iron and damp cloth.

Join the side seams, putting the knitted-on piece at the left back.

Join the left side as far as the opening. Face the top of this with the narrow petersham ribbon.

Mount the skirt onto the petersham banding—finish this with hooks and eyes and the opening with press studs.

Join the jacket shoulder seams.

Starting 1 inch from the centre-front pick up the stitches round the neck to the same point on the other side. Knit 8 rows and cast off.

Pick up the stitches down the fronts and cast off.

Join the side and sleeve seams.

The sleeves are put in seam to seam and fit exactly.

The shoulders on the model are padded with cotton wool made into a pad with lining to fit the shaping.

Make the large buttons into a link. The small ones are sewn at the top of the sleeve opening.

Tea party mishap means pretty frocks for Sally!



SOME DAYS AFTERWARDS



Gently, yet thoroughly, Persil's mild oxygen-charged suds lift out all the dirt in the least possible time—and without any rubbing. Colours stay clear and fresh as the day you first saw them. Use Persil alone.

Beware of Imitations

34, 279-280

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

THE PERSIL WAY KEEPS COLOURS GAY

If She knew to-day what She MUST know a year from now

Those Dizzy Spells; constant Back and Side Pains—days of pain following nights without sleep—she doesn't realise these mean dire Kidney Trouble! Next year she'll pay a heavier penalty still—UNLESS she ends the trouble NOW!

Kidney Trouble—Bladder Weakness—Rheumatism—Backache—Excessive, Painful or Smarting Urination—Limb, Joint and Muscular Pains—all go from bad to worse unless properly treated in time. Harrison's Pills, signed remedy of a London Doctor, give quickest, most reliable benefit. They cleanse, soothe, heal and restore outworn sore kidneys and urinary organs. Pain goes instant safe way known, because the cause of pain is ended in the best way known to medicine. No harmful drugs. No dyes. No danger. You keep your health. You have it and regain it if you've lost it. Of course, kidney troubles can get too bad to cure if neglected. Now—get a bottle of Harrison's Pills from your Chemist under guarantee—Quick Relief—or Money Back. Three testimonials please, 2/-, 3/-, 5/-. With Harrison's Pills you take no risk. Without them, make your own.

**HARRISON'S
Kidney & Bladder PILLS**

Proven effective remedy for Uric Acid, Backache, Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder & Urinary Trouble, Neuritis, Sciatica, Dizzy Spells, Stiff, Swollen Limbs, Joints or Muscles.



She Would END Kidney Trouble AT ONCE!



BREAKFAST-TIME GAIETY

Needlework Notions

*Captured In An Enchanting Set
In The Daintiest Wattle
Blossom Design*

So cheerful for the early morning tray is the colorful breakfast set illustrated here.

It comprises a traycloth, serviette, serviette ring, tea-cosy, and egg-cosy.

THE various items can be obtained in colored linen or Cesarine all ready stamped for working from our Needlework Department.

Wouldn't you just love to enjoy

your breakfast egg and toast with the aid of this wattle set?

You would find it most useful, too, at any time there is an invalid in the house. Meals daintily served often help by contributing to a quicker recovery.

The set is simple to work, as each

piece is stamped with design for working and all edges are spoke-stitched.

The prices of the wattle set are:— Complete set comprising 12 x 17in. traycloth, 11 x 11in. serviette, 24 x 6in. serviette ring, 7½ x 11in. tea-cosy, and 3½ x 4in. egg-cosy, in pure quality white, cream, pink, yellow, blue, or green linen, all edges spoke-stitched, 5/6 complete.

In Cesarine, 4/6 complete. Same pieces purchased separately: Traycloth, linen 2/3, Cesarine 2/-; serviette, linen 1/-, Cesarine 9d.; serviette ring, linen 6d., Cesarine 4d.; tea-cosy, linen 1/9, Cesarine 1/6; egg-cosy, linen 9d., Cesarine 6d. The design of this breakfast set is most fascinating and unusual. It consists of sprays of wattle-blossom—



CAN YOU IMAGINE anything more delightful than this colorful breakfast-set in a lovely wattle-blossom design? You can obtain the various pieces stamped ready for working from our Needlework Department.

fluffy yellow balls and feathery green leaves.

The embroidery should be done in gold and grey-green. Use gold stranded thread for the wattle flowers and work in satin-stitch. Use the grey-green for the leaves, which should be done in stem-stitch.

This color scheme is delightful on white, cream, blue, or green. On yellow linen you could have the wattle in a deeper tone. On pink it would be better to have the blossom a very soft gold tone.

The cosy cover should be tied together over the pad with narrow ribbons threaded through the crochet or tatting edge.

The little serviette ring may be fastened either with a press stud or a buttonhole loop and small pearl button.

Order one or more of these sets now from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 188 Castlereagh St., Sydney. (Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.)

SUNLIGHT FREE GIFTS



Admiralty BATH TOWEL
White Bath Towel with red border, 23 x 46 inches. For 36 Sunlight wrapper-tops.



Pure Linen GLASSCLOTH
Real Irish Linen, 23 x 32 inches. For 18 Sunlight wrapper-tops.



Coloured BATH TOWEL
Thickly woven Bath Towels in gay, modern designs, 23 x 46 ins. For 36 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

And a New SPECIAL OFFER



Handy-size, white towel. Thick, strong, absorbent, 21 x 42 inches — for 27 Sunlight wrapper-tops.

The world's finest soap value

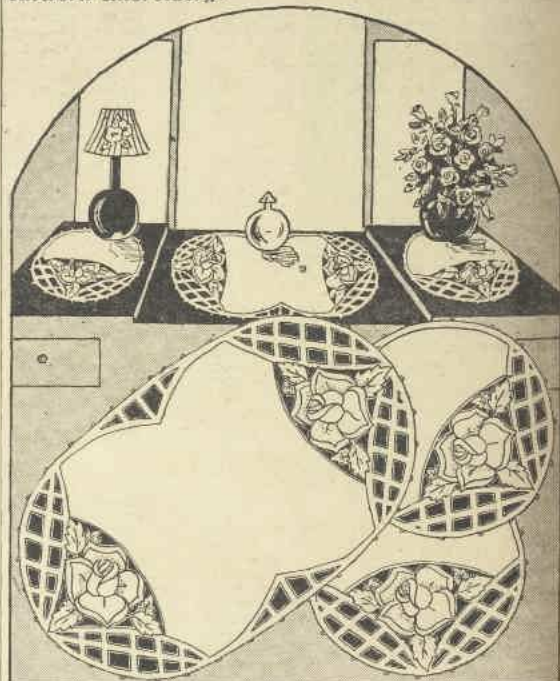


How to get your Free Gift

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall End), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrapper-tops addressed to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER

Charming Set for the Dressing-Table
A three-piece set in a lattice and rose design for cutwork embroidery.



THIS CHARMING three-piece set for the dressing-table can be obtained stamped ready for working on white or colored linen.

SUCH a rich-looking set is the one pictured here, and so smart for the best bedroom. It comprises a centre mat, 12 by 18 inches, and two smaller mats, 8 by 8 inches.

The set is obtainable from our Needlework Department in linen or Cesarine, stamped ready for working.

The prices are: Complete set of three mats in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, or green linen, 3/6 set. In Cesarine, 3/- set. Purchased separately: 12 by 18-inch

centre mat, linen, 2/6; Cesarine, 2/-; 8 by 8 inch mats, linen, 1/-; Cesarine, 9d. each.

To embroider, buttonhole the edges of the rose. Work the leaves in buttonholing, with stem-stitched veins, and work the lattice effect in two rows of buttonholing.

This buttonholing is carried right round the edges of the design.

When completed, iron on the wrong side, with a hot iron and damp cloth, then cut away the material.

FROM

Enclosed

Wrapper-Tops Sunlight Soap

- ☐ White Admiralty Bath Towel.
☐ Coloured Bath Towel.
☐ Glasscloth.
☐ "Handy Size," White Towel.

Put a cross against gift required



THE MOVIE WORLD

June 19, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

CAREER Ends in TRAGEDY

Jean Harlow Passes On

From Our Hollywood Correspondent.
By Cable

*I*N a hospital room in Hollywood last Monday, three doctors played a grim real-life drama — with one of the screen's most glamorous women in the central role! Outside the door stood enough world celebrities as to constitute a "Who's Who of Fildom"!

The door opened quietly, and a dark, well-dressed man was beckoned inside. Five minutes later, he was back with his confreres, looking tired and wan, and with the suggestion of a tear in the corner of each eye.

JEAN HARLOW, aged 26, one of the most beautiful women on the screen, and certainly the best-loved of all topline stars with her co-workers, was dead. She passed on at a moment when it seemed that her triumph against fate had been accomplished. At her bedside when her Final Call came was, besides her mother, William Powell, world-favorite, and rumored as the forthcoming husband of the dead star!

And thus fell the Last Curtain on possibly the most-talked-about, lied-about, envied, excitingly romantic yet strangely tragic career in the history of all Hollywood.

Girl of Extremes

FATE was in a strange mood when it moulded the career of a blonde baby named Harlene Carpenter, who first saw light of day in Kansas City on March 3, 1911. Because that blonde baby, later to be known the world over as Jean Harlow, was to possess so much, yet have so little. Her life, though colored with the success, wealth, and adulation that stardom brings, was such a maelstrom of tragedy and joy intermingled that it formed a kaleidoscope of conflicting destinies unequalled by fiction!

And fate has made it more ironical in that, just as she had surmounted her past tragedies and looked forward to future success and happiness in her work, and with Bill Powell, the Grim Reaper has decreed otherwise.

Jean's whole life was painted with the brush of the extremist. When she loved a man—as she did on four occasions in her all-too-short lifetime!—she loved him with an ardent fire that, once dimmed, flickered not at all! When she played, she did it with the whole of her sparkling vivacity and temperament. And when she worked, she worked with the intensity that strove for perfection in whatever she was doing . . . as was so tragically evidenced on her deathbed, where, in her delirium, she rehearsed the lines of "Saratoga," in which she was co-starred opposite Clark Gable.

Her career in the headlines began at the tender age of 16 when, still just a slip of a schoolgirl, yet giving evidence of the extreme beauty that was to be hers in maturity, she eloped from the fashionable Perry Hill School for Young Ladies in Illinois, to marry 20-year-old Charles McGrew, scion of a wealthy American family. Their happiness was short-lived, however, for he objected to Jean's acting ambitions and her frequent appearances as a "movie" extra.

After the divorce, arranged between the two families, she came to Hollywood in 1929 . . . just in time to receive a test from Howard Hawks, millionaire film producer, for "Hell's Angels." That she was successful is now history. The allure that was embodied upon those platinum locks firmly implanted her personality upon world fans and the producers of films alike, so it was but a short time before she had her foot first firmly set upon the ladder that was to lead to eventual stardom.

Then, in 1932, came the second phase of her hectic life. She met, fell in love with, and subsequently married Paul Bern, 42, a power in the film industry. There's was said to be "the perfect match" . . . beautiful film star and competent executive. Then, like a bolt from the clear blue sky, Bern suicided for no apparent reason. He left behind him a widow whose job it was to remove the groundless stigma that threatened to wreck her successful career in movies. Grit, hard work, and ability won out, with the result that Jean Harlow climbed even higher up the unsteady ladder of film fame.

In September, 1933, came her next false step. She married Hal Rosson, ace cameraman, who had photographed so many of her pictures and had thus become infatuated with her vivid beauty, which, it was said, could only have been done justice by the mastery of Gainsborough.

An Odd Match

THERE'S was an odd match! The glamorous star with a cameraman who, though pleasant, could not have hoped forever to hold the affections of one so lavishly endowed with physical and mental perfection. The result was that their marriage lasted but seven months, for they reached the parting of their matrimonial way in March, 1934.

Thence, Harlow threw herself heart and soul into her work. Her obvious "sex-appeal" made way for true dramatic capabilities, resulting in greater screen kudos. Then it was discovered that she had a remarkable flair for comedy, which attribute was exploited to its fullest in such films as "Libeled Lady." Her

diversity placed her upon the pinnacle of screen fame upon which she was riding high when death came so tragically.

Rumor had it that she would have married William Powell in the very near future. They were ideally suited, with tastes and interests in common to a marked degree. Their attention to one another gave many the idea that they were already married, though this was not the case. My bet is that the next four months, had she lived, would have seen them man and wife.

My mind wanders, as I write, to yesterday's impression of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios . . . an impression I shall never forget. Over that vast lot hung a pall of gloom. Usually the scene of such bustling activity, intent upon turning out happiness for the world's millions, it was strangely quiet. From out the studio gates walked a waitress from the restaurant inside, red-eyed and still dabbing her powder-puff against cheeks streaked with tears.

Continued on Page 54



The late Jean Harlow and her mother, Mrs. Bello



"LOVE IS NEWS"

When This Romantic Team Make Their New Kind of Love

THE modern comedy of a private love affair whose kisses splash all over the front pages and whose adventures sell extra editions, is the theme of "LOVE IS NEWS," the 20th Century-Fox film shortly to be released in Sydney.

Setting a hilarious pace from the very start, the film presents a gay and different comedy romance of sensation seeking newspapers and a headline dodging heiress. It features an excellent cast including Loretta Young, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Slim Summerville, Walter Catlett, George Sanders, Jane Darwell, and Pauline Moore.



Out-romancing his brilliant role in "Lloyds of London," Tyrone Power plays a thrilling lead opposite fresh and lovely Loretta Young. A brilliant characterisation by both undoubtedly establishes them as the screen's number one love team.

Because he has just tricked her into another front page story, heiress Loretta swears revenge on ace-reporter Tyrone.

Determined to let him know just how it feels to be a news "gold-fish-in-a-bowl" with as little privacy as he allowed her, Loretta announces to the papers that she is engaged to Tyrone and adds that she has presented him with a million dollars.

Having once started she is obliged to continue the hoax until this modern pair find themselves really in love.

Toy Garnett directed the film for which Darryl F. Zanuck selected Earl Carroll of "Varieties" fame and Harold Wilson as associate producers.

A 20th CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE
FOR EARLY GENERAL
RELEASE

THEATRE ROYAL
J. C. WILLIAMSON LTD.
Presents the untouchable
"LILAC TIME"
the world's favourite operetta.
FOR THREE WEEKS ONLY.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your stomach of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you glow, growl, and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and shut you out on the "sit and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 17, household size 37. Respect a substitution.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★ ★ LOST HORIZON

Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt (Columbia.)

LONG - HERALDED, terrifically publicised, "Lost Horizon" has at last come to Australian audiences. To me, it has come as a distinct disappointment. As a production, it is, in many respects, a staggering job; as entertainment, I found it distinctly boring in spots.

My personal opinion (for what it is worth) is that Capra made a mistake in selecting this story for the screen. The book concerns a group of assorted people who are kidnapped to a Tibetan lamasery, where culture is being preserved against the day when civilisation will be destroyed by war. In its written form, the idea is good. But the novel was undertaken to express a philosophical argument, and to translate that argument (in watered-down form) into celluloid has necessitated long stretches of dialogue which lose conviction in this medium, and which, I fear me, will tire others besides myself.

Accounts of the vast sums spent on this picture are, obviously, not exaggerated. It must have cost a fortune. Unfortunately, the lamasery, while beautiful, reminds one, in its ultra-modern design, more of a Hollywood executive's dream of the perfect home than of a two-hundred-year-old mountain monastery.

On the other hand, where it is not too wordy, the film is definitely good entertainment. There are in it some magnificently beautiful scenes, and others amazing in their stark grandeur. The cast is excellent, Colman doing a good job, ably backed by all those in support.—Embassy; showing.

★ THE WOMAN I LOVE

Paul Muni, Miriam Hopkins (R.K.O.)

A POOR vehicle for good players. While the acting of the principals, Muni, Hopkins and Louis Hayward, leaves little to be desired, and is, in fact, the only justification for giving the picture any praise at all—the story is trite and the direction not all it might be.

The war provides the background for a commonplace triangle situation which derives its only drama from the fact that Muni (the husband) and Hayward (the lover) are dying together in the same squadron. The only unusual twist given to a stale plot comes with the ending, when the husband, and NOT the romantic young man, is left with the lady.—State; showing.

★ TOP OF THE TOWN

Doris Nolan, George Murphy (Universal.)

THE comedy in this picture is the only quality which lifts it, by a narrow margin, from the dull realm of utter mediocrity into passable entertainment. Neither of the two principals—Doris Nolan and George Murphy—contributes much towards whatever gaiety the offering possesses. In George's case this may be because he's given very little chance; Doris never looks as if she could, at any rate.

Taken generally, the weakness of the film is its artificial quality. It lacks the spontaneity, the sparkle which every good musical should have; one has the feeling that no real light-heartedness has gone into the making of it. The musical numbers are not so hot, and the two ladies who render most of them—Gertrude Nelsen and Ella Logan—while showing, at times, an ability to sing quite satisfyingly, seem wedded to a style of voice production in which the raucous, braying notes made familiar by the 1936 crop of "torch" singers play a leading role.—Liberty; showing.

★ THE GREAT HOSPITAL MYSTERY

Jane Darwell, Sally Blane, Thomas Beck (Fox.)

HERE'S a quick-moving, fairly entertaining little murder mystery in which the action, except for the opening sequence, never moves from a large private hospital.

A bank hold-up starts things off. Then come plottings to substitute a corpse for a living man, a murder, mysterious fittings to and fro, the usual dumb detective, the suspect who looks too good to be true, and, of course, the final discovery of the real killer.

Comedy is supplied by Joan Davis as an incredibly awkward probationer



RONALD COLMAN, leading figure in Columbia's Capra-directed "Lost Horizon." He puts up a good performance in this offering.

nurse, action by the rest of the cast, headed by Jane Darwell, who, despite her detective bent, never seems like unearthing the murderer, although, in the end, it is her device which traps him.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ RAINBOW ON THE RIVER

Bobby Breen, May Robson. (R.K.O.)

HERE is a picture to tear susceptible feminine heartstrings. A little boy with the voice of a soprano angel is disclosed, early in the 1670's, being brought up by "Toinette," a worshipping, black ex-slave. The lad's parents perished in the Civil War, but he has a Yankee grandmother in New York, and to this stern old lady (May Robson) he is sent, although the parting breaks "Toinette's heart,

Week's Best Release

"LOST HORIZON"

Columbia Feature. Disappointing, but the best of this week's crop.

and leaves the local choir bereft of its sweetest singer.

Hard-hearted, scheming relatives do their best to send the little lad to an orphanage, but he sings and banjos his way through his troubles, and, finally, into the heart of that forbidding old battleaxe, his grandmother. Then it's hey for the sunny south again, boy, grandmother and faithful butler arriving just in time to raise the devoted "Toinette" from what, a few feet earlier, promised to be her deathbed. Then all hands drive off happily, New York bound.

There you are—a lush piece of entertainment. For myself, I can't watch Master Breen singing without a deadly nausea coming over me, but then, I'm just a sour male.—Lyceum; showing.

★ CHINA PASSAGE

Constance Worth, Vinton Haworth (R.K.O.)

SYDNEY'S Jocelyn Howarth does a very good job in her first Hollywood film, "China Passage." R.K.O. has altered her name to Constance Worth, and has given her a much better make-up. But the studio has wisely allowed the Australian girl

Here is Taken No. 16 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."

PW
16

Here is Taken No. 55 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Australia Home Garden."

G
55

Here is Taken No. 31 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Mammals of the World."

WB
31

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.



STARRED with Paul Muni in "The Woman I Love," Miriam Hopkins. With them, as the third member of yet another eternal triangle, is Louis Hayward.

to keep her own individual personality and animated prettiness. I was surprised to find that her voice stands out as beautiful among the flat accents which surround her.

She plays a Customs agent tracking down diamond smugglers, and orders everybody around in an efficient way. Her vehicle is an average thriller entertainment, which moves from Shanghai to an ocean liner on which the usual bunch of suspects are gathered.

There is overmuch murder, and threats of poisoning, but the climax, on the dock at San Francisco, has its fair share of excitement.

Joy's leading man is a terse newcomer, Vinton Haworth, weak on looks but strong on personality.

The comedy and some of the suspense in the film are provided by Dick Elliott, as a fat American business man who is drunk from start to finish. He is good for some laughs.

There is a liberal sprinkling of Chinese in a cast which has no big names.—State; showing.

★ CONFLICT

John Wayne, Jean Rogers (Universal.)

JUST fair. It might have been better if either of the two principals was gifted with any acting ability, but as neither has anything but fair looks and mildly pleasant personality, the offering never rises above the

level of mediocre romance cum action stuff.

Mr. Wayne appears as a hunky young man who travels around the country allowing a fellow pugilist to knock him out—but not until the locals have been fooled into betting heavily on Wayne himself. This career comes to an end when John arrives in a lumber camp, makes friends with the boys, falls in love with a girl, adopts a runaway orphan and, under the stimulus of all these happenings, gives the erstwhile champion the father of a hiding.

Naive, ingenious material that small boys will cheer over.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ FEATHER YOUR NEST

George Formby. (A.T.P.)

ANYBODY possessing hearing and sight who can sit through this offering deserves a decoration for valor. I and others of my degraded calling survived the ordeal, but we're paid to do it.—Lyceum; showing.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN!



DEANNA
DURBIN
in
*Three
SMART
GIRLS*

SYDNEY
REGENTNOW
SHOWING

ANTS IN THE SANDWICH

Life For Movie Great Is Not All Gaiety

SCREEN fame is like a picnic—it's grand, but some little nuisance is always pestering the stars. Every rose has its thorn, every drink its headache. Elysium, the state of perfect happiness, is a long, long jaunt from Hollywood, glamorous city of illusion.

And if you are one of the envious horde who labor under the impression that a weekly salary running into four figures and a palatial mansion sporting a swimming pool make for perfect happiness, let me set you straight.

IT'S the little things that do the damage. Like dropping water wearing away the stone. Or ants in the picnic sandwich. And, with your permission, I'd like to rub a few spots off the glamor that surrounds the success-ridden mighty.

Constance Bennett's particular

making it an even ten. Miss Dunne sent kind but firm regrets.

Richard Dix's generosity has made him the unwilling target of numerous wildcat promoters who, if laid end to end, would reach into anybody's pocket for a down payment on an idea—THEIR idea.

"I've been asked to finance everything from a crashless aeroplane to a nonskid bath-mat," Dix says.



● IRENE DUNNE, to whom appeals for personal appearances at charity functions are rapidly becoming anathema.

Hollywood home guarded because of a letter threatening her with death unless she provided the sender with money so that he could consult a doctor about his melancholia.

With the capture by G-men of John Buzza, aged eighteen, who admitted having sent Ginger the latest threat, the little red-head is breathing freely once more.

No revelation of this nature would be complete without some reference to a brand of nuisance that is common to all the stars—the blackmailers who are continually haling the celebrities into court on false or trumped-up charges. The stars are continually being court-ed on the most flimsy pretexts.

"I'll be suing you!" may be just a pun to the rest of the world, but to Hollywood it may be both a possible

dollar infringement suit filed by Garret Graham, who claimed the boys used a comedy sketch written by him. Greta Garbo is being sued for ten thousand dollars by David Schratter, a one-time German film-producer, who said he loaned that amount to the Swedish actress when she was a millinery salesgirl in a Stockholm department store.

If by now you've concluded that the life of a famous star is just one trip

to court after another, you're not far wrong. So, when you come to California and long to see the stars in person, don't waste your time by haunting the studio gates. Just take your stand in the main entrance of the courthouse—someone's bound to be putting up a good fight there!

And so it goes. Fame is an inconsistent mistress, but 'twas ever thus. The thorn on the rose, the worm in the apple, the thumb in the soup.



● JOHN BEAL, whose favorite "hate" is the person who trades on a resemblance to a film star to benefit himself or herself. Beal himself has suffered in this way.

By...Joan Sebastian

prophecy of future events and a painful reminder of past appearances before His Honor, the Judge.

The stars are easily the most besuited people on earth. Many of the lawsuits are bona-fide. But countless crooked lawyers, regarding Johnny and Jane Star as lawful prey, sue on the slightest excuse. An avalanche of suits! A deluge of court summonses! Why, there isn't a process-server in town who can't find his way, blindfold, to almost any specified home in the motion picture colony. Honestly, it's a wonder that some of our cinestars don't have their personal mail addressed to the county courthouse.

In the opinion of experts, ninety per cent. of the suits filed or threatened against stars are entirely groundless, and their authors do not intend that they shall ever come to trial. Instead, they hope for a settlement.

It is impossible to list all or even ten per cent. of the suits filed against Hollywood celebrities in even such a short period as six months, but during the last half-year...

A twenty-five thousand dollar suit was brought against Jeannette MacDonald by her secretary, Gladys Searles, who claimed Miss MacDonald's sheepdog bit her; Chico and Groucho Marx were named as defendants in a twenty-six thousand

thorn is the Press. Reporters and interviewers have so consistently misquoted her that she is scared to death even to say "Hello!" to any of them for fear they'll knock off the final vowel and publicly accuse her of profanity.

Sweet charity is beginning to sour as far as Irene Dunne is concerned. Women's clubs, averaging some ten or twelve members, have imposed on her generosity with countless requests for personal appearances until this gracious lady fairly cringes at the word "charity."

The well-known straw was a benefit bridge party, the receipts of which added up to the amazing total of six dollars. And was the presiding chairman's face red? No, indeed! She broke into a rash of perspiration for a return bout, probably in hopes of

mournfully. "Persistent solicitors leap out at me from the most unexpected places. And you can't discourage them."

John Beal feels strongly on the subject of people who trade on their resemblance to a star. An impostor has caused John so much trouble that he is now taking every precaution to protect himself. At first Beal took it as a huge joke when he heard that someone was going from city to city, posing and using his name. But now letters are beginning to pour in from irate Beal fans, who censure John for his unbecoming conduct.

Ginger Rogers' bele-noir is the threatening letter, of which she has received more than her share. Only a few months have elapsed since she and her mother were threatened with kidnapping, and now again Ginger has been compelled to have her

The Helen Hicks Golf Shoe by Bedgood



The photograph shows Helen Hicks, the champion American Golfer, wearing Bedgood Helen Hicks Golf Shoes—sponsored by the famous player. There is a new flexibility in the moulded rubber sole. This model is made on the popular "Haneleigh" last, and is available in all leathers or in black and white or brown and white at all good shoe stores.

Bedgood
MADE IN U.S.A.

C266

SPRAY GROUND of the STARS

Malibu, World's Craziest Stretch of Sand

By GRACE ARMOUR

WILL you believe it, but there are movie stars who've been spending summers at Malibu Beach for years who've never yet been near the ocean. In fact, there are a lot of beach house-owners who don't even know there is an ocean—except in a vague sort of way, like knowing about Nazis and the Gold Standard.

The nights they spend in their houses playing bridge, and the days they fill in playing tennis and handball on the courts at the rear of their homes.

A CRAZY place, Malibu. A row of stars' houses on a sandy shore. A half-mile stretch of delirium tremens architecture along an astounded Pacific Ocean. A Swiss chalet next to a Southern manse. A Mexican adobe shack rubbing shoulders with a red-and-white mansion.

It began, this Malibu, with Anna Q. Nilsson, a desire to rest, and a tiny wooden hut. And year by year, it has grown bigger and bigger, and madder and madder.

Where else would you find people willing to spend fabulous amounts building houses on a thirty-foot lot they can never own? And paying handsomely for the privilege.

Malibu Beach is owned by an eccentric old lady, and she will only lease it to the movie colony (at sensational prices) for ten years. For three more years it will carry on the glamorous traditions of a motion picture colony. Then the leases will be up.

Anything in Season

TYPICAL of Malibu is the store. The good old general store that might, from a bird's-eye view of the outside, be the general store of St. Perkins over at Pumpkin Centre, by gosh. But on those shelves, brother and sister, on those shelves! Name anything out of season and the store will have it. You'll find raspberries at the Malibu general store when there are no other raspberries in the State of California. It's the prize general store of the world. The symbol of Hollywood.

A stone wall along the highway back of the houses protects Malibu from the outside world. At the gateway stands a small white hut, the post office. And what names are printed on the post-boxes! Connie and Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter, Mary Brian, Ginger Rogers, George O'Brien, Fay Wray, Wesley Ruggles, Sylvia Sydney, Norman Foster, Edmond Lowe, Preston Foster and dozens of others as famous.

A gateman is posted here who halts every incoming car of strangers. Patrolmen are on duty night and day. Protecting the homes from gate-crashers who may have got past the gateman, souvenir seekers, over-eager fans and yes, gangsters.

The stars adore Malibu because it is about the only place in the movie district where they can be themselves. The only place where they can be together with no cameras around.

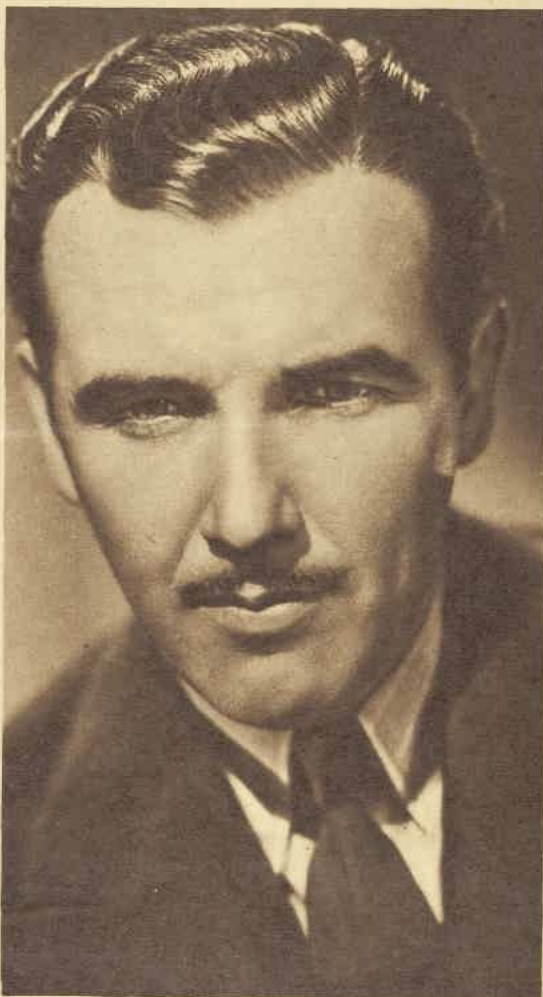
At the studios they always have to be acting, not just on the sets with the cameras clicking and the lights blazing, but in the studio restaurant, too, because Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tourist and all the little Tourists are always sitting around and watching—and criticising—every

movement of the Cinema Great. And that's no exaggeration! And it's just as bad at premieres, and the Mayfair, and the Coconut Grove, and the Brown Derby, and the previews—the public is always watching them, and the candid cameras are always candidly clicking.

A star has to be mighty careful to keep in screen character so as not to disappoint Miss Betty Sue Wiggins, who is the president of the Joan Crawford fan club back home. Suppose she should go home and tell all the fans that she saw Joan eating onions, and Carol Lombard drinking beer, and Ruth Chatterton chewing gum. It would be too devastating—completely devastating. And the poor male stars are watched for flaws even more so than the girls. Is it any wonder then that the first

• RIGHT: Brunette Mary Brian, a decorative feature of this fashionable resort.

• BELOW: Preston Foster, who keeps up a residence on the famous beach, and Ginger Rogers, who also retires there to play.



at last can relax and take the smiles off their faces.

The peppy ingenue, who has been hotcha-ing all over the studio during the week and has been hey nonny nonny-ing in every night club in Hollywood, shuts up like a clam and goes out on the beach for a sun tan. The wise-cracking comedian, who is always the life of the party and the pet of fan writers because he does the funniest things and is such a cut-up, takes to his bed and sleeps until Monday morning. The stars are being themselves.

Even Get Wet

OF course, besides the tennis-playing clique who haven't seen the ocean for years and years, there are stars who actually go in the water. Who get wet, and love it. Ginger Rogers, Arline Judge, Wesley Ruggles and George O'Brien are among the get-wetters; though the community cats do say that George's superlative physique is the reason he is so frequently to be found in swimming togs. It's a Hollywood joke that scenario writers sit up far into the night figuring new ways by which George's shirt may be removed during the picture. Once all his clothes came off for a swimming sequence. That writer got a bonus and a trip to Europe.

Just like every other small community, Malibu has its "old wives' tales" and choice anecdotes which are repeated from year to year. My favorite is the one about Estelle Taylor, who was having a snooze on the beach when she was awakened by a camera going click-click, and jumped up to see Wesley Ruggles, the famous director, snapping pictures of her luscious form. The next day the test was shown to the big shots at R.K.O. and Estelle was signed for a part in "Cimarron." Of course, the really funny part of the story is, that in "Cimarron," our fair Estelle of the dizzy curves wore long panties and seven petticoats.

Off Come Toupees

OFF come the wavy, luxuriant headpieces from Screenland's professional lovers, and nice, not-so-young men, with receding hair, forgot their sex appeal and start fiddling in the kitchen. The Little Woman—those poor, long-suffering wives—released at last from the horrible strain of being "His" wife and trying to look perfectly calm and poised while a thoughtless, mannerless public shouts, "Well, he must have married her for her money—it couldn't be her looks!"

MEET... the AUTHOR Eccentricities of Screen Writers

By JEAN SPAULDING

WHO are the writers responsible for Hollywood's most successful film stories, and how do they do it? The question is rarely if ever asked. Stars, directors, and producers hold down the spotlight when the movies are discussed. Yet the screen writing fraternity is composed of the most colorful people identified with picture-making.

No one ever hears of a star who cannot work with his or her shoes on, who limits himself or herself to certain hours of work, or who refuses to read script from any but yellow paper, but among screen writers these peculiarities are common.

EDNA FERBER, famous author of best sellers, including "Show Boat," and, more recently, "Come and Get It," cannot work with anyone in the room; the only exception to her rule of being alone during working hours is George S. Kaufman, noted playwright, who, she explains, does not upset her train of thought, and with whom she has written in collaboration several movie hits of the past five years.

Miss Ferber has a system of working which produces the best results possible for her, but which could never be followed by an actor or producer. Rotation is her literary crop method, following a novel with a plan and then some short story writing before doing another novel.

Shoes Come Off

JOHN BALDERSTON, veteran playwright and author of "Beloved Enemy," who recently completed the script for Ronald Colman's next production, "The Prisoner of Zenda," cannot work with his shoes on. He keeps carpet slippers in office and study, and when he begins work off go his shoes, on go his slippers, and he begins walking in circles, dictating his plot to a secretary.

Adela Rogers St. John is another successful writer who can't abide shoes when working. Even when she was a newspaper reporter she would take off her shoes to write a yarn, resting her feet on pillows underneath her desk.

Still another noted playwright, Rachel Crothers, does her work in bed in the mornings, between eight o'clock and noon. She will not write a line during the afternoon or evening, explaining that her brain is fresh enough for writing only in the morning.

Gene Towne and Graham Baker, co-authors of "History Is Made at Night," which teams Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer, and many other film plays, keeps the writers' building at Walter Wanger studios in a con-

tinual uproar. These writers act out every bit of business and dialogue they write. They work with their shirts off, caring not a bit what they select for a stage.

Sometimes their dialogue can be heard blocks away, as the writers throw themselves into their work, with Towne doing the woman's lines in high falsetto, and Baker growling out the male actor's words. Each will act out four or five parts in the story before the script is finished.

Howard J. Green, scenarist on a score of big Hollywood productions, writes only with pencil on yellow paper, explaining that this color aids in his concentration, but William Lipcomb, writing a screen adaptation of the great Nordoff-Hall story, "Hurricane," for Samuel Goldwyn, insists upon pen and ink and white paper, adding the simple explanation that "thoughts can flow as ink on smooth, white paper, and with the same clarity."

Sam and Bella Spewack, co-authors of several stage hits, and now in Hollywood scripting Miriam Hopkins' new comedy-romance, "Woman Chases Man," prove that man and wife can get along in work as well as love.

First Sam and Bella will "talk out" a story, then go into separate rooms and write. When both have finished, their products will be

blended, the best taken from each story, and fitted together.

The fact that these two can arrive at a decision as to what is best in each story without the aid of a world court, or a Solomon, speaks volumes for their conjugal fitness. The police are never called in to settle the question.

Non-stop Writing

J. P. McEVoy, perhaps the most prolific writer known to Hollywood at present, is the envy of all his fraternity. He can turn out copy for eighteen hours at a stretch without tiring. Here's his system: He types an hour, dictates to a stenographer for an hour, then dictates into a dictaphone for an hour. In this manner he keeps two stenographers busy, one typing a transcription from the dictaphone records, the other typing his dictation to her, while he himself hangs on his worn-out "mill."

Sinclair Lewis, Nobel Prize winner, whose astounding ability to portray American life behind the drawn blinds, is revealed in "Main Street," "Arrowsmith," and "Dodsworth,"



GALLERY OF STARS

Janet Gaynor

With Fredric March in "A Star Is Born"

stands for hours in an oratorical pose, and talks out his novel. Then he goes into seclusion, and does not emerge until it is written, having all meals served in his study during that period.

When he collaborated with that fine dramatist, Sidney Howard, in transforming the novel "Dodsworth" into a play, the collaborating required forty-eight hours.

Of this amazing bit of teamwork, Howard relates:

"We worked in an hotel suite from early on Saturday morning until early on the following Monday. While Lewis' secretary typed and re-typed in the next room we staggered through scene after scene. I remember one Lewis slogan from those two days: 'What's the idea of this lousy speech?' he would say indignantly. 'It came out of the book,' I would answer. 'Well, take it out of the play, anyhow,' he would invariably demand."

According to Jane Murlin, who has devoted several years to screen-writing, and previously wrote a number of stage hits, including "Smilin' Thru" and "Lilac Time," writing is the loneliest profession on earth.

"Consider for a moment the fact that a writer, unlike any other creative artist, usually has no companion with whom to work. The writer has only the twenty-six letters in the alphabet, a typewriter or a pen, pencil, and paper, as companions through the lonely hours. Why shouldn't some of our profession seek outlets for their expression, or through sheer loneliness seek escape from imprisonment in some bizarre manner?"

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY, Our Hollywood and London Representatives

Elaine Barrie has put herself on record as the fourth wife to toss aside by divorce the profiled actor, John Barrymore. Barrymore did not appear in court for the final hearing. The surprising element in the case was that the dark-eyed, red-lipped college girl did not demand

alimony of the famous screen actor.

"I'll be satisfied if he pays the bills he incurred since our marriage last autumn," she said.

Hollywood had taken the attitude that it was his money she was after. Elaine has proved that it was only love that prompted her to pursue him across rivers and desert until the day they married.

Before she left the courtroom, the Judge, smiling kindly at Elaine, said, "Better luck next time."

CLIVE BROOK, who has had such a strenuous time at the Denham Studios in "Action for Slander," is having his tennis court marked out this week-end for the first time since the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Brook have become quite famous for the delightful Sunday afternoon tennis parties they give at their Hampstead home. Clive is a first-class player, and since the weather decided to behave has played three or four sets every day directly he returns from the studio.

STEPIN FETCHIT, the negro comedian, who is too lazy to talk, is lying critically ill in the hospital after an automobile accident in New York's Harlem.

Stepin, whose real name is Lincoln Perry, was injured when his big motor coach crashed into the pillar of an elevated structure after a front tyre blow-out threw the car out of control. His skull was fractured.

A policeman lifted his unconscious body from the auto wreck and placed him in a passing taxi-cab to be rushed to the hospital.

MADELEINE CARROLL has one little law about getting roles. She refuses to take screen tests for a particular part. Now nearly all the producers cast their important pictures by testing several different players for the role in question, and picking the most likely-looking.

David Selznick was making a series of these tests for the role of Princess Flavia, in "Prisoner of Zenda," and asked Madeleine to do one. She refused. He tested dozens of others, all Americans. Then, without a test, gave Madeleine the part! Evidently he thought an American accent wouldn't mix well with Ronald Colman's tailored speech.

BACK in America with her new husband, Ann Harding is surprised and amused that the public is still interested in her legal controversies with Harry Bannister, her former husband. She herself has forgotten all about him.

But not so completely that she still does not take precautions against her child being kidnapped. The little girl travels separately from her mother, in the company of a nurse and guard.

Ann Harding does not plan to make any long-term contracts, because she wants to devote much of her time to her husband's career. Werner Janssen, the noted orchestra conductor, whom she married in London, expects to arrange a series of radio broadcasts in which they will both appear. She hopes to develop a repertory of stage plays.

"He has a great future," said Ann, "and his career is much more important than mine."

Blonde interpretive dancer Eve Arlyn, known in Australia, is getting her first film experience at Pinewood, where she has a small part in Jessie Matthews' new picture, "Gangway."



Nancy has terrible tantrums at the breakfast table — no one can get her to eat her porridge. "She's a naughty child, but she can't help it", sighs Mother. "I used to be like that too".



"Nonsense", says Auntie. "It's because her food doesn't appeal to her. Get her that new cereal — Rice Bubbles — the kind that snaps, crackles and pops when the milk is poured on! Then Nancy will have fun eating breakfast!"



Auntie was right! Nancy loves Rice Bubbles and never balks at breakfast now. All children love Rice Bubbles — they're deliciously crispy and full of rich nourishment. And they're fun to eat because they go "SNAP", "CRACKLE" and "POP!" when the milk is poured on. Rice is one of the world's staple foods and Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are wonderfully easy for small tummies to digest. Order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day!



DOTS... and DASHES

●Freddie Bartholomew buying a complete stock of work-saving electrical gadgets for his grandparents to take back to their home in England. ●Alexander Korda wiring Warners begging to borrow Glenda Farrell for a British picture while she's there. ●Jeanette MacDonald's Bedlington terrier carrying off another cup at the dog show. ●A soda jerker in Cadiz, Ohio, reported that on looking through city records he discovered that Clark Gable's birth was, by some mistake, originally entered as that of a girl.

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Now, How Do You Cook Your CABBAGE?



LEONARD BENNETT, who in the accompanying article gives a few culinary hints.

Leonard Bennett's Special Recipe

Flowers have their interest for Leonard Bennett, B.S.A. producer on station 2GB, particularly our own native shrubs and trees. But the homely vegetable is his ruling passion.

The reason is that Mr. Bennett, having a French mother and having lived part of his life in France, is a connoisseur of French cooking.

AT the same time he insists that French cooking can't be done in Australia unless you have the right vegetables, and to get them you must grow them.

"I grow vegetables because I like good food, and you can

only get good food if you cook it yourself," he says.

"The vegetables I like best are the ones that are, for some reason best known to the retail trade, very expensive in Sydney—aubergines, capscums (or pimientos as they are called in the South of France), as well as such vegetables so little known in Australia as salsify, and that delight of the English gourmet, sea-kale.

"You can buy aubergines and capscums in some shops, if you are very well off," continues Mr. Bennett sorrowfully, "but I don't yet know of any greengrocer in Sydney who sells either salsify or sea-kale.

"Another vegetable I like very much, which is a sort of cross between glove artichokes and celery, is called cardoon.

Secret of Success

"ALL these vegetables are best cooked by themselves, but you can, for instance, make an extremely good vegetable ragout from a combination of aubergine, pimientos and tomatoes. This is very popular in the south-west district of France near the Pyrenees and is called ragout landais. Like so many of these southern French and Spanish dishes, it is cooked in oil."

And this brings Leonard Bennett to what he describes as "his supreme idiosyncrasy."

"I have just planted a dozen olive trees, and I don't suppose I shall live to see them bear fruit. They take at least seven years." Meantime he

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16: 11.45 a.m., London Calling. 3.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17: 11.45 a.m., Things that Happen. 2.45 p.m., The Movie World.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18: 11.45 a.m., So They Say. 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19: 6.15 p.m., The Music Box. 7.30 p.m., Artists of To-day.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20: 4.30 p.m., The Old Gardener. 6.10 p.m., Sidewalks of London.

MONDAY, JUNE 21: 11.45 a.m., People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22: 11.45 a.m., Overseas News. 2.45 p.m., Swing Time Music.

has his vegetable garden and his cooking recipes.

"Most of my recipes, by the way, have been gathered while watching my mother, who, like every Frenchwoman, prides herself on her cooking, and my various landladies to whom I owe what skill I have in the kitchen. This one, however, a recipe for cooking cabbage, I got from the proprietor of the Railway Hotel at Beaune, in Burgundy.

"Get a cabbage—'Copenhagen' is a very good sort for this—and wash it and cut it up very finely. Boil it for about five minutes, and then drain it very carefully. In an earthenware casserole, put about half a pound of mildly-salted pork which is first cut up into about half-inch cubes. Fry this pork in butter without letting it brown, then add your cabbage and two tablespoons of the best olive oil you can buy. A small cup of warm water, a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf, a tiny piece of thyme, a couple of cloves, and a very sharp-chopped onion.

"Simmer this mixture for two or three hours and about half an hour before you want to eat it, add, if you are going to be a real Burgundian, a pound of sliced garlic sausage.

"This is very good in the winter. I like it. I hope you will."

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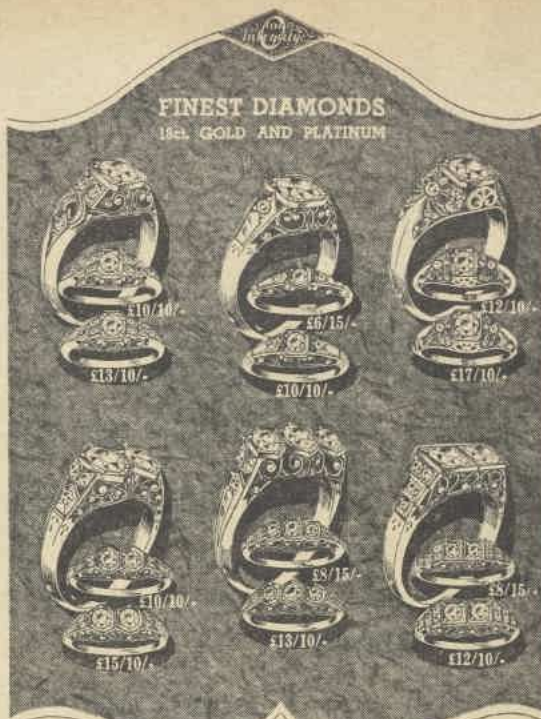
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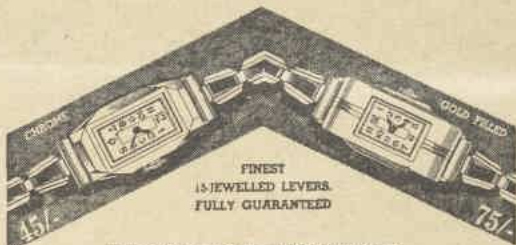
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THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 18

"Now, this daughter I'm on my way to see," the old man was running on. "Is our youngest—just twenty-one, as I was saying—but dogged if she ain't gone and got herself a baby already!"

"Boy or girl?" said Kilmartin.
"Boy, sir!" said the old man, yainglorious. "And she's named it after me. Jonas James Stitt. They're just waitin' till I get there to christen it."

Kilmartin said, "Congratulations!"

The old man said with considerable dignity, "Thank you, sir. And your good lady." He peered between Mimi and Kilmartin to where lights began to show along the road. "Would that be a town?"

"That's what it is," said Kilmartin. "Think you'll find a place to sleep?"

"Easy. Just let me out anywhere."

Kilmartin turned the car around and started home. He drove for a while without talking.

"Do you often pick people up that way?" asked Mimi.

"When I had a car I used to. It's illegal in some States."

"But you wouldn't let a little thing like that stop you?"

"Not necessarily." He turned his head to look her over amiably. "As the mother of John Doe and Richard Roe, how's to be a lady for a while and lay off battling? You were swell. Honestly—I didn't know you had it in you. The mother of the Gracchi was a piker beside you."

Mimi found herself extraordinarily at peace with the world. What did it matter what time they got back? What was there to get back for but endless antagonism and opposition? Maybe that was what came of women of assorted ages living in one house. Maybe middle age and age had no business under the same roof with youth. Couldn't ever understand one another. There was something in just being young. Take Kilmartin, for instance—she didn't even like him, yet they'd had fun together driving.

"How old are you, anyhow?" she asked him.

"Twenty-eight come next Michaelmas. Or Candelmas if you prefer."

"Don't be such an idiot. Twenty-eight, really?"

"Certainly. Why the vital statistics?"

"Nothing. Have you got any brothers and sisters?"

"One of each. Father dead. Mother married again. All you want to know?"

"Married again?" Mimi inquired slowly. "Do you like him?"

Kilmartin laughed to himself. "Not especially, but he's her business, not mine." Abruptly he demanded, "Why don't you keep your hands off your mother? Avery's a good guy."

"Think so, do you?" said Mimi.

"Think it makes no difference that he's almost young enough to be her son?"

"Hey, nay—they let you out of school too soon. Your arithmetic's foul. Or maybe you're just being womanly. I know how old Meg is."

"What makes you think he wants to marry her?"

"Skip it," said Mimi. "Who said I was trying—"

"Look in the glass next time you think of him," said Kilmartin.

After that they drove mostly without a word.

"Well," he said at Meg's gate, "do I come in and sing for my supper or do I get out of here?"

Mimi ran up the walk. As she went she called back over her shoulder, "Come on, wise guy!"

Molly had gone to bed with a slight headache. Meg was in the sitting room writing. When Kilmartin and Mimi came in, she looked up with a faintly anxious smile.

"I was beginning to be afraid you might have skidded off the road."

"Maybe we did," said Kilmartin. "How about it, Mimi?"

"Not out of control," said Mimi. Kilmartin regarded her with the narrowed eyes, the close critical gaze which always puzzled and annoyed her. It would have annoyed her still more if she could have known his inner conclusion: "The girl's human, nevertheless. What a thought!"

It was on the tenth of January that Meg sailed. On a bleak and dripping forenoon about eight days later she stood by the ship's rail and watched through mist and rain the undulating coast of England. Brook Avery stood beside her. Since leaving New York they had spent a large part of their waking hours together, had talked continuously—hours upon end—opening their minds, opening their hearts to each other as if they had just found common speech.

He had said, one stormy afternoon, rounding the forward deck with her in a gale that almost tore the words from his lips, "I've never really talked to anyone before."

And she had answered, "Sometimes I think I've told you everything I know—then I suddenly realise that there are things we've never even touched on."

Now they stood by the rail and watched cliffs, along which farmhouses were sparsely scattered, grow clear.

"Land's End there to the left," said Brook. "Inland where you see the top of the square church tower is St. Buryan. The fishing village at the foot of the cliff would be Mousehole."

Meg said, "Do ships go westward this way too?"

"Of course," said Brook. When he saw tears in her eyes he stood closer. "Darling, what is it?"

"I was thinking about my grandfather, Giles Freemantle, she told him. "So absurdly young. Not twenty-three. When he left here he had high hopes—he must have had—of America. And yet he must have hated so to leave his own earth. He must have stood and gazed at that bit of coast just as we're doing now. Land's End—he didn't know it was the last land he'd ever see."

"Well—here you are, his granddaughter, coming back," said Brook.

"It frightens me a little," said Meg. "Not to be able to see around the corner. To see if the pattern repeats itself."

They went up to London on the boat train that evening. Meg had expected to go to an hotel, but Brook took her to a place on Victoria Street called Oxford Mansions, to which he had telegraphed ahead for a service flat for her. The little sitting-room had windows looking on a square across the way where trees rocked spectral branches in a biting wind. Across dim roofs Brook pointed out yet dimmer towers like brooding giants in the smoky fog. "Westminster Abbey," he said.

His own room was just a house or two away. "I may be kept on the jump, rather, the first few days," he explained. His company had called him over on a variety of errands, some of them not unimportant. "But at least we'll have the evenings. I want you to see a few theatres—I get around a bit. I think you'll like the place."

Please turn to Page 53



THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 52

BROOK called her next morning at ten o'clock, as he was to call her every morning while she was in London. They arranged to meet at the Abbey at four. "Wish I could get away for luncheon, Meg, but there's a chap who's got to be seen first thing I'm lunching at the Automobile Club with him."

She lunched alone and spent the afternoon walking around, recognising from time to time with a start some spire or street corner, some arch or column she had known on paper all her life. Whitehall, the Cenotaph, at which every Englishman passing uncovered; Trafalgar Square, Nelson far and high above the roar of traffic; St. James' Palace with its great stoical clock face staring coldly towards Piccadilly. Someone had sent her a Christmas card two years ago with a picture of St. James' Palace. To be in London was, in a way, like coming home. Seeing things which could never be new to her and yet which she had never with her own eyes seen before.

At four she waited in the porch of the Abbey for Brook, and presently he came—subtly changed. In New York she had found him only a little different in his dress from other men. Now he wore a tan-colored raincoat, an indescribably British felt hat, and carried an umbrella. His eyes were unchanged, though. They sought her out with a sincerity of tenderness that went to her heart. A brooding music stole along the dank, still air, dissolving chords from an invisible organ; above the chords far treble voices chanting. There were people kneeling.

"Service going on," muttered Brook. "I might have thought of

SONG CLASSICS

"In the Silence of Night"

Rachmaninoff. 1873—

Oh, in the silent night I dream that you are near me
With your caressing voice, your tender smile, so endearing,
Your hair that I was wont to stroke, your hair in flowing strands of black;
How oft I bid you go, how oft I call you back!
The tender words you spoke anew I try to fashion,
I whisper to recall the words that voiced our passion;
I awake with your beloved name the silent night!
Beloved, I wake the silent night! Oh, in the silent night I dream that you are near me,
I wake with your beloved name the silent night.

Sergei Vassilievitch Rachmaninoff, born 1873, in Russia, and educated at the Moscow and Petrograd Conservatories. Has appeared in Europe and America with leading orchestras as pianist and as conductor of his own works; written two operas, three symphonies, and a large number of pianoforte pieces and songs. Rachmaninoff is still alive, and in 1934 published his recollections.

that. Come back another day if you like, when we can walk around."

The street outside the Abbey was vague with fog coming on. Red of passing buses showed like fire through smoke. People went by touched with unreality. Trees stretched almost naked branches against a veiled dead sky.

"Look here," said Brook. "To-day I spoke over the telephone to a cousin of mine, not a bad sort, who's been out in Sumatra a good part of his life—home on leave now."

"CHEMISTRY'S his line. He asked me to come up to his rooms for a drink and all that. What do you think? I don't believe he'd bore you too much."

"I think it would be nice," said Meg.

Brook signalled a cab. "Name's Crabbe Spencer." He gave the

cab driver an address in Jermyn Street. On the way there he talked casually but not without intention about his cousin. "An odd fish in a way. Married when he was over forty a spinster he met on a boat going out to the Straits Settlement to visit her brother. She died a year or two later. Left a boy, young Crabbe. He goes to school here."

"Will anyone else be there, Brook?"

"Crabbe spoke of some woman and her daughter, old friends of his."

Strange to be rolling along London streets with Brook, going to meet people of whom until then she had never heard.

Crabbe Spencer opened at once to their ring; a man of middle height, spare, and brownish grey in coloring. Tropic suns had obviously dried him out but had not dulled the pleasant shrewdness of his inquiring glance.

"Glad you found time to drop in," Meg felt his appraisal of her without resenting it. Appraisal of people and things seemed merely a part of his nature. The room was not large. It had wide French windows opening on the street. There was a briskly burning coal fire, books and papers everywhere, comfortable chairs, lamps well placed; on the table by the window a spray of pine branches in a jar of damascened brass. Two women sat by the fire: one young and fresh-looking; one, apparently twenty-odd years older, a trifle haggard, carefully well turned out, held a small glass in her hand. A boy of ten or so sat hunched in a chair near one of the windows, sketching. Meg had time only for a swift impression of a dark cropped head. She thought, "The spinster mother," his father was so drably fair.

THEN the father was saying: "Mrs. Swift... Mrs. Fowler... Miss Fowler," and with a slight, almost impersonal touch on Brook's arm, "My cousin, Brook Avery." Then he called the boy from his street gazing. "My son, Crabbe."

Eileen Crabbe, having put down his sketch pad and scrambled out of his chair, came forward with a suggestion of reluctance, perhaps only shyness. Meg put out her hand, thinking as she did so in ludicrous embarrassment. "Oh, dear—Americans shake hands. English don't."

The boy, however, liked it. He gripped her fingers with surprising strength, though all he said was, "How 'ja do?" in a voice still engagingly childish.

Crabbe Spencer was waiting. "Brook tells me you've only just come over."

He found her a chair near the fire and she felt two pairs of feminine eyes upon her. The mother was the more difficult of the two. She had recently been in Italy and held strong views on the desirability of dictatorships.

"We should be better off with one, and so should you in America," she told Meg.

"Must we call it a dictatorship?" asked Meg innocently. "Or will a rose by another name do as well?"

The daughter laughed. "Tell us about New York. Do they really shoot each other down in the streets there?"

"Except in what the French call a crime passionnel," said Meg. "Then, I believe, the quiet of the home is preferred."

"Oh, but seriously," said Miss Fowler.

"Oh, were you serious?" said Meg.

Brook and his cousin lounged at the opposite sides of the mantelpiece, smoking and watching the women contentedly. Mrs. Fowler talked brilliantly, boaring down all interruption, of France as well as Italy, Germany as well as France. "At least Germany sees her destiny and moves toward it, is ready for any sacrifice."

"Either her own or anyone's else," said Meg.

"Thought American women weren't interested in politics," Spencer put in, smiling dryly.

"Mrs. Swift is a journalist," Brook said. "Of sorts," he added, laughing at Meg with a secret censure in his eyes.

"Ah—then you know that I'm right," said Mrs. Fowler.

"Do let's talk about America," begged the daughter. "I do so want to go there before you're too definitely regimented and standardised," she told Meg.

THEN the unexpected happened. Mrs. Fowler dropped her dogmatic brilliancies and became in an instant merely a very likeable human being.

"We must lunch together someday quite soon," she said to Meg. "Do give me your telephone number."

"Oh, do—that would be jolly," said the girl.

Crabbe Spencer asked Meg how long she expected to be in London. When she told him, he said they must arrange a little dinner. The boy stood at his father's elbow watching her.

"I hope I'll see you again," said Meg, shaking hands with him for good-bye.

When she and Brook were once more walking down Jermyn Street she drew a breath of relief.

"Always frightened of strangers, aren't you?" he said. "I know."

"They don't seem like strangers now," said Meg. "That's the curious part of it."

"Not sure I hadn't better have kept you to myself after all," he grumbled ruefully. "Old Crabbe and young Crabbe both at your feet—the Fowler woman grabbing you for luncheon—"

"You think they really like me, Brook?"

"If they hadn't," said Brook, "the icicles would be now have been dripping from your eyebrows."

"That's why you took me there—to let me find out."

"Well," he conceded, "you ought to know these people—if you're going to live among 'em."

The lights of London flushed the misty sky above it with an unearthly ashen rose.

"If," said Meg, sighing. "Lovely word!"

To be Continued

NEW, SWIFT, EASY RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD gives brilliant white wash

ALREADY countless women have switched to the Rinso 2-minute boil! Hours of hard work are saved, fuel costs are cut to a fraction, yet the clothes come out whiter and brighter than ever.

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MUMMY'S TIRED OUT, DARLING! I HOPE YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO SPEND HOURS OVER THE WASH-TUBS.

BETTY SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU... BUT THE WASHING DOES UPSET ME!

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WHITE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW, MY DEAR... AND WITHOUT RUBBING EITHER.



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I CAN'T GET OVER IT! SO QUICK... SUCH A SAVING IN GAS, TOO—AND THE CLOTHES WHITER THAN EVER.



BET, DID YOUR MOTHER REALLY DO THE WASHING TO-DAY?

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Acids in Blood— must be removed by Kidneys Or your system is poisoned



Your Health is Undermined and You May Suffer from Nervousness, Circles Under Eyes, Lack of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Leg Pains, and Feel Tired, Run-Down, and Worn Out.

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy, as an excess of acid in your blood. Most people when thinking of acidity think of the stomach. However, the type of acidity that undermines health is that arising in the blood and often caused by worry, overwork, poor late hours or over-indulgence, thus placing a heavy strain or load on the kidneys.

Nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess acids in the blood. This is accomplished by your kidneys, the most intricate and delicate organs in your body. Each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 43 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, or so frequently that in a 24-hour period the kidneys actually filter and purify a barrel of blood, so that the acids and poisons are removed.

Causes Many Troubles

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, U.S.A., recently stated: "Modern foods and drinks, nervous strain, worry, and overwork, place a tremendous load on the kidneys. For this reason it is estimated that millions of men and women at times are troubled with poorly functioning kidneys. In fact this condition is often the real cause of thousands of people feeling older than they should, run-down, exhausted, nervous, and worn out."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 3 pints of acids, poisons, and liquids from your blood every twenty-four hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these acids and wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned. Kidney and Bladder Troubles cause many diseases, such as Nervousness, Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatism, Pains, Swollen Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching and Smarting, Acidity.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Chemists and doctors in 81 countries throughout the world think that the

right way to help your kidneys function is with the doctor's prescription, Cystex, which is scientifically prepared in accordance with the requirements of the United States and British pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys. For instance, Dr. C. Von Strahlenberg, noted European physician, stated: "I consider Cystex one of the most meritorious formulas I have ever examined, and recommend it most highly." And Dr. C. J. Roberts, formerly of the Philadelphia General Hospital, states: "In my years of practice I have employed many medicines and prescriptions to improve the functional action of the kidneys, but in my opinion there is no preparation that exceeds the prescription known as Cystex."

Make This 8-Day Guaranteed Test

If you are run-down, worn out, feel older than you are, or suffer from the diseases previously mentioned, Kidney and Bladder Troubles likely are the real cause of your trouble. At any rate it will do you no harm to put Cystex to the test, and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. Under the guarantee, in 8 days' time it must do the work to your complete satisfaction, or you merely return the empty package and the full purchase price is refunded without question or argument. With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys. For that reason most people report a remarkable improvement within the first forty-eight hours and complete satisfaction within 8 days. In testing Cystex, you are the sole judge of your satisfaction. You must feel younger, stronger and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. Cystex costs little at chemists, and as the guarantee protects you completely, you can not afford to take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or any medicine that is not good enough to be guaranteed. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced *Siss-tex*) today.

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—In the "Serenade
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Every Wednesday from 3DB-LK at 8.15 p.m. 5AD-MU-PI at 8.30 p.m.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Astrological Research Society

Crablike... Cancerians Are Slow But Sure

Cancer people (those whose birthdays fall between June 22 and July 23) include some of the nicest folk imaginable, but they have their faults and failings.

They are astrologically symbolised by a crab, and, like the crab, they move slowly, but surely, toward their objectives. Moreover, they are tenacious and quietly persistent and often succeed where others fail. Once they get a grip it is almost impossible to shake them off.

EVEN physically they exhibit this attribute, for most Cancerians have immensely strong hands and a grip which is vice-like.

The men of this sign sometimes seem even nicer than the women, for they are usually shy, reserved, and extremely sympathetic. But beneath this seeming gentleness and "softness" there reposes a nature which is brave, capable, and quietly self-confident.

It is this sign of the zodiac which produces a goodly number of the "strong, silent men" so beloved of fiction writers.

The women, on the other hand, are generally much chattier—especially if born late in June—but this

tendency can be a rather mixed blessing in the eyes of people who wish for peace and quietness.

All Cancerians have a tendency to give way to periods of gloom and pessimism—and to become nervy and irritable as a result. At such times they say and do things which later they regret.

Associates of Cancerians must play upon the emotions of love, sympathy and kindness, which are the basic qualities of this sign.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live very quietly. Difficulties and annoyances may be your portion, especially on June 24, 25, and 26 (till 4 p.m.).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Quite fair for you on June 24, 25, and 26 (till midday). Thereafter be cautious.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Just fair for you on June 26 (after noon), 27, and 28.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Opportunities should now come your way.

Jean Harlow Passes On

Continued from Page 1, Movie Section

HER appearance was synonymous with every single soul who had quit work for the day in M-G-M's studio... they had lost a real and very dear co-worker and friend.

And to my mind, too, comes the recollection of my last chat with Jean while she sat knitting on the "Saratoga" set waiting for her call!

"I'm so happy," she said. "I haven't been feeling too well lately, but doctor says that everything will soon be all right, and, strangely enough, I'm better to-day than for the last three weeks. It's lovely to feel that another obstacle has been overcome."

She went on: "Don't you remember the days when the color of my hair



JEAN HARLOW as a baby. The first photograph taken of one who was to be so much photographed.

typed me, and I had to revert to my natural brown to lift me over the obstacle? I believe I have convinced the producers that I'm capable of playing varied kinds of roles, and I'll even change my hair to brunette or grey to prove it. But I don't think I'll be called upon to do that now, for I see no further obstacles ahead of me."

Poor Jean! Little did she think that, within two weeks, she was to meet the obstacle that we all must meet sometime. But, for her, it seems a hundred times more pathetic... that she had weathered so many storms and had so much to live for.

Her triumph over adversity—sufficient to eclipse ten normal women—has, however, gained her the things that everybody, be they man or woman, screen star or laborer, wants more than anything else in the world... the respect of those who remember, and the sincerity with which is said "There Goes a Grand Guy."

BEWARE of going too far with Cancerians. Don't be too free with impositions and unfairness. The Cancerian is slow to resent and slower still to show resentment, but some day, some time (usually most unexpectedly), the "worm" will turn, and then... beware!

way. Plan to begin some important ventures or make changes on June 22. Seek promotion and ask favors then. Your chances of success will be good. But live cautiously on June 24, 25, and early 26.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Fair on June 22 and 23, but poor on the 24th (till 4 p.m.), 27th, and 28th.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Fair on June 24, 25, and 26 (till 4 p.m.), but poor on June 29.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Live very cautiously. Try to avoid arguments, upsets and delays or general worries, especially on June 24, 25, and most of 26.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Opportunities are likely to occur for you now. Plan important enterprises, but try to put them in operation on your good days. Live quietly on June 26 (after noon), 27, and 28, but work hard on June 29. June 24 and 25 should be fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Affairs improve slightly for you on June 22 and 23.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Live very quietly. Irritation, losses, disruption and disappointments are likely on June 24, 25, and 26. Begin no important ventures.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Not spectacular, June 25 (after noon), 27, and 28 just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Your chances should now come. June 24, 25, and 26 (till noon), but June 29 good; plan to begin important ventures then.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.)

ARTHUR
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in

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

COIFFURE

for WINTER

... Wear it for formal occasions—it's exquisite—flattering!

SPECIALLY designed for evening wear by a famous hair stylist, this coiffure, classical in style, and giving a regal dignity, is yet so feminine and suitable for most types.

SOCIAL activities this winter will be more formal—more brilliant—and require greater perfection in clothes and hair-dressing than we have seen for many years.

By
EVELYN



ABOVE: Side view of the new winter coiffure specially designed for wear at formal functions. Curls are arranged so they cascade down one side to the neck. Left: Showing how the hair is swirled round the back in loose waves, with the ends finished in curls that extend across the neck. Flowers may be worn instead of the feathers if desired.



FRONT VIEW of the new coiffure worn by Virginia Field, of 20th Century Fox. Notice how the curls begin on top of the head.

The reason? The recent Coronation, of course. The splendor of the world-wide influence on women's coiffures, and make-up, is resulting in a reflected splendor in this year's most formal functions.

And so you must dress accordingly. You must strive for that perfection in your gowns and in your hairdressing that will make you look dazzlingly lovely.

And here is the most flattering coiffure for you we've seen for a long time. Softly feminine, with its carefully-arranged curls, a perfect frame for the face. It reaches the classical style together with a regal dignity that is really quite bewitching.

The addition of the ostrich feathers adds the final touch of formality. The coiffure was designed and created by the late Denis Phillips, an internationally-known hair stylist

in America, and this was his last work before his recent death.

For this hairdressing, the hair is parted on the right side, just above the eye. It is then carried in loose waves to the left side, where the ends are transformed into poppyette curls that cascade down the left side to the neck line.

The side view at the top of the page reveals the arrangement of the poppyette curls over the ear and along the neck line.

The back view shows how the hair is carried in loose waves over the top of the head to the left side, where the ends are arranged in the curls. The back is also swirled to the left and the ends rolled into curls that extend across the neck line and along the right side to the part.

The ostrich feathers or a flower top-knot may be in a color to harmonize with the gown worn.

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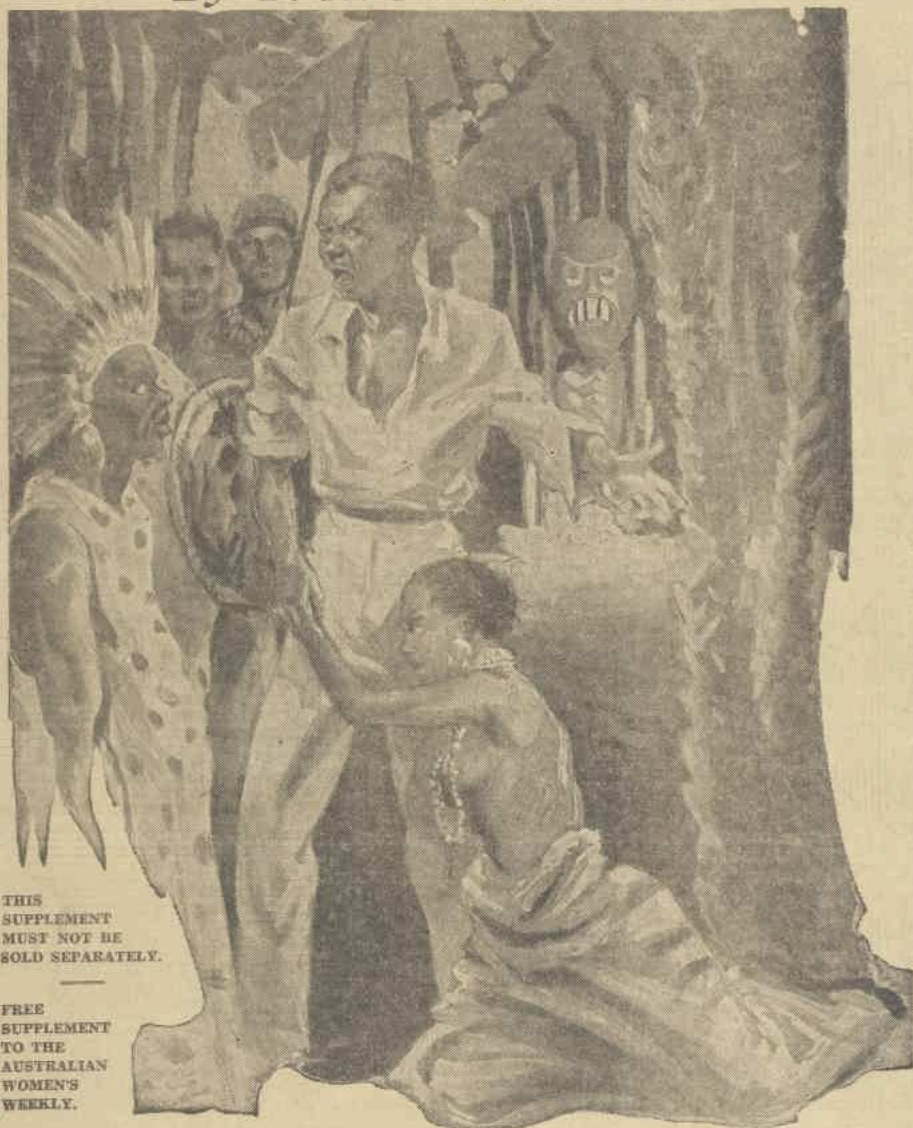
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SON of ABDAN

By F. A. M. WEBSTER



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FREE
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
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WOMEN'S
WEEKLY.

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

SON OF ABDAN

By F. A. M. WEBSTER



THE fierce struggle was over and through the forest aisles, where the massive tree-trunks draped in curious parasitic growth rose up into the gloom like the gigantic pillars of some cathedral, the echo of tramping feet had faded into silence.

In the centre of a clearing deep in the heart of that African forest, the last dying embers of the burnt-out city of King Abdan still glowed fitfully. For hours the night sky had been reddened by the glare of the fire as palisade by palisade, street by street, and hut by hut the greedy flames had eaten their way through until naught was left but a mass of blackened timbers and the grey ash of burnt thatch. For many years Arab slave traders in search of victims, neighboring tribes made brave by their own covetousness, the wild jungle itself had sought to efface the stronghold. Each in its turn had been defeated, for King Abdan, for all his evil ways, was a courageous fighter and a cunning tactician, while his subjects were grim, sinister and uncompromising soldiers. It was not until a British punitive force, sent up from the coast, had stormed the city and taken it at the point of the bayonet that a long reign of horror and cruelty had been brought to an end.

Within that mighty stockade of timber which encircled some three hundred huts had been perpetrated revolting crimes, stories of which had filtered through to the coast. For the subjects of King Abdan had been leopard worshippers to a man. Kungai, the leopard-god, had been their evil deity for centuries, and in his name men and women had been tortured and mutilated.

Sir Michael Sworder, Governor of the Territory, had realised that until this foul cult had been stamped out peace and prosperity would never flourish. He himself had seen those cruel leopard skin gloves with claws of steel, which were customarily worn by the leopard men. Wielded by a muscular arm they were capable of inflicting a wound scarcely less serious than the terrible downward stroke of a leopard, which will strip the flesh from a man's face. Such barbaric practices were a hindrance to progress and civilisation. They must be stamped out. And the force which had been despatched to make an end of Abdan, his people and their fiendish faith, had done their work well.

Beneath the pall of smoke, which clung to the tree-tops and hung motionless in the hot, moist air, lay the dead and dying of those who had fought what might well be the last great fight of savagery against civilisation.

The moon rose slowly above the trees, its fitful rays filtering through the smoke on to the scene of ruin and carnage. By the pale light a woman, kneeling in the centre of

the clearing, bent down to peer more closely in the face of the man who lay with open eyes staring fixedly upwards. A leopard screamed, and the man turned his eyes slowly towards the woman.

"Kungai calls," he whispered.

"It is an omen," said the woman. "Kungai is not dead."

She strove again to staunch the gaping abdominal wound from which King Abdan lay dying, dying as slowly and painfully as any slave or captive he had given to the torture in years gone by.

"Kungai will never die," he answered.

Suddenly, an intermittent flame from the ruins of a neighboring hut threw the figure of the woman into relief, so that her black skin shone redly. The sight roused Abdan from the stupor into which he had been sinking.

"Leave me," he gasped, "for you have a mission to fulfill, B'aidi."

"My time has not yet come," B'aidi answered. "I will wait upon your passing, lord."

The eyes of the dying man filled with an unusual tenderness, for of all his thirty wives he loved best this B'aidi who alone had not fled into the forest when the city was threatened.

"It will be a man-child?" he asked eagerly.

"It will be a man-child," B'aidi answered with the uncanny foreknowledge of those who stand in the presence of death. "Listen, Kungai calls to him already."

Again the scream of a leopard rang through the forest.

Abdan raised himself upon one elbow, and at the effort the sweat streamed from his forehead.

"Bring up the child so that one day those who think they have slain the Leopard People may realise their folly," he ordered harshly.

B'aidi shook her head slowly.

"Nay, lord, my time will come soon and I will follow thee, whom I love. But there is one I know who will see that the child is made ready to avenge this slaughter." Her eyes brooded sullenly upon the smoking ruins. "The white men shall learn that not thus easily is Kungai vanquished."

"It is good," murmured Abdan.

Suddenly his eyes widened as if in surprise, his elbow gave way beneath his weight and he sank back, his jaw sagging weakly.

The woman B'aidi closed his eyes and stood up. She did not weep. There are some sorrows too heavy for tears. But when she had covered Abdan's body she began to thread her way among the ruins of the town. Presently she had passed the remnants of the outer palisade and was pressing forward into the quiet, dark forest. That peculiar frame of mind that often comes to people in times of great mental stress, possessed her.

She was certain that no living thing would harm her until she had laid down her burden. Moreover, her uncanny knowledge told her that she would see but one more dawn.

She was not frightened as she moved through the forest which was speckled here and there by patches of light where the moon's rays shone down through gaps in the foliage overhead. She struggled on, and when a leopard called she took heart, for Kungai was watching over her and her burden.

The leopard was drawing nearer. He was purring softly now, a sound exactly like that of a blunt saw being forced through a log of green wood.

She pressed on, following the narrow forest path. And ahead of her, hardly discernable among the strange shadows, stalked the great leopard whose harsh purring she had heard. B'aidi had no fear. She had passed through so much agony of mind and body during the last few hours that she felt impervious to any wound the world might now inflict. But deep in her heart burned an intense hatred of the white men, who had brought about the death of her beloved Abdan.

Presently the trees thinned out, the earth grew softer, and here and there dark, noisome pools of water appeared. B'aidi's feet sank above the ankles in clinging soil. She knew this sullen stretch of swamp, knew that man and beast seldom ventured there, but her path lay through it, and she could no more have turned aside than man can avoid his destiny. The leopard was walking as warily as Agag, a gaunt, lithe shadow in the pale moonlight, and B'aidi followed after.

AFTER a time, however, she felt hard, firm earth underfoot once more, and, stretching ahead of her, a flat, barren land lay naked under the rays of the moon, and in the middle distance was the vague outline of a hill.

In the city of King Abdan men had reckoned this a haunted place, for mystery lurked in every cave and hollow of the hill, while the few stunted trees and thorn bushes that grew upon the plain seemed to have taken ghostly shapes upon themselves.

B'aidi struggled slowly across the plain towards the hill whose shape now grew easier to discern.

The rough, boulder-strewn ascent taxed her strength to the utmost, and, indeed, her limbs began to falter until at last, as she came to the cave entrance, a cry burst through the barrier of her tightly closed lips. That cry was answered by a sudden pattering of feet upon the rocky floor of the cavern. Then a woman appeared, her short, dark brown body thrown into relief by the flickering fire. She had a thin, keen face with unwontedly intelligent eyes. Her lips were thick and her nose squat, and her hair had been shaved from the front part of her head. Only at the back it hung down to her muscular shoulders in thick cords greased with soot and palm oil.

"So it is you, B'aidi?"

"Aye, Zalama, it is I." B'aidi reeled and flung out a despairing hand.

When Abdan had chosen B'aidi for his thirtieth wife she had been placed in the

hands of the Virgins of the Leopard God in order that she might be suitably prepared for her marriage, and it was Zalama who had piloted the strange maiden of a distant tribe through the initiation ceremony.

Thereafter the young women had lived as blood-sisters, until Zalama, aided by B'aidi, had escaped from the Temple of Kungai and had fled into the Lonely Lands where, in time, she became a powerful witch-doctress whose advice was sought by all those who had the courage to journey through forest and swamp to her cave.

"Enter, blood sister," said the witch-woman softly, catching the outstretched hand. "All is made ready against your coming."

"Come to the inner cave, B'aidi. Abdan live?"

"Nay, my lord died fighting against the white men, and with him fell every male of the Leopard People." B'aidi paused for a moment, leaning upon the other woman's arm, for she had difficulty in breathing. Then her eyes turned full upon Zalama and suddenly she spoke in ringing tones.

"My time comes with the dawn, and I shall pass out on the wind that wakes the world to where my beloved Abdan awaits me. But the boy, the boy will live; and you, Zalama, you shall rear him in the faith of Kungai."

"Build up his body and his mind, Zalama. Make him strong and teach him wisdom and cunning. Feed his heart with hatred of the race who slew his father and his kin. Swear this to me, Zalama."

There was a peculiar ferocity in B'aidi's voice as she spoke, gripping her blood-sister by the arm.

"By the head of Kungai, I swear it," Zalama answered.

"The house of Kungai has this night been thrown down, his fire put out, his altar desecrated, his temple reduced to amouldering ashes, but may his curse fall upon you if you break your oath or fail in your purpose," said B'aidi in trembling tones.

Zalama shivered for the fear of Kungai was a very real fear to his followers. She took the hand of her blood-sister and would have gone with her into the inner cavern, but B'aidi roughly thrust her aside.

"Nay," she said, her hand upon the plaited grass curtain, "there is that to be told the child which is for his ears alone." And the witch-doctress drew back and crouched once more over the fire in the cave mouth.

So Zalama waited until the first rays of the rising sun slanted palely into the cave mouth. Then she kindled a torch, drew aside the plaited grass curtain and entered the dim recesses of the inner cavern.

B'aidi lay upon a bed of skins, a male child in her arms, and in her eyes a look of contented weariness. But even the ruddy light of the torch that Zalama held aloft could not efface the grey pallor which had already settled upon the mother's features. B'aidi motioned with a feeble hand towards the child.

"Is he not timely born and strong of limb?" she whispered. "Is he not a true leader to revive the faith and revenge the wrongs of the Leopard People? Take him in your arms, Zalama, and swear by your head and on your heart that you will rear him to that destiny for which my lord Abdan and I have bred him?"

Zalama took the babe and felt fey at the touch of his tender skin. With an effort she gazed steadfastly into his big, brown eyes and read in them fear, sorrow and hatred, reflected as clearly as the pool before her cave reflected the moon by night.

"Quick, Zalama, lean close!" B'aidi gasped, for death was very near.

"My sister, oh, my sister!" cried the witch-doctress, as she dropped to her knees beside the couch of skins.

"Thou shalt call him 'Damu,' for in blood he is born and in blood he shall end his days."

Then suddenly, strength returned for a moment to B'aidi. With difficulty she raised her body upon one hand. She strove to speak again and reached out trembling fingers towards the babe which Zalama held. But the effort was too much and her soul departed upon the spate of a fearful cry that echoed among the rocks of that lonely hillside.

"I come, my lord Abdan, I come!"

She fell back and presently Zalama bound up the loosened jaw and fastened the slackened limbs in such a manner that B'aidi sat upon the bed of skins facing the east where the rose-pink fingers of the dawn now flushed the sky.

Meanwhile the neglected babe wailed ceaselessly and, from the distant forest, a leopard screamed and screamed again, until the beast that had led B'aidi to the Lonely Lands and Damu to his birth gave ringing answer from the rocks above the cave.

THE years passed quietly in the Lonely Lands. Few men crossed the swamp to the flat-topped hill to seek the wisdom of Zalama, for it was known that she came of the Leopard People and since their destruction it had been deemed ill-luck to have any intercourse with the women who had survived. Outcast and unwanted they had drifted through the forest, until they had become absorbed into far distant communities who were ignorant of their history. They did not take the secrets of the Leopard Cult with them, for their menfolk had rigorously debarred them from it.

The news of the burning of the city of Abdan had spread far and wide through those parts of Africa. Men said that the Leopard People had been annihilated and that their spirits had passed through the thick forest and across the swamp to the Lonely Lands, where Zalama lived upon her flat-topped hill.

To Zalama the time was one of toil and anxiety and the task of rearing young Damu weighed heavily upon her frail shoulders, for she was no longer young. For his part, the boy thrived like a strong young tree in which the sap is swiftly rising. He was heir not only to the sacked city of his father, where now the red, white and blue of the Union Flag floated above the well-built headquarters of the Commissioner, but also to the dense forests where formerly the Leopard People had held fearful sway.

Slowly but surely the white invaders were penetrating the interior, bringing with them trade and converting to Christianity many of those natives whose fathers had worshipped Kungai. Stony ground upon which to sow seed, perhaps, but now that there were no priests left to light the fires of ritual and stretch the shuddering sacrifice upon the blood-stained altars, the gentle faith of Christ was spreading, and, year by year, the patient missionaries moved deeper into the bush, laboring mightily to build their churches and make their converts.

Damu remained untouched by their influence, for he was nurtured on the milk of feud, absorbed in the belief that it was his destiny to recover the lands of his fathers and restore the worship of Kungai. Shortly after his tenth birthday the whole routine of Damu's life was rudely altered. Perhaps two years had gone by since the

last human being had taken the difficult path across the swamps to seek the advice of Zalama. There came a day, however, when Damu, brooding upon the flat summit of the hill and ignoring Zalama's shrill-voiced summons from below, noticed the figure of a man approaching across the plain. The sun was high in the sky and Damu, whose eyes were almost as far-seeing as those of the hawk, which wheeled in the blue vault above him, made out the newcomer to be short and thin, bearing in his hand a stout staff and clad only in a wisp of loin-cloth. Damu, speculating who this visitor might be, idly watched him ascend the hill and enter the cave.

Damu, busy with his own thoughts, did not bother to leave the top of the hill until Zalama's urgent voice once more summoned him. That, by itself, would not have been sufficient to have roused him from his reverie, but at the back of his mind he was curious about this stranger. He swung down the hillside, stepping lightly as a buck, and entered the cave.

The stranger was squatting by the fire and to Damu's amazement about his shoulders was bound the pelt of a leopard, with the forearms fastened across his naked chest and the white fangs of the brute's upper jaw resting above his brow. Damu halted abruptly. Certain stories and tales Zalama had whispered to him over the years rushed back into his mind. He knew the significance of that leopard skin and held its wearer in awe.

"This is he whom ye seek, O Tigiliki," said Zalama deferentially.

"I see him," replied the man.

He fixed his keen eyes upon Damu, examining him critically.

"You have done well, Zalama," was the grave reply. "The spirit of his mother and a new race of Leopard People shall thank you yet."

Zalama thrilled at the praise, for her love of B'aidi had been the one great passion of her life. Moreover, praise from Tigiliki was praise indeed, for he was a powerful man. She had been surprised to see him that day, for she had believed that he had perished at the sacking of the city of Abdan where he had been a priest of Kungai and a leading counsellor to the King. But, like many who occupy positions of trust under despotic monarchs, he came to know more than was good for Abdan's peace of mind.

For Abdan had collected a vast private treasure. This he had accumulated by raids upon less powerful neighbors and the plundering of peaceful caravans. Abdan, foreseeing the time when this booty might prove useful, had transported it secretly to a place of concealment with the aid of a dozen faithful followers. And lest the faith of his assistants should yield under the burden of their knowledge, he had killed them with his own hand.

Thereafter his mind was at peace, for he was confident that no one but himself knew the hiding-place of his wealth, though many were aware that it existed. But his confidence had received a rude shock when one day Tigiliki made an unguarded remark which aroused Abdan's suspicions.

Tigiliki, withdrawing from the presence of his master as soon as he dared, had not hesitated as to his course of action. He had put as much of the forest between himself and Abdan as he could in the least possible time.

Within an hour of his departure, Abdan's warriors had been searching for him with orders for his immediate execution. But Tigiliki had had a good start and had kept it. His flight had been assisted by a party

of warriors who, wishing to advance in the King's favor and unwilling to admit failure, swore that they had pursued Tigiliki to the bank of a river into which he had leaped, there to be seized by a crocodile.

So Tigiliki, an outcast from his people, had wandered north and east until he had passed beyond the barrier of the Mountains of the Moon.

In due course, by that mysterious method whereby news travels over the dark continent, tidings had reached him of the downfall of Abdan and the Leopard People. Tigiliki remembered Abdan's buried wealth, but since he was a loyal servant, though Abdan would never have believed it, he made no attempt to enrich himself. Abdan's fortune remained hidden. Presently further information reached Tigiliki, at that time engaged much against his will in making a road with a dozen other prisoners, for he had been sentenced for causing unrest in an otherwise peaceful village, the information came to him that Abdan had left a son and heir.

Into Tigiliki's fertile brain was born the idea of vengeance and a revival of leopard worship. In the darkness of his hut he had considered the matter from all angles, seeking the advice of Kungai by means of spells and incantations known only to himself, for he was the last, surviving priest of the cult. Kungai had approved, but Tigiliki's frequent conflicts with the white man had taught him a lesson. He knew from bitter experience that a sudden uprising of armed warriors had no chance of success. Some other method must be found, for that one had failed too often.

So Tigiliki, since white men were his natural enemies, had decided that it would be profitable to glean some knowledge of their ways. No man goes forth blind against his adversary, and since Tigiliki desired something greater than a mere village revolt, he set out to study the quiet but inevitable way in which his hated foes were subduing and civilising black humanity in that particular part of Africa.

During the years that Damu was being reared by Zalama in the Lonely Lands, Tigiliki travelled widely and absorbed much knowledge against the time when the heir of Abdan would be of an age to use it. Tigiliki had no ambitions to the leadership of a revived Leopard People; that was not his way, but he would be the directing power behind Damu, until the boy was fit to take charge of his own destiny.

And so on Damu's tenth birthday Tigiliki came to pass judgment on him who was to lead a revival of Kungaiism. Damu exceeded his expectations. Here was a son of Abdan, of that there would be no doubt. There was something in the lad's bearing that was familiar.

TIGILIKI signed to the boy to squat by the fire. Thereupon he put Damu through a long series of questions, only to find that Zalama had done her worst well. Tigiliki nodded approvingly.

"But there is one thing which you have not got," he said, "and that is knowledge. And until you have knowledge equal to the white man's you cannot hope to vanquish him."

"To-morrow . . . will set f . . . t . . . together, and I will take you where knowledge may be acquired," decided Tigiliki.

The following day the two set forth and Zalama, as she watched them striding out across the plain, felt that the light had gone out of her life.

That night they slept in a native village, close to the site of the once proud city of

Abdan, where now the Union Flag hung motionless in the still and humid air.

Two days later, Tigiliki brought Damu to the mission station, where he was received with joy, for converts were still scarce in those parts of Africa.

DAMU proved himself a ready pupil. This strange new life was very different from his solitary existence upon Zalama's hill, and he threw himself into it with a vigor which surprised his teachers.

The worthy fathers, boldly striving to shed a little light upon a dark land, were quick to realise that in Damu they were dealing with a native whose capabilities were far beyond the average. His intelligence was extraordinary for one so young and with so little experience of learning. The missionaries, who often labored mightily upon ground of exceeding stoniness, were delighted, and prophesied a great future for their pupil.

Only one person, Father Tierney, who had devoted his life to the conversion of the heathen, doubted the wisdom and foresaw the danger of giving to a negro of Damu's exceptional abilities the type of education which was evidently intended.

One day, the far-seeing old priest said as much to Father Roscoe, head of the Mission to which the boy had been brought by Tigiliki, the witch doctor.

"Don't you think that we tend to over-educate the natives nowadays, Father?" said Shamus Tierney softly.

"I don't understand you," the other answered coldly.

Father Tierney sighed.

"Can't you see that by educating the negroes we enable them to understand how comparatively defenceless we are out here, and, in consequence, how small is the white man's hold upon the vast continent of Africa? Haven't you understood the change that has taken place in the attitude of the natives since they fought in the Great War on terms of equality with the white men as soldiers?"

"I think you are talking a great deal of nonsense," said Father Roscoe, in a tone of finality that placed a ban upon any further argument.

In due course, therefore, Damu was sent to the Government College at N'dabi which had recently been opened and was run as closely as was practicable upon the lines of an English public school. There he led a rather secluded existence. He was not a boy to make friends easily, for he was old beyond his years and he had known no youthful companionship until he was ten. Furthermore, he did not take to games as readily as his fellows; not that he was clumsy, far from it, for he was growing into a finely-proportioned, muscular young man, but sport did not hold his interest.

The one pursuit in which he found solace was reading. The school had the beginnings of a good library, and Damu read widely, but especially did he devote his attention to history.

Since the day when he had been delivered to the mission station he had not seen Tigiliki, but the priest had not lost touch with him. Even when Damu had moved to N'dabi, Tigiliki paid more than one visit to the town. But Damu, clad in shorts and a shirt, his mind busy with matters far removed from his childhood, did not recognise in the native squatting by the roadside with a blanket draped round his shoulders, the

man who, savage and untutored himself, had realised the value of knowledge and set Damu's feet upon the path of learning.

Damu, concerned more with books than sport or the craftsman's art, studied hard and fulfilled the promise that he had shown in the far-off mission school, and in his second year there were few prizes that were not within his reach. He realised this well enough, and he was determined that he would win as many as possible. It was not because of the fame and glory that would be part of his success, but rather because he wished, by the only means in his power, to be revenged upon certain other boys with similar ambitions who had scoffed at his dislike of games. Even thus early had Damu learned to fight his enemies only upon ground of his own choosing.

The night before the examinations, however, Damu experienced an amazing dream. It seemed that he was making his way through intense darkness along a narrow path from which his feet kept slipping. After a few steps they would slide sideways into soft, clinging mud, to drag them from which took all his strength. In his ears rang a clamor of voices, a confused shouting. Dark hands reached out of the blackness and fumbled blindly at his limbs, trying to pull him from the path. Presently out of the darkness ahead rose a tiny light, like a star twinkling low down upon the horizon. This, he knew, was his goal, and he increased his efforts to reach it. But now the clamoring of the voices increased, the invisible hands plucked more feverishly at him, and, worst of all, the firm path vanished from beneath his feet. He plunged into the thick, slimy mud, battling ever forwards, sinking sometimes to his knees. Always the light gleamed steadily before him, beckoning him on. Yet, to his staring eyes, it never seemed to draw nearer. His struggles grew weaker, the downward thrust of his legs more feeble, until, unable to fight any more, he began slowly to sink in the morass.

The cold mud rose steadily, encircling his waist, creeping remorselessly up his chest, until it clung about the base of his neck. Then, at last, the steadily burning light drew suddenly closer, shining down upon his upturned face. Wrenching his right hand free from the mud, he reached out to grasp it, but at that moment the light went out.

He awoke in a state of terror. He lay on his back, staring at the moonlight, his body wet with perspiration, wondering what his dream might mean. B'sidi, and a psychologist, would have had no difficulty in classing it as a pre-natal influence derived directly from B'sidi's experiences at the sacking of Abdan's city and from her journey to Zalama's cave.

Damu did not sleep again, but lay wide-eyed and wondering. With the daylight the effect of his nightmare waned, and ceased to be the dreadful thing which had made his night one of terror. As he entered the room where the examinations were to be held he banished the last remnants of the episode from his mind and concentrated fiercely upon the work which lay before him.

When the papers were concluded he felt that he had done well, but it was not until the results were published that he knew the extent of his success. His masters congratulated him, for indeed his was a notable achievement.

The prize-giving was held in the open under a cloudless sky. Upon a covered dais sat the principal of the college, the masters, and certain influential people from N'dabi. Among them was Sir George Burton, who was visiting the territory in which

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he had large estates. On the West Coast Sir George was an important personage, and the authorities had been careful that he was one of the first to be approached in connection with the scheme for the founding of the college.

Sir George had been enthusiastic from the first, and had subscribed generously to the college funds, for he was a rich man. Indeed, it suited his vanity to pose as a philanthropist, although his enemies asserted that his philanthropy never extended to anything which was not likely to return him a good dividend.

He sat under the canopy which sheltered those on the dais from the heat of the sun, his ruffled face creased in a pleased smile.

Presently he became aware that among the applause the name of Abdan had been called more than once. He looked round to see a well-set-up youth receiving a prize and bowing his thanks with more than usual dignity. He had a thinner face than was normally found among the negro race, the lips were not so full, nor the squat nose so bridgeless.

When the ceremony was concluded, Sir George, having contrived to get a few moments' conversation with Lady Blayden, approached the headmaster.

"Who was that young lad who was taking all the prizes?" he inquired.

"Oh, that was Abdan. Quite the cleverest boy we have had here. His mental qualities are really unusually advanced for his age and—er—race."

"And what will he be when the time comes for him to leave the college?" Sir George asked.

The head shrugged his shoulders. "It is a little early to say yet. Of course many of our boys take up teaching. That might appeal to Abdan. I'm afraid he's not at all interested in agriculture or dispensing. There's a chance that the C.M.S. might claim him and turn him into a parson. In any case he will certainly go to the higher college."

A sudden idea entered the head's mind.

"Of course," he said, after a shrewd glance at Sir George, "a boy of Abdan's ability is rather wasted here. He deserves something better than that. With his brains no one can tell where he would finish if he was given a real chance to show his powers."

"Do you mean a University education?"

The head nodded. "But with nothing behind him it's not possible. If he was the son of a native merchant he'd probably get the opportunity without having the ability to profit by it. Probably it would be the making of Abdan and greatly benefit the Territory."

Before Sir George Burton left the coast on his return to England it had been arranged that Damu bin Abdan, whom nobody connected with the bloody tyrant whose evil community had been destroyed a dozen or more years ago, should spend a further six months at the Government College and then proceed to Sedhurst School under the patronage of Sir George, who would guarantee all expenses.

Damu showed no emotion when the news was broken to him, beyond expressing his gratitude to his benefactor.

Damu completed his six months, and in due course boarded the liner which was to carry him to England. Among the crowds of natives who watched the passengers for the liner embarking on the surf-boat was Tigilki, leaning on his staff, with his red blanket draped round his shoulders. Damu, however, did not recognise him.

Three weeks later, after Damu had landed in England, Tigilki once more crouched over the fire in Zalama's cave.

"Where is he? Where is my brave Damu?" asked Zalama.

"He has gone over the sea to the land of the white men," answered the priest of Kungai.

"Ayeeh! But he will die there!" wailed the woman. "We shall never see him again. Ah, my beautiful Damu."

"Nay," replied Tigilki, "he will return." And he spoke with such assurance that, for a time, Zalama was comforted.

DAMU BIN ABDAN settled himself a little lower on the settee end, without taking his eyes from the book propped against his thigh, fumbled for a cigarette in the box which lay on the floor by his side.

No one would have recognised in the slim, well-built figure clothed in the usual grey flannel trousers and tweed coat, the half-naked stripling whom Tigilki had brought to the mission station at Yaga so many years before. And Damu had changed a good deal from the boy whose name, so often repeated at the prize-giving at the Government College at N'dabi, had attracted the attention of Sir George Burton. Four years at Sedhurst School had moulded his character into the type which the public schools of England turn out by the thousand.

On the whole they had been happy, care-free years. He had been well treated. The fact that he was of an alien race and had a dark skin did not tell against him, nor did his lack of interest in games, for at Sedhurst they were not compulsory.

If the transition from N'dabi to Sedhurst had altered Damu's outlook, the move to Cambridge had brought about an even greater change. While at N'dabi he had always felt that though the masters were kind and considerate, nevertheless they belonged to the ruling race. He had accepted that as inevitable. At Sedhurst, however, he was surprised to find that apart from the necessary discipline, he was treated as the equal of the white man.

When, however, Damu came up to Cambridge, being an observant young man, he could not help noticing that in some mysterious way there had arisen an invisible gulf which separated him from those around him.

Inwardly furious at this treatment and unable to realise that the fault lay in himself, Damu did a stupid thing. The more or less sedate life at Cambridge is occasionally relieved by practical jokes. Of this Damu had already had ample proof, for in his early days he had himself been the victim of some college jester more than once. He decided that he would stage a joke himself. He would show that he, too, had a sense of humor, and then afterwards his friends would unanimously hail him as a good fellow.

So it happened that one morning the people in St. Andrew's Street were surprised to observe a tall figure in a top hat, the purple frock coat so often affected by colored singers on the stage, and white flannel trousers parading up and down a hundred-yard beat and pounding vigorously upon a large drum. Many, thinking that this was the advance party of a travelling circus, stopped and watched the performance for a few minutes, but when no circus appeared they went about their business. So that apart from a bevy of small and loquacious urchins who trailed in his wake, no one took much interest in Damu's tympanic performance. One or two acquaintances who chanced to arrive upon the scene departed hastily after a horrified glance lest the drummer should hail them.

Thus Damu's joke was a dismal failure.

He had confidently expected applause and laughter to greet his performance, and instead no one had considered it worthy of their attention, except a number of small boys who had given an unparalleled example of juvenile rudeness.

For a week after this incident Damu kept to his rooms and refused to go out, and during those seven days not a soul came near him except his landlady. That was perhaps, the bitterest pill which Damu had to swallow. To himself he appeared an outcast. In some way, which he did not understand, he had transgressed the social code, and that gulf which he had made so desperate an attempt to bridge was now wider than ever.

Thereafter Damu's life was a solitary one, but solitude, he reflected bitterly, was apparently his lot. Books were his pleasure, and he continued to read widely.

Not that he was entirely without human company. Acquaintances dropped in upon him now and then, but he had no real friend, except perhaps Geoffrey Burton, the son of Sir George Burton by whose philanthropy Damu had gone to Sedhurst. The holidays and vacations Damu had invariably spent with the Burtons, and that was the only time that Damu was unaware of the gulf.

Geoffrey had not been at Sedhurst, but to a more eminent school. He was not a particularly pleasant youth, but his company made Damu's life a little less solitary during the days that followed the incident of the drum-beating. Happily that episode had soon been forgotten, and Damu, aware that the invisible gulf could not be removed until this materialistic world had been turned into a Utopia, had grown more or less resigned to his lot.

So the time had passed, and Damu, now in his third year, had progressed steadily in his work and had taken most of his examinations in his stride. But the night before nearly every test there had recurred that same nightmare which had come to him first of all at the Government College at N'dabi. Although in his sleep he was reduced to a piece of sweating, terror-stricken humanity, the dream did not worry him once he was awake. Indeed, within an hour of rising he had usually forgotten it.

Now on this warm afternoon of early summer he lay at his ease secure in the knowledge that his last examination, the final of the History Tripos, was over, and that shortly he would leave Cambridge for good. He had no clear idea of what he was going to do, but in a letter he had received from Sir George Burton a week or two ago, the knight had hinted that he would be able to use his influence and get Damu "fixed up in a good job."

AN itinerant musician entered the far end of the quiet street. As the music reached his ears Damu frowned, but he did not look up from his reading. Presently, above the wall of the gramophone, a voice came floating up from the pavement below.

"Damu, thou son of Abdan, art thou in?"

With his eyes still upon his book Damu lifted one foot, clad in a pale mauve sock and a brown brogue, and waggled it out of the window. The speaker took this as an invitation to enter, and presently steps were heard on the stairs, the door of the sitting-room opened, and Geoffrey Burton came in.

He was of medium height, with a thin, narrow face set upon slight shoulders. His loose mouth drooped a little at the corners and his eyes were inclined to protrude, which gave him an air of perpetual sur-

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prise. He was neatly attired, his trousers well creased, his coat just sufficiently waisted and fastened in the front with one button.

As Geoffrey stooped to pick a cigarette from the box he read the title of Damu's book.

"Europe Under Napoleon: A Critical Treatise. Lord, you do read some rot; I should think you've been through every history book in Cambridge, haven't you?"

"Not by a long way," said Damu. "But if I remained here no doubt I should."

"You go down for good at the end of this term, don't you? What are you going to do?"

Damu shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. I had a letter from my Ouy'hor the other day. He told me not to worry because he'd be able to fix me up in something."

"Oh, the Old Man will manage that all right. He can do anything, or rather he thinks he can. Why don't you try for a fellowship of some kind?"

"Fellowships are not for people like myself."

"But you're just the sort. Never stopped swotting since you first grabbed a book. You'd be in Heaven here."

Damu smiled. "You forget I possess one drawback—my color!"

"Oh, that's all rot," said Geoffrey, moving uncomfortably in the armchair in which he had seated himself.

For the first time the asthmatic gramophone in the street below caught Geoffrey's attention.

"What the devil's that row?" he demanded, only too anxious to change the subject.

Damu, glancing out, saw the one-armed musician slowly trundling his barrow along the gutter.

"Some poor devil begging for a living," he said, and taking half-a-crown from his pocket he tossed it through the open window.

The musician darted for the coin, past experience warning him of the danger of adjacent drains, grabbed it, and glanced up preparatory to touching his hat. The only person he could see, however, was the smiling Damu, for Geoffrey was standing a little to one side of the window.

The man hesitated, with his hand half-way to his hat. He looked at the coin and then at Damu. Finally, with the briefest of nods, he pocketed the half-crown and began to push his vehicle further along the road.

The smile on Damu's full lips became a trifle twisted.

"It's curious," he said, "that wretched beggar had considerable doubts about accepting my half-crown."

"Perhaps he thought it was bad."

"No, that was not the reason."

"No, the reason was my color. He, a white man, for all his poverty, didn't like accepting money from, shall we say, a native."

"Oh, don't talk rot! You're getting as sensitive as any girl about your skin. Go and have a mud pack, or better still, come with me to Johnny Tile's rooms this evening. He's got some girls and fellows coming in, and Laura Renton is going to read a paper. It ought to be amusing."

Damu, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, eyed backwards and forwards from his heels to his toes.

"It should certainly be amusing," he remarked.

"Well, come, then. You haven't been to Johnny's for a long time."

Damu considered the ceiling.

"All right," said he. "I'll come."

Johnny Tile was a young man with an unhealthy mind.

In appearance he was short and ill-developed, with an unhealthy, muddy-colored complexion. His head was set so low upon his shoulders that he appeared to have no neck. He had a biting tongue and was fully capable of holding his own in argument. It was because of these qualities that he held undisputed sway over the little coterie which was accustomed to gather from time to time in his rooms.

The rooms themselves were furnished with sundry armchairs and an unusual number of cushions, but the guests preferred to deposit themselves uncomfortably on the floor for some reason known only to themselves, unless it was to draw attention to their freedom from convention. The walls were decorated with a considerable array of pictures.

When Geoffrey and Damu arrived there were already half a dozen men and women present. Damu reflected that the men were a weedy lot, but the women had interested him when he had previously been to these gatherings. For one thing, he had had little experience of feminine society and for another these girls who sat about in heaps, smoked cigarettes from abnormally long holders, and dressed in peculiar garments that looked rather like flour sacks hung from their shoulders, were quite different from the few white women he had met.

He sat down on the floor near Geoffrey and looked round, smiling cheerfully at the faces he recognised. The conversation was general and presently he found himself listening to a trade from the girl who sat next him against what she called the restricted freedom of women. Much of her speech was meaningless to Damu, but he contrived to keep up a semblance of polite attention by interjecting "Yes," "Of course," "I quite agree," at appropriate moments.

The speaker was a thin-faced girl with a bird-like, eager expression, and straight-cut black hair that hung in limp strands to her shoulders. She sat on a cushion, her body twisted into an awkward posture, gazing up into Damu's face in a manner which, until he became used to it, made him feel acutely uneasy.

Presently, however, she began to question him about the position of women in his country. Damu, who realised that he belonged to no country and no tribe, obediently told her stories of native life which he had heard from the boys at the Government College at N'dabi. Before long Damu had a little group of eager people about him. When he stopped speaking, they pressed him to continue and plied him with questions about this and that aspect of a native's life.

Damu rather liked this sudden popularity, and, since he quickly realised that his audience knew nothing at all about Africa, he was easily able to improvise the answers to questions which were beyond his knowledge. Freda hung on to his arm as if she was afraid some other admirer might attempt to cajole Damu from the side of his legitimate discoverer, and she basked in the reflected glory with all the pleased satisfaction of a cat before a fire.

Damu enjoyed himself immensely.

After that Damu attended Johnny Tile's meetings with regularity, spoke several times on the lesser known aspects of native life in Africa to an attentive audience, which clamored for more, and exchanged deep and soul-searing conversations with Freda.

So this peculiar companionship continued until the end of term. Damu was going

down for good, and, with Gregory, was bound for the latter's house in Buckinghamshire. Sir George had decided to migrate into Southern England, for most of his business interests were now centred in London. For some time he had been trying to find a house suitable for a man of his position and family, and after a long search he had discovered exactly what he wanted, a well-built Georgian house in good repair not far from the western end of the Chiltern Hills.

DAMU did not go straight to Sir George Barton's country house from Cambridge. There were certain formalities in connection with Colonial Office regulations to be complied with upon the termination of his University career which made it necessary for him to spend a few days in London.

Geoffrey, not displeased at the idea of being let loose in London, free from parental control, generously offered to keep Damu company until his business was concluded. It had been his idea that they should put up at a really first-class hotel for the period of their stay in the metropolis, but Sir George, more far-seeing than his son and not altogether unaware that negroes are not welcomed as guests at the best hotels, had made arrangements for the boys to live at his flat in Kensington, and thither the chauffeur took them.

Geoffrey, at first, was inclined to resent this arrangement, sensing it as a subterfuge on the part of his father to keep him under observation.

Damu, on the other hand, was delighted that they were to stay at the flat. It was wonderfully comfortable, the man Sir George kept there was attentive.

Above all else, the flat was quiet, and quiet solitude was something which Damu desired above all else at the moment. One phase of his life was now definitely finished. Sir George, it is true, had promised to obtain some sort of an appointment for him, but still, the future remained entirely nebulous.

Perhaps the job Sir George was going to suggest would not appeal to him, in which case he felt sure he would turn it down. He had done wonderfully well in schools at Cambridge, and was supremely confident of his ability to carve out his own future should the need arise for him to do so.

He had a distinct feeling that Sir George, in his own queer way, was proud of his protégé, and would probably want to keep him in England for the sake of the pleasure to be derived from watching his progress and the secret satisfaction of feeling that Damu's success was due to Sir George's generosity.

Damu, who was wonderfully shrewd by nature, had an extremely clear appreciation of the situation. At the same time, he was not at all sure that he wanted to stay in England.

There were little incidents that rankled in his mind. Once a sun-bronzed man, evidently home on leave from the colonies, had shouldered him rudely into the gutter when he had not seen a lady approaching in time to give her right of way on the pavement. Or again, he still went hot all over and, no doubt, blushed beneath his dusky skin when he happened to remember what a fool he had made of himself by banging that infernal big drum up and down one of the main thoroughfares of Cambridge.

Curiously enough, it was a much more trivial incident that worried him the most, for he could not forget the half-veiled contempt in the eyes of the war-disabled ex-

serviceman to whom he had hung half a crown from the window of his rooms in Cambridge, and who had pulled himself up with a jerk upon the point of acknowledging the gift by touching his hat. Anyway, his native land was calling.

SIR GEORGE BURTON was a self-made man, and he often used to say that the only reason he had succeeded in life was because he had always insisted upon having his own way. From this remark it will be correctly deduced that there were times when he was unpleasantly arrogant and assertive, but he was never more so than after he had dined well. These, however, were some of his less pleasing qualities. At other times he could be kind and sympathetic, yet his kindly feelings were always ruled by a shrewd, hard-headed common sense.

He presided over his household in a dictatorial and stern manner. This was partly because he imagined that now he owned an estate and was a man of property—that phrase was one of his favorites—it was the correct demeanor for him to adopt. His wife, Lady Emma Burton, whom he had married when a comparatively young man, never argued with him, but accepted his orders and his opinions with humble acquiescence.

She had married her husband when he was a humble worker in a Midland iron-works. For years she had risen in the early hours of the morning, got him something to eat, for in those days the works opened considerably earlier than half-past seven, and when he came home for breakfast, she had already cleaned the tiny house, which was exactly similar externally to the remaining thirty-nine in the row, and was half-way through her morning's work. It had never occurred to her that she would ever live anywhere but in that dismal, four-roomed cottage.

George Burton had other ideas, however, and as the years passed he rose in the firm by devious means which did not endear him to his fellow workers. The cottage was exchanged for a semi-detached villa of eminent respectability near the outskirts of the town.

Mr. George Burton was very conscious of his position in those days.

Then came the War, and George Burton's organising ability was given full scope. He became works manager when the firm began to make shells and gun-mountings. Before very long he submitted a plan whereby the production was nearly doubled. He represented his employers at Government conferences, until some astute person realised that in his present position he was being wasted.

So George Burton Enquire was removed from the firm which had employed him since the tender age of fifteen, and given work of national importance where there was no limit set upon his activities. In four years he had acquired the best part of half a million, a title, and a detached house standing in its own grounds two miles outside the town where he had spent much of his life. The house was old-fashioned and in need of repair, for even Sir George found builders difficult to get in those days, and he was not altogether contented with it. Since he was seldom there, however, he did not really worry. Much of his time was spent in London where he had a luxurious service flat.

When peace was declared, Sir George rose upon the crest of the post-war boom. He nearly doubled his fortune and had carefully invested it, so that when the slump came he was not hit so hardly as

most people. However he operated circum-spectly for a year or two, sold his country house for a thousand pounds more than he gave for it, and forced his wife to live in the London flat, which she hated. Now, however, that his son was on the point of finishing his university career, which had been singularly lacking in brilliance, Sir George decided that the flat was not sufficiently commodious.

Presently Geoffrey would want to marry, and his father in his rare sentimental moments, dreamed of founding a family that in time would be an ornament to the county in which it was settled. More, there was his own age to be considered. At some distant date he would, no doubt, want to retire from business, but having worked hard all his life he would want something to occupy his leisure. What better than a country estate?

In due course he discovered Beechers, which had belonged to a certain Lieutenant-Colonel Romsey, who had broken his neck while hunting in Leicestershire. His daughter, then a girl of one and twenty, was his only heir and relative. When she had recovered from her grief, for she had adored her father, her solicitors had informed her that she would in future have an income of barely a hundred and fifty a year. Obviously Beechers, which had been her home ever since she was born, and the home of her father and grandfather before her, could not be retained, and though she knew that she would feel the loss almost as much as the death of her father, Helen Romsey realised that the place must be sold.

That, however, was not such an easy matter. At that period buyers of country estates were not numerous. Beechers was not in particularly good repair, for its late owner had had no money to spare for renovations. It lacked central heating and an efficient water system, while the electric light was woefully inadequate. Helen went to stay with friends, leaving the sale in the hands of her solicitors.

Month after month passed. Helen, who was blessed with good friends, realised that she could expect to make no fortune on the sale of her home. Indeed, she would be lucky to sell it at all. And since she could neither live on her friends for ever any more than she could live on a hundred and fifty a year, she began to look round for a job. That appeared to be almost as difficult as selling Beechers.

Then one day, in his search for a house which might take his fancy, Sir George Burton viewed Beechers. Because he had more than enough money for his needs he was not disturbed by the large amount of repairs that would be necessary. The place attracted him, because he would be able to incorporate so many of his own ideas into its reconstruction. Yet he hesitated to clinch the bargain. It was then that the agent in a flash of genius related the story of the late owner and his daughter.

"Only a hundred and fifty a year to live on, eh?" murmured Sir George.

"Can I see this young woman?"

The agent did not hesitate. "Certainly." So the agent arranged an appointment and wrote a private note to Helen, emphasising that there was a chance, and probably the only one they would ever get, of selling Beechers. He advised her to agree to any suggestion within reason that Sir George might make, little knowing what was in the millionaire's mind.

Helen kept the appointment with some trepidation. Sir George received her in the library of his London flat, asked her to sit down, and then looked keenly at her for several seconds.

"You will understand, Miss Romsey, that we are very simple people with humble beginnings. If we move from our station in life, as we should be doing if we took Beechers, there are innumerable pitfalls into which we should stumble. Social pitfalls, and also, because I know little about managing an estate, pitfalls of a different kind. I have no doubt that many of the tenants, and the household and gardening staff would wish to return when the place was opened again. I should want your advice there. Moreover, my wife is unused to entertaining. You could help her there, and prevent her from making any solecisms of which she might otherwise be guilty. You understand me, Miss Romsey?"

Helen nodded thoughtfully. "Good! I will leave you to consider the offer for a few minutes. I may add that the engagement, if you accept it, will be for one year at a salary of £250."

When Sir George had left the room Helen, slightly amazed at the offer, thought steadily for a long time. She needed the money and it was just the sort of job she could do, almost the only one in fact, and for a time she would still be living at her beloved Beechers. As to what her friends might think, Helen did not give that matter a thought. They knew she was hard up and if they didn't like to know her as a housekeeper-companion-adviser, then that would be their loss.

When Sir George returned, she accepted his offer without hesitation.

"I'm very glad," he said, shaking hands with her. "If I am any judge of character you won't let me go wrong without a struggle. Come and meet my wife."

Helen took an instant liking to Lady Burton. Unaffected by her husband's grandiose ideas, disliking to a great extent the social responsibilities which his numerous business concerns make it necessary for her to shoulder, she had remained through all his successes the simple Emma Burton who had run so efficiently upon his meagre wages, the cottage in which they had begun their married life.

It was to this household that Damsy and Geoffrey returned from Cambridge. For a time they were both a trifle puzzled by Helen. Although they knew that she was employed by Sir George, it seemed strange to them that she should move about the house as if it were still hers, and, indeed, she was far more at home in it than her employer. She had been allowed to keep her own two rooms, a bedroom and sitting-room, and no one ever disturbed her privacy. On the whole she was happy, for she loved Beechers, and had grown out of the feeling of aversion which first she had entertained towards the strangers when they came to live there. Sir George treated her well, Lady Burton adored her after a week's acquaintance, and until the arrival of Damsy and Geoffrey, life was very pleasant.

Then, within a fortnight, things had altered. Helen, who was an eminently sensible girl, quickly became aware that Geoffrey would be troublesome. He took to engaging her in animated conversation, and followed this up by suggesting drives in his car. Helen extricated herself from these situations as best she could, but it was not easy to accomplish this without giving offence, and, for the first time, she realised how unpleasant life must be for attractive girls who are constantly pestered by amorous employers.

One morning he met her in the empty lounge. Helen was carrying a large bunch

of roses which the head gardener had just given her, and which she intended to place in Lady Burton's sitting-room.

"By Jove, what a picture!" Geoffrey said, halting in front of her.

"They are good!" said Helen. "Beechers has always been famous for its roses, you know. I think old Hodge regards them as the only thing in the garden worth bothering about."

"I must say that you add to their beauty, Helen," said Geoffrey, his eyes fixed upon her face.

Helen bent her head to avoid his intent gaze and smelt the blooms.

"I'm putting them in your mother's room," she replied, ignoring the remark, and turning away.

Geoffrey grasped her gently by the wrist of the hand that held the roses and pulled her towards him. Before Helen quite realised what had happened his other arm was about her waist and she was forced up against him. Geoffrey, rather red in the face, bent over her.

"Let me go at once!" she cried indignantly.

"A kiss and you shall," retorted Geoffrey. Helen struggled, but her arms were imprisoned and the heat she could do was to turn her head back and away from him. It was from this position that she saw the door which had been previously shut was now ajar.

"The door! The door!" she whispered. Geoffrey released her suddenly and swung round, just as the door opened wide to admit Damu.

"Rubbio, Geoff," he cried. "I was looking for you."

He stood aside to allow Helen to pass through the doorway, returning her smile, but observing at the same time that she was flushed and a little agitated. He watched her cross the wide hall and ascend the staircase. Then he turned to Geoffrey.

"So your attentions were not welcomed, eh?"

Geoffrey lighted a cigarette and did not reply. He preferred to appear to Damu as a successful Casanova rather than as a rejected Lothario, for, like most of his type, he was conceited.

"I like Helen," said Damu. "She's so friendly and—oh, well, I can't explain, exactly."

"Have you heard from Freda Gorle?" Geoffrey asked, changing the subject.

"Yes. She's persuaded her parents to allow her to take rooms in Chelsea, and she's gone to live there. She wants me to go over and see her one day."

"Why don't you go?"

"I don't know," replied Damu, shrugging his shoulders. His glance wandered to the stairs up which Helen had disappeared as if he was mentally comparing the two girls. "You see, I'm pretty busy just now reading that book on Hannibal."

"Good Heavens! It was Napoleon the other day."

"And it will be Julius Caesar next week," grinned Damu.

Geoffrey groaned.

"What you can see in it beats me," he said. "I like something with a bit of love in it, something exciting."

Damu shut the door and slid down into a settee.

"Merely a difference in outlook," he remarked. "I read for instruction, you for amusement. I say, Geoff, why did you try to kiss Helen?"

"Because she looks nice to kiss, if you want to know, and because I felt like kissing her."

"But she didn't feel like kissing you?"

"She will in time. They need a bit of coaxing, the best ones." He flicked the ash from his cigarette. "Never pay for kisses, Damu, because they're always unsatisfactory."

Damu thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. "Funny thing, I've never kissed a girl yet."

LADY BURTON, for all her simplicity, occasionally showed that she was in certain matters a shrewd observer. One morning, a few days after her encounter with Geoffrey in the library, Helen was assisting her employer with her correspondence.

Lady Burton looked at her affectionately. "Are you quite happy here, my dear?" she said.

"Quite, thank you. Somehow you and Sir George make me feel that Beechers is still really mine, and that means a lot."

"Well, so long as you are happy," Lady Burton paused a moment and then added abruptly. "Do you get on all right with Geoffrey?"

"Of course," said Helen, who had no wish to worry the old lady.

"I just asked because I thought that during the last day or two you and Geoffrey seemed a little off-handed with each other."

Aware that Lady Burton was watching her, Helen made no answer.

"You see, my dear, Geoffrey is the idol of his father, who thinks he can do no wrong, but though I am very fond of him, I am not blind to his shortcomings. I have had trouble with him before now. He has often come to me when he dare not go to his father for help. There have been many troubles, for although his allowance is ample it never seems enough. His father and I know the value of every halfpenny, because we have been through times when halfpennies were few. Geoffrey has never known what it is to be hard up. But, besides money, there have been other incidents."

Suddenly she put her hand upon Helen's arm.

"My dear, if Geoffrey annoys you at all, you must let me know, for I won't have you made miserable."

Helen laughed. "I shouldn't dream of worrying you, even if such a thing happened. I am quite able to look after myself."

"I don't doubt that, but it is always a good thing to have a friend to help you. What do you think of Damu?"

"I like him," Helen said frankly, "but at the same time I'm sorry for him."

"Sorry?" Lady Burton looked surprised.

"Why? He is very happy with us and always has been. So far as I know he has no troubles."

"Not yet," Helen replied gravely, "but he will have very soon. Damu is ambitious. I know, because I have often talked to him about his future. The point is that you, to be more accurate, his upbringing and education have made him into something very much like a white man, but they haven't been able to give him a white skin."

Lady Burton sighed and shook her head. The problem was one which she did not fully understand.

She turned to Helen and wagged a forefinger at her.

"I know where you have been collecting all this knowledge—from your young man."

"Oh, he's not that; only a very great friend."

"I'm not so sure. When is he coming down to stay with us?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Very well, you needn't worry about me while he is here. The two of you can just go off and amuse yourselves."

"Oh, I shouldn't dream of deserting you, and if you insist I shall telegraph Jim not to come."

Nevertheless, Helen was waiting with the two-seater car, which was used by everybody at Beechers, at the little station of Watnor, when Jim Fanshaw's train ambled slowly into sight.

Helen and Jim had known each other since childhood, when Jim's parents had lived on the other side of the wooded valley in which Beechers lay. But in later years they had met seldom, for Fanshaw had gone out to Kenya, where he had become a District Commissioner. He was now home on leave.

As he stepped from the train, tall, thin-faced, and sun-bronzed, Helen gave him both her hands.

"Jim! It is good to see you again!"

"Helen! You're looking twice as nice as I imagined you would look."

Helen laughed and led him to the car. The suitcases were flung into the dicky, and the three-mile journey to Beechers was commenced. As she drove, Helen explained his hosts to Jim, and the changes he might expect to see in the old home.

"Sir George is quite a good sort. A bit arrogant and bombastic, but that's just his way. His wife's a dear; you can't help liking her. Then there is their son, Geoffrey. He's still up at Cambridge, and I don't think much of him. He's an unlucky young cub, and he wants putting in his place. Then there is Damu."

"Who?" queried Jim.

"Damu bin Abdan. He's a West African. Sir George sort of adopted him years ago, and sent him to Sedhurst and Cambridge. He's just come down. He's quite a nice boy, and pretty clever."

Jim grunted. His experience of educated natives had not made him at all enthusiastic.

"I'd like you to have a word with Damu, Jim. He's ambitious, and I can see that he's going to have a hard time presently. You will understand better than I how difficult life is likely to be for a native who is white in everything but his skin. Sir George will see that he gets a decent job, I think, but perhaps you can give him some good advice."

"Good Heavens, Helen, you talk as if I were about ninety! I'll have a yarn with the boy, all the same."

No more was said about the matter at the moment, and meantime Jim met Damu.

That he was brilliantly clever was apparent, but far more than that, he seemed to possess much of that easy sang froid which is the heritage of those Indian rajahs who have descended from a long line of rulers whose civilisation is older than that of the West.

Late that evening Jim dropped in to the little sitting-room which Sir George Burton had set aside for Helen's private use.

As Jim entered, Helen swung her legs off the couch, and, drawing aside her skirt, made room for him beside her.

Jim took the seat thus offered, and, with a sigh of sheer contentment, produced and began to pack his pipe slowly.

"I have been running my eye over your young, black protégé, Master Damu bin Abdan. You're right, Helen, and if, as you say, that youth is really ambitious he certainly looked for the high jump. I don't know yet, of course, what line his ambitions may take, but I am afraid that I am old-fashioned enough to believe that God meant the black man to remain a drawer of water and a tiller of the soil."

"Of course, things are different on the

west coast from what they are with us in Kenya. There, we have no rich black merchant princes. We've plenty of powerful native chiefs, of course, but they're just that and nothing else. They don't attempt to acquire our culture, nor do we encourage them to do so."

"Well, it's all rather disturbing," said Helen, "but perhaps poor Damu will solve his own problem by becoming one of those rich black merchant princes of whom you spoke."

"That's just it," said Jim. "I doubt if all this prosperity and trading with us on terms of, shall we say, business equality, is really good for the negroes. Wasn't it Leon Boy who said 'Servants becoming masters, and masters becoming servants, that is the secret of historic evolution in every country?'"

"I don't know," said Helen, "but what are you getting at?"

"Well," answered Jim, "I should hate to think of some black magnate employing down-and-out whites in his go-downs and offices."

The days passed pleasantly enough. Helen and Jim rode a good deal, for though there were now no horses kept at Beechers they were able to hire two passable hacks from a farm nearby.

Occasionally Damu accompanied them, but he was not particularly keen on riding, and more often than not they went alone. The tennis court was often used. Occasionally Helen and Damu had played, but she could beat him easily, for he was not interested in the game although he had a good eye and would have made an excellent player if he had persevered.

With Jim it was a different matter, for he made up in strength and cunning for his lack of practice. At first Helen beat him fairly comfortably, but as the days passed her victories became more difficult to achieve.

"They make a good pair, don't they?" said Lady Burton to her husband as they sat one evening upon the terrace watching a strenuous struggle taking place upon the court below.

"Yes, Helen's a good girl and I like young Fanshaw," replied her husband.

"I expect they will marry presently. B." continued Lady Burton, who was something of a sentimentalist.

On the court below the set was drawing to an end. Jim was leading by six games to five, and 40-30. Helen drove deep to the forehand and then into the backhand corner, and ran to the net intent on making the score deuce with a neat volley. But she had for the moment forgotten Jim's long legs and cunning. He reached the ball in plenty of time and executed a crafty lob just out of Helen's reach. She raced to the back of the court, but the ball pitched on the baseline and, because of the spin on it, did not rise more than a foot.

"Game and set," called Damu from the umpire's chair.

"Oh, beast!" cried Helen laughingly. "Why didn't you say it was out? Well done, Jim. You're running into form. What do you say to a bathe before dinner?"

"Good enough for me, when we've cooled down," replied Jim, mopping his forehead.

"What about you, Damu?"

"Rather! It'll be my fourth to-day."

Half an hour later Helen, Jim, and Damu assembled at the water's edge. The pale skin of Helen and of herself shone out in vivid contrast to the well-developed, dark brown body of Damu.

"A hefty young man," thought Jim. The heat of Kenya had stripped every bit of

superfluous flesh from his own bones and if it had left him rather lean, at least he was as tough as whipcord. Helen made a beautiful picture as she poised her slim figure upon the edge of the springboard. The two men watched her as she dived head first into the still water with scarcely a splash.

"I'm coming to-morrow morning before breakfast," declared Helen later. "The water is gorgeous in the early morning."

"What do you call early?" enquired Jim, with mild sarcasm.

"Oh, seven, but of course you'll be sound asleep."

"I'll bet you a pair of stockings I'm down here before you."

"Done!" cried Helen quickly. "Starting time is 8.45. Anything before that disqualifies. Damu had better come as umpire."

When Damu awoke the next morning he saw by his watch that it was half-past six. He remembered that he was to act as umpire at the lake in a few minutes, and the recollection of that duty brought the thought of Helen into his mind. She was very different from Freda Gorie, with her lank, black hair and shapeless clothes. There was something about Helen that attracted Damu and roused in him emotions of which previously he had not been aware. He remembered, too, that he had been rather annoyed when he had discovered Geoffrey trying to kiss her, though he had successfully disguised his irritation.

He got out of bed and put on his bathing costume. By the time he had descended the stairs and crossed the terrace his watch showed him that it was twenty minutes to seven. The lake was as smooth as glass under the rays of the morning sun. Damu sat on the springboard and waited. A cheerful "Good morning, Damu," roused him. He turned to see Helen running lightly over the smooth turf.

"Have I won? Where's Jim?"

For the first time since he had arrived at the lake Damu recollected the bet.

"Jim's not shown up yet," he replied. He was surprised that he had some difficulty in forming his words. Helen, however, did not notice anything peculiar.

"Well, his laziness has cost him a pair of stockings," she cried, and slipped off her wrap.

The sight of Helen walking lightly as a nymph over the concrete broke his self-control. He lurched forward and in an instant had gathered her in his strong brown arms.

"Helen, Helen!" he mumbled, unaware at the moment what he was saying or doing.

The girl stifled a scream and struggled to free herself. But Damu only clasped her tighter.

"Damu, let go! What do you think you're doing? Let me go at once!"

"No, no," muttered Damu feverishly. "I love you! Helen, Helen!"

By that time, Helen in her struggles had managed to free one arm, and she promptly dealt Damu a resounding blow on the ear. Damu gasped with astonishment. Then a fierce light came into his dark eyes.

A sudden shout made him pause, then, as the shout was repeated, he released Helen. Three seconds later, Jim Fanshaw arrived at a run, a grim set look about his mouth. Helen was flushed and panting with her exertions, while Damu stood a yard or two away, his arms by his sides, and a brooding, sullen expression on his

face. Jim glanced from one to the other. Then he crossed to Helen's side.

"All right, my dear?" he asked anxiously.

She nodded. "Yes, thanks, but I don't think I'll bathe this morning. I'll go back and dress."

He helped her into her wrap and taking her by the arm, led her towards the terrace. Neither of them looked at Damu, who remained motionless, staring at their retreating figures.

Four hours later Jim ran Damu to earth in the library.

"Damu, I want a word with you. If you had been in Kenya and had behaved to a white woman as you did this morning, you would have been imprisoned and flogged."

"It so happens that we are not in Kenya, but in England."

"That is true, but it makes no difference to your treatment of white women. Understand that so far as you are concerned, you are a native and however long you remain in England you will never be anything else but a native. The sooner you get that firmly fixed in your mind the better it will be for your own happiness and well-being."

"I understand that perfectly, thank you," said Damu.

"I'm glad you do," replied Fanshaw, filling a pipe. "You see, everyone here likes you and, of course, nothing more will be said about this morning's incident. So far as Helen and I are concerned, it is already forgotten."

Suddenly Damu flung the book from him and jumped to his feet.

"But I have not forgotten it," he cried, his eyes flashing. "I have not forgotten that however long I remain in England, whatever profession I enter, however high I rise in it, I am nothing to the English people but a dirty native! I am brought from Africa, I am given a white education, I learn to think and behave like a white man, but I must not touch white women. Oh, no, that is not allowed. White women are not for natives. Do you think that I, too, haven't got some pride? Don't you think that I was hurt, yes, hurt as I have never been hurt before at the look of revulsion on Helen's face when my hands, my black hands, touched her? Do you think I am grateful to the white race for so kindly allowing me to come to their country to learn at their schools and university? No! I take all they have to offer me with open hands, and I hate them for every crumb they give me!"

"That's a pretty nasty frame of mind to be in," Jim countered. "After all, what Sir George has done for you has not been actuated by any selfish motive, and you certainly should feel grateful for the chance he has given you in life."

"THE chance of what?" Damu demanded quickly, "the chance of marrying a white woman?"

Jim dropped on to the end of a couch and produced his inevitable pipe.

"You're a clever young devil, Damu," he said softly, "and I admit you're quickness in argument. Well, I'm going to tell you one or two home truths, and if you get your feelings hurt you have no one to blame for that circumstance except yourself. Apart from that, if I hurt you now it is only because I believe that it will be for your greater future happiness."

"I see," said Damu, "like the man who beat his son and said he felt the greater pain."

Jim did not answer until his pipe was drawing to his satisfaction, and then he ignored the sneering innuendo.

"Let's get this business straight about black men and white women," he said, and there was a distinct tinge of sternness in his voice. "You're a student of history, I believe, and so you should know that there is no single example of a human society in which two races have lived side by side without mixing. What's the result? I will answer that one for you, it's the half-caste. Poor devils! Aren't you, as a pure-blooded black man, sorry for them?"

"Perhaps I am," Damu answered, "but that doesn't alter the fact that Europe is an absolute crucible in which the most different kinds of white races have inter-bred successfully."

"I agree with you there, but only up to a point," said Jim, who felt that he was beginning to get Damu, by process of argument, out of that flaming temper into which he had flown at the beginning of the conversation. "The point at which I join issue with you," he went on, "is that even among white people the Nordic and the Latin strains don't intermingle well. Where the color question intrudes the case may be more strongly stated. It is a physiological fact that primitive peoples possess the greater physiological strength and, therefore, have the greater powers of absorption."

"Without wishing to hurt your feelings, Damu, and purely as a point in argument, it must be admitted that the negro is the most primitive of human beings. It follows, therefore, that cross breeding between black and white is injurious to the whites and that is the reason why no thinking man will ever countenance mixed marriages which, in the aggregate, must ultimately lead to the white race being sacrificed."

"I see," said Damu, "you mean that the superior races would in time become absorbed by us, whom you consider your inferiors. It is an amusing thought that there are no white savages primitive enough to successfully renew their own race."

"That's being merely fanciful," said Fanshaw hotly.

"You think so, eh?" queried Damu. "Well, I am obliged to you for your interest in my affairs. I have enjoyed our amusing discussion, and now you can go to the devil. I will take my own way and perhaps I shall yet live to see the great white barbarians go passing by. Perhaps I, too, may lay a stone which shall lead to your ultimate destruction—in Africa, anyway."

Damu strode out of the room and slammed the door behind him.

Fanshaw re-lit his pipe and flung the match into the fireplace.

"So much for your educated native," he murmured. "Give me a raw Kikuyu any day. Well, I suppose he will recover and be sufficiently civilised to feel ashamed of himself."

But Damu was seen no more that day, and it was not until nightfall that a note was discovered on his dressing-table, in which he stated that he had gone to London and might be absent for some time.

IN a white heat of anger Damu travelled up to London, nor was his temper improved when the first two hotels at which he tried to book a room regretted that they had no vacancies. At the third hotel the same formula came from the lips of the reception clerk, but it was unfortunate that further along the counter a man and a woman were obviously being accepted as guests. Damu stared at them and then at the reception clerk. The man met his gaze with a blank look.

"You had rooms for them," said Damu sharply.

"They had reserved theirs by telegram," replied the clerk, who was noted for his tact.

"That is a lie," retorted Damu. "I heard them ask if there were any rooms vacant."

To the immense relief of the clerk, who now foresaw trouble, Damu wheeled about and strode angrily out of the building. He understood very well why three hotels had no vacant rooms for him.

By the simple process of consulting his taxi-driver Damu at length found accommodation where no exception was taken to his color. It was a second-rate place, but to Damu, his mind still unsettled by the rebuffs he had received, it appeared a haven of refuge. For three days he felt the reaction of the incident at Beechers. This took the form of a return of that inferiority complex which at Cambridge had led to his appalling display with the drum in St. Andrew's St. He retired into his shell and remained for long hours in his bedroom, brooding, reading and nursing a grievance against the whole white race.

On the fourth day his self-assurance began to reassert itself. He took a childish delight in giving orders to the waiters and his chambermaid. He went out and bought himself a new suit of clothes, not because he wanted one, nor indeed, was he in the habit of buying his suits ready-made, but he wished to make a display of his wealth, such as it was, and to see white people obeying his commands. Although he would have had difficulty in explaining his feelings to himself, he desired to prove that he was not a down-trodden native, and that, in short, he was as good as the next man.

It was perhaps only natural that the cloth he chose was a loud and flamboyant brown that clashed with the pale orange-colored shirt which he purchased to go with it. With a silk handkerchief to match the shirt protruding generously from his breast pocket, and a cheap diamond ring on his finger he was a walking invitation for any confidence man or avaricious hary.

It was fortunate for him that only the week previously, Scotland Yard had swept into their net half a dozen gentlemen who earned their living by their own wits and the gullibility of their victims, so that although several pairs of eyes cast envious glances in Damu's direction he passed through the days unscathed. At the end of a week, during which he had spoken to no one except waiters and their like, he was beginning to feel a trifle lonely, and the satisfaction which he had derived from spending his money had begun to fade.

One afternoon as he was crossing the lounge of his hotel a slim figure rose from a chair and moved towards him.

"Hullo, Damu," said Helen.

She held out her hand and he took it automatically without speaking, for he was completely overwhelmed with surprise.

"I'm so glad I've found you," Helen went on. "It was just like a man to write and not give his address."

For Damu, anticipating that search parties might set forth from Beechers unless he intimated to his foster-parents that all was well, had scrawled a postcard to the effect that he would remain in London for some days, but he had carefully omitted his address.

The postcard, however, had come into the hands of Helen and Jim, and the latter had made a shrewd guess at the reason of Damu's departure. Naturally

nothing had been said to Sir George or Lady Burton about the incident by the lake, for it would have distressed them exceedingly, but Fanshaw did not like the idea of an angry Damu, suffering from wounded pride, being alone in London. There was more than a reasonable chance that he would eventually appear in a police court. When he suggested going to London to search for Damu, Helen protested.

"He won't take kindly to you, Jim, after the talk you had with him. He's far more likely to listen to me."

Jim refused to entertain the proposal at first, but he was obliged to admit that there was a good deal of sense in it, and finally he agreed that Helen should go in his place. It had been a fairly easy matter to trace Damu to the hotel, and Helen had been sitting in the lounge ever since lunch waiting for him to come in.

"Now," said Helen without a trace of hesitation or diffidence in her manner, "there's just time for you to give me a cup of tea and then we can catch the 5.45 to High Wycombe. We can ring up from Paddington and get a car to meet us there."

Damu did not move.

"**I** am not coming back," he said sullenly. "I've made other arrangements."

"Then you can unmake them," retorted Helen cheerfully. "There's a tennis tournament of sorts fixed for to-morrow and you're playing with me. And now, order some tea and don't stand here like a ninny in the middle of the lounge."

Damu, still undecided in his mind, followed her to a table and gave the necessary instructions to a waiter. Until the tea arrived Helen chatted of the various unimportant incidents that had happened at Beechers since Damu's departure. Then, when the waiter had gone, Helen bent over the tea-table and spoke in a low voice.

"Listen to me, Damu, I'm going to speak to you like a Dutch aunt. I want you to forget all about that silly incident the other morning. Wipe it clean out of your mind. And realise that I'm not angry with you now, although I was at the time. But we all make mistakes sometimes, because we're only human. If you look at things in a rational light you'll realise that there is nothing to prevent us being good friends again."

"Neither Jim nor I will say a word, but it will be very difficult if you don't come back with me to Beechers to-night, because everyone there knows that I've come up here to meet you, and I shall have to invent some silly lie to account for your absence, and I'm not very good at that."

Helen spoke in the same strain for a little while longer, but she did not play her most important card until the very last moment. Damu was plainly wavering. Life at Beechers meant a good deal to him, but after the incident by the lake he had been unable to see things in their proper perspective. Besides, it was not quite so easy to begin afresh at Beechers as if nothing had happened. He had got as far as making a vague promise that he would return in a few days when Helen remarked casually:

"Sir George wants to see you, too. He has found a very good opening for you, but before he makes any move in the matter he wants to talk it over with you. I should see him at once if I were you, Damu, because it may affect your whole future."

"What sort of opening?" Damu asked.

for the first time appearing to be really interested.

"I don't know. You'll have to come to Beechers to find out."

Helen, aware that Damu was ambitious, guessed that his future meant a lot to him and that anything affecting it might move him when everything else had failed. She was right. Damu threw in his hand, and they caught the 3.45 at Paddington with ten minutes to spare.

Helen and Damu duly defeated Jim and his partner the next day. The winning of the match acted as a balm to Damu's pride, which was still sore, and things ran smoothly through July until Sir George, by devious means beyond the ken of ordinary people, procured for Damu an appointment in the Colonial Service. At the end of August Damu sailed for the West Coast of Africa, and so returned to the land of his birth a very different person to the raw strippling whom Tigiliki had watched enter the surf-boat so many years previously.

DURING the years that Damu had been in England, Zalama had dwelt in solitude upon the hill which her foster child had known so well in his youth. Zalama was now an old woman; and there were times when she did not think it possible that she would ever again set eyes upon the young man whom she loved. She had not Tigiliki's faith that Damu would return to his own country. But Kungai, the dread Leopard God, had promised it. So said Tigiliki, who was actively concerned in keeping alive the feeble flame of his religion which had arisen phoenix-like from the ashes of Abdan's city.

Zalama, with Damu off her hands, had won back some of her reputation for witchcraft and second sight, and there were now many people who crossed the swamp to seek her advice. Young men came to her for love-philtra, and there were also less simply-minded persons who considered that some aged relative had outlived his or her sphere of usefulness and might, with a little assistance, be despatched into the next world.

Zalama did not altogether favor this last class of customer, for she had a wholesome respect for the white man who lived on the site of the City of Abdan and administered the law and advice, often contrary to her own, in the surrounding territory. Once he had crossed the swamp to interview her, and although she had managed to persuade him that she was a harmless old woman waiting for death, she realised that it would be wise not to run any risks and that too many inconvenient beings helped into eternity might result in enquiries that inevitably would disturb her peace.

The fire still burned at the mouth of the cave, and nowadays Zalama had need of it, for she was getting old and she felt the chill of the evening mists that crept up the hillside when the sun had set. She crouched on one side of the flames, an old and dirty blanket draped over her thin shoulders, occasionally thrusting a fresh stick into the embers. Tigiliki sat opposite her, a thin, spindle-legged object squatting on his heels. He was clad in a loin-cloth, and a leather thong was strung about his scraggy neck, from which hung an assortment of charms, each warranted to ward off evil spirits.

Presently a soft insistent "thump-thump-thump-thump-thump" crept into the cave. The sound increased in volume.

Tigiliki stiffened, and Zalama, dragging her gaze from the fire, watched him intently, for her hearing was failing. The noise of the drums continued. Tigiliki's eyes widened and he turned to Zalama with a great light in his eyes.

"Zalama," he cried, "he has returned! Our Damu has come back to us!"

Tigiliki spoke the truth. An hour previously Damu had stepped ashore from a surf-boat two hundred miles distant from Zalama's cave.

"Aye! Damu, my young, strong Damu! Sometimes I doubted you, Tigiliki, when you said he would return." Zalama rocked backwards and forwards. "Damu, Damu," she repeated, until the words formed a meaningless humble, and she gradually stiffened where she sat, so that in a moment or two she was as immobile as a graven image.

Then slowly her head turned towards the grass curtain that screened the inner cave in which Damu had been born. It seemed to her that the grass curtain was slowly parted and that in the opening appeared the figure of B'aidi, drooping with the fatigue of her long journey through the forest and across the swamp, just as she had come to the cave over twenty years ago, the day after the destruction of Abdan's city. Slowly the dead woman raised her head and gazed directly at Zalama.

"Remember!"

The word rang out distinctly in the silence of the cave. Tigiliki started and cried, "Who spoke?" But Zalama merely inclined her head. Then, when she looked again, she saw to her horror that the shape of the dead B'aidi's head was slowly changing and in place of the features she knew appeared the snarling mask of a leopard. Zalama shivered and was almost overwhelmed with fear, for this could be none other than the dread Kungai himself. Then the vision faded and the grass curtain hung limp and undisturbed once more.

It was some minutes before Zalama recovered herself. Tigiliki, aware that something he did not understand was happening and not a little scared, sat nervously flicking his lips while the prominent Adam's apple pumped up and down in his scrawny throat.

"Sister," he whispered presently, when Zalama's senses had returned, "what was it? I heard a voice say 'Remember!'"

Zalama shuddered. "I have seen the spirit of B'aidi. She came to remind me of my promise. Tigiliki, the time has come when Damu must tread the path appointed for him."

"Aye," muttered the priest, "Damu has returned to his inheritance."

"But suppose, Tigiliki, that the white man's knowledge has estranged him from his people? After all these years he will be changed from the boy whom I reared in our hall."

Tigiliki's crafty eyes glistened in the fire-light.

"He will return to his people," he said fiercely. "Do not forget that Kungai works for us."

Damu was naturally unaware that his arrival in the Territory had been heralded by the beating of the native drums, but he quickly realised that there would be a vast difference between his everyday life in England and his social position on the Coast. By now he had grown accustomed to this treatment, his sensibilities had become blunted, and what would have formerly infuriated him he now took as a matter of course. But his hatred of the white races was not lessened thereby.

After a month on the Coast, where he

learned office routine at Administrative Headquarters, he was transferred to an up-country station to gain further experience of the working of Government administration. It was, however, quite by chance that he was sent to the district, the headquarters of which were on the site of Abdan's city.

He preferred the up-country station to the Coast, for there was practically no white society, so that he did not feel ostracised. Numerous cases of books had accompanied him from England, dealing mainly with history, and he now embarked upon a standard "Life of Julius Caesar and His Times."

He realised that at the moment he was merely learning his job, but that there was no reason why, if he acquitted himself well, he should not rise to a high position in the Colonial Civil Service. Even the prospect of a judgeship in the Supreme Court did not seem too remote to the ambitious Damu.

So he threw himself wholeheartedly into his work and in his leisure hours he continued his historical studies.

After he had been a week at Gadu, which was the name given to the station, he became aware one evening that there was a faint disturbance of the air. At first it could hardly be called a sound, but gradually he began to recognise it as the soft beating of native drums. As the days went on the sound increased in volume until there could be no mistaking it. The regular, insistent "thump, thump, thump-thump-thump" seemed to fill the universe. Damu had no idea of the message conveyed by the drums, but he found that the continual reiteration of the sound made him restless.

Often, unable to concentrate on his reading, he would go out on to his verandah and stare at the dark wall of the forest half a mile away and wonder what was taking place in those dim caverns beneath the dark foliage. Tigiliki, who occasionally came and squatted where he could observe the bungalow and its inhabitants, could have told him had he chosen, but the priest of Kungai was not inclined to risk the success of his plan by over-precipitous haste.

ONE evening Damu embarked upon the third volume of his Julius Caesar, although he found that the constant throbbing of the drums disturbed him.

With a muttered imprecation Damu put down his book and strode out on to the verandah. A light film of cloud hid the stars, and from the forest came the staccato bark of a jackal. The throb of the drums died down and with a sigh of relief Damu turned to continue his reading.

On the threshold of his living-room he stopped dead, for standing in the pool of lamplight was a native girl. She was clad simply enough in a skirt of some yellow and black striped material that hung down to her knees. Her lips were large and her nose squat, while her hair, instead of being a mass of tight curls, was almost straight with a slight wave in it. She watched Damu with a half-smile that disclosed a regular row of small white teeth.

"Who are you? What do you want here?" Damu demanded.

The girl walked towards him, and, since she was shorter by a head, looked up into his face.

"I am Zomi. I have come to keep house for you."

Damu shook his head. "I have no use for you. You may go."

Doubtless Zomi thought herself attra-

tive, but to Damu, who still retained memories of Helen Romsey, this girl was nothing more than an ordinary native of no particular beauty. He walked past her and, sitting down, took up his *Cassir* again. When he looked round a quarter of an hour later, Zomi was squatting on her heels by the door.

"Go!" ordered Damu sharply. "I do not want you here."

Zomi slipped softly out into the darkness, but she reappeared the following night, only to meet with the same reception. The third night she came again. Damu wondered at her persistence, but he had given her no encouragement, but then he was not aware that she was acting under Tigiliki's orders. Gradually, however, Zomi began to wear down Damu's resistance. She discovered little jobs to do about the bungalow that contributed to Damu's comfort. His regular servants took no exception to her presence.

As the weeks passed Damu's point of view changed. With practically no white society to help him retain his civilised status, he was gradually beginning, in many matters, to see things through the eyes of a native.

At no time, however, did Damu abandon his studies nor relinquish any of his ambitions, but he was acutely aware that there was a curious struggle going on inside him. Native instinct, firmly entrenched by reason of his ancestry and the dark years of savagery which lay behind him, was intent upon subduing the white influence which had acquired such a hold upon him in England. At his work there was no question but that the white education and training were still paramount. It was only afterwards in the solitude of his bungalow, with Zomi's little figure moving to and fro like some soft-footed nymph of the forest, that Damu began to understand that he and she were of one race. More and more he came to regard the girl from the native point of view. No longer did she appear, as she had done at the first meeting, as no better than an ordinary native girl. Damu saw nothing ugly in the thick lips and the squat nose. He was beginning to realise that, according to West African standards, she was very beautiful.

Damu had taken a long stride on his return journey to his own people.

DAMU had been restless and perturbed for several days, and, though he would not admit it to himself, he knew that the cause was the disappearance of Zomi. For Zomi had vanished. Although he was unaware of the fact, Zomi was acting on Tigiliki's instructions and getting well rewarded for her obedience. But Damu was conscious of a feeling of loss, and during the long evenings more than once his eyes strayed to the door which led on to the verandah.

The days passed, however, and Zomi did not return. One evening, tired of his books, Damu thrust them aside and carried the lamp into his bedroom with the intention of retiring early. Immediately upon entering the room his quick eyes settled upon a small object resting on the table beside his bed. It was the effigy of a leopard carved in semi-transparent stone.

He sat down, the carving in his hand. Zalamu, he recollected, had told him curious stories of a sect which worshipped a leopard god, a sect which took dread vengeance upon people who disobeyed his orders. Dimly he seemed to remember that his father, King Abdan, had been connected with these

peculiar people. He wondered who had put the tiny carved leopard upon his table.

A week afterwards Damu was returning to his bungalow after darkness had fallen, for he had been working late, when he observed in the shadows at one end of the verandah some object that seemed more substantial than the mere confusion of light and shade. He hesitated, and then walked boldly forward. Not until he was within three yards of the object did he realise that it was a native squatting motionless upon the matting. Upon the man's head rested the fanged upper jaw of a leopard, the rich black and yellow skin hung about his shoulders like a cloak, and the forepaws were crossed about his naked breast.

Damu halted suddenly, and his hand crept towards the coat pocket which contained the carved stone effigy.

"I see you, O, Damu, son of Abdan," said the native.

"You are Tigiliki?" asked Damu slowly, for now that many memories were returning he remembered the time when he had met the priest in Zalamu's cave.

"I am Tigiliki, who knew you as a boy. It is good that you have returned from the land of the white oppressors."

Damu did not answer.

"You remember the great god, Kungal, whose temple was thrown down in your father's city? The followers of Kungal hate the white races."

"The worshippers of Kungal are growing more powerful," Tigiliki continued, "and if Damu, son of Abdan, had any plan in mind they would be willing to help him."

"Plan?" echoed Damu.

Tigiliki rose, the leopard skin giving him the appearance of great height. Descending the steps he vanished into the darkness.

Damu entered his bungalow, but there was no reading for him that night. He sat in his chair turning Tigiliki's words over and over in his mind. It appeared that the priest's real mission had been to convey the assurance that the sect of Kungal were his allies. But what was this talk of plans?

And then, very dimly at first, but gradually growing clearer as he bent his mind to the subject, Damu recollected how Zalamu had emphasised that in years to come he must lead his people against the white invaders, and avenge the death of his father, the burning of the city, and the destruction of the temple of Kungal. Of course, this was what Tigiliki had meant when he had hinted at plans.

Damu laughed. The idea was ridiculous. Not only ridiculous, but insane, and suicidal. What would it profit him to lead a band of naked fanatics in a futile struggle against those who, after all, were friendly towards him even if he hated them? An excellent climax to the career of a Cambridge graduate! And Damu laughed again.

But Damu reckoned without the subtle influences which the astute Tigiliki had set at work. During the long, lonely evenings which followed, the priest's words recurred again and again to Damu. Again and again he dismissed them from his mind as sheer insanity. Yet the seeds of hate and unrest which Zalamu had sown in his youth were not to be so easily destroyed.

At night, as he sat in his bungalow in solitude, unable to read because he missed the presence of Zomi, the thoughts surged back into his mind, and as the silent hours passed, the notion suggested by Tigiliki did not seem so wildly improbable as in the searching light of day. Men had led successful risings before now.

Three weeks passed before Damu saw

Tigiliki again, and then one night he found him squatting on the verandah as before. After discoursing on the crops and the weather, and various troubles that had fallen upon people of his acquaintance, the priest remarked casually,

"It has been suggested that you would have more influence, Damu, if you attended a meeting of those who acknowledge Kungal."

"Influence? Why should I want influence?" asked Damu.

"It is always useful," replied Tigiliki sombrely, "and you are Damu, son of Abdan."

Now Damu had heard a good deal about Leopard Worship, but he had never seen any of the ceremonies connected with it. He knew it to be one of the most secret organisations in Africa, and he was rather interested in Tigiliki's suggestion. As a matter of curiosity he would like to obtain a more intimate knowledge of the cult.

It was about this time that Damu, quite unknown to himself developed two minds. One was his civilised, or white mind, the other his native mind which, gradually submerged by his life in England, had been reawakened by contact with his present surroundings. It was his native mind that trifled with the idea of a rising against the people he hated, while his white mind laughed at such fantastic notions. Conversely, it was his white mind that made him curious about the leopard cult, for a native would have been terror-stricken at the very notion of probing into such mysteries. It was this curiosity, rather than any desire to meet members of the sect, that prompted him to agree to Tigiliki's suggestion.

Thus it was two nights later that Damu emerged into a clearing in the forest whither he had been led by Tigiliki. Round about a wood fire were clustered twenty or more natives of various ages. At the sight of Damu they promptly fell on their knees and touched the ground with their foreheads. Damu, who had always been partial to flattery, felt rather pleased at their obeisance.

The following day life resumed the hum-drum round of office routine and evening solitude. Damu began to read again, although there were long periods when he put down the book and thought of the peculiar happenings that had taken place since he had come to Gadu. Sometimes they seemed like part of a dream, at others they appeared to be quite natural occurrences. But all the time there was a longing at the back of his mind for the return of Zomi.

Damu, realising nothing of the manner in which his mental outlook was being directed by the priest, was reading one evening when a slight sound on the verandah made him look up. Through the mosquito-proof doors he could see a smiling brown face peering at him.

"Zomi!" he cried, and jumped to his feet.

The girl pushed open the door and entered, but as Damu went to take her in his arms she adroitly slipped round to the far side of the table, and remained there smiling at him and poised ready for flight. Damu grinned at her and darted suddenly round the table, but with the grace of a nautch she slipped out of his arms and fled through the open door into the night. Damu did not hesitate but pursued her.

She ran fast towards the forest, speeding over the ground like a perfectly-trained runner, so that presently she was

swallowed up in the darkness beneath the trees. Damu paused and called her by name, and a short distance ahead a faint laugh answered him. He moved forward and the patter of bare feet told him that his quarry was not far away.

And then, as he made his way along the path, he heard a sudden gasp and a hastily stifled scream, a scuffle and a low mutter of men's voices.

"Zomi! Zomi!" cried Damu, and paused to listen. But all he could hear was the sound of a branch being broken and the noise of someone stumbling.

He ran forward again. He was anxious and perturbed, for something had happened to Zomi which he did not understand.

On a rude altar lay Zomi, her eyes starting from their sockets with abject terror, and over her, with a wicked curved knife held in his hand, bent Tigiliki.

DAMU strode forward into the clearing.

"Stop!" he shouted. Tigiliki spun round. He was clad in his leopard robes and the combination of the animal's mask with his own snarling face below presented a terrifying picture. The native element in Damu was conscious of a twinge of fear. He was aware that about the rude altar were clustered a number of strange figures, each of which was clad, like Tigiliki, in a leopard's pelt that the flames from the fire seemed to imbue with life. These awe-inspiring figures now began to creep towards Damu, holding before them their hands, upon which were drawn gloves of leopard skin armed with steel claws.

Again a wave of fear swept over Damu, yet he stood his ground, a tall, upright figure clad in a torn and grimy suit of white duck, for during his race through the darkness he had not been able to avoid stumbling into bushes and boughs. The Leopard Men, spreading out so that they could encircle him, still moved slowly forward, their eyes glinting in the twilight. Tigiliki did not move from the altar where Zomi lay.

Damu flung up his hand. "Back, you dogs! It is I, Damu, son of Abdan, who speak!"

The line of approaching men wavered uncertainly. Then they came forward again. Damu was torn between a desire for instant, terror-stricken flight, and the wish to prove that he was not afraid of the followers of any heathenish belief. But the desire for flight was assuming the upper hand, when Tigiliki spoke in a low voice and the Leopard Men retreated to their original positions behind the altar.

"What do you want, O Damu, son of Abdan?" he asked.

Damu pointed to the motionless figure on the altar.

"Release that girl," he commanded imperiously, surprised at his own confidence.

A hoarse murmur of protest rose from the others, but with a gesture Tigiliki silenced them. Tigiliki was trapped between two loyalties. It had been decided that night to hold a sacrifice to the great god, Kungai, and four of the Leopard Men had been despatched to find a victim. By ill-fortune they had caught Zomi as she ran through the forest. Now the astute Tigiliki realised that if he defied Damu he would certainly lose the hold over him which he had strengthened so subtly during the last few months, while if he released Zomi he would offend the followers of Kungai.

Tigiliki made his decision. He could not risk his plans crumbling into nothing. Damu must be appeased, and the Leopard Men

would have to obey their priest. He stood aside in order to allow Zomi to rise. There was an angry murmur of protest from his followers, but with a gesture he quietened them.

Zomi, however, was too frightened to move, so Damu, striding across the clearing, bent down and picked her up in his arms. For a moment he glanced boldly along the line of threatening, skin-clad figures, then he wheeled and left the clearing.

When he got back to the bungalow, Damu put the girl down in a chair, but at once she slid on to the floor, clasped his legs, and, in gabbled, incoherent words, thanked him for saving her life. Damu tried to comfort her, but he was not feeling particularly light-hearted himself. Reaction had set in, and he realised that he had probably seriously offended the all-powerful Leopard People. By turns he scoffed at his fears of a heathenish sect, who would not dare to harm a Government official, and glanced anxiously over his shoulder as if he expected to see skin-clad figures peering through the mosquito-netting.

Two days later his misgivings were confirmed, for Tigiliki appeared upon the verandah.

In the usual native manner he conversed amiably on subjects of no interest whatever until finally he stated bluntly that Damu had given great offence to the followers of Kungai.

"Remember, O Damu, that the great god Kungai is more powerful even than the son of Abdan. It was only by my word that you were saved from death the other night."

"If you think I am going to give up Zomi—" Damu began.

"Keep the girl if you wish," Tigiliki interrupted, "but the followers of Kungai need proof that you are loyal to them and their faith."

And Damu, the native, winced at the threatening words.

"What must I do?" he muttered.

"Come with me and I will tell you," said Tigiliki.

So Damu followed Tigiliki into the forest until presently they reached the scene of the previous night's adventure. A fire was again burning in the centre of the clearing and some twenty natives were squatting round it. To-night, however, there were no leopard skins in evidence. Damu glanced about him nervously. The "five" was wholly uppermost in his mind now, and that dread of the unknown which had afflicted him in his childhood was once more making itself felt. Then he remembered that he had already defied these men, and that he was Damu, the son of King Abdan, but the recollection did not comfort him much.

They received him in silence. At Tigiliki's signal he squatted among them, a figure in clean white duck, surrounded by a score of naked men of all ages. He was conscious of twenty pairs of eyes glinting in the light of the flames, regarding him steadily.

"Damu, son of Abdan," said Tigiliki, "desires to give proof of his loyalty to Kungai."

There was a muttered chorus of approval, although to Damu's way of thinking the men did not appear very enthusiastic. He looked round the circle and he shivered a little to see that every pair of eyes still regarded him steadily, almost threateningly. Suddenly he realised that unless he agreed to whatever proposal was put before him it was unlikely that he would leave the clearing alive, for already he knew too much.

Yet Damu recoiled when he heard Tigiliki's suggestion. The expressions on the faces of the Leopard Men hardened. Tigiliki's words passed through Damu's mind. "If you value your life give that proof." If he did not accept their proposal the alternative was death, for as Tigiliki had truly said, the Leopard Men were more powerful even than the son of Abdan. He had no choice but to accept.

Damu said nothing to Zomi of the meeting in the forest, but three nights afterwards he slipped out of the bungalow and vanished into the forest. No one would have recognised as Damu, late of St. Felix College, Cambridge, the dark figure, clad only in a loin cloth, which crept through the forest towards a village four miles away from Gadu. From the shelter of the undergrowth Tigiliki and the Leopard Men watched him.

The village was wrapped in silence. The stars afforded sufficient light for Damu to see his way. At the door of a hut, which had been indicated to him, he paused and peered inside. Then obeying his instructions, he groped in the darkness on the right hand side of the door. His hands touched warm flesh, a girl's voice spoke, he tumbled for, and found, her throat. Gripping it, he dragged her out of the hut, swung her screaming and struggling upon his shoulder, and ran towards the forest.

In an instant the village was in an uproar. As Damu dived into the shelter of the trees men began to emerge from the huts, but at that instant the harsh scream of a leopard echoed through the night. The men paused. The scream was repeated, and at once they slunk back through the doorways to sit sweating with terror in the dark interior until the dawn came. They knew better than to defy the Leopard Men.

Damu bore his struggling burden into the forest, being joined on his way by Tigiliki and the others. In an open space they halted. A fire was quickly lit, and the girl, by this time rigid with fear, flung down beside it. The Leopard Men gathered round in a circle and waited. Damu, who had already been coached in his part by Tigiliki, took the knife which the priest offered him, and kneeling on one knee, drew the girl's head back over his raised thigh. Then he drew the knife firmly across the taut flesh. She was dead.

A HOWL rose from the Leopard Men. Damu looked up, the girl with her severed throat lying across his thigh, and saw that they had put on their leopard skins and the gloves with the steel claws. He let his victim slip to the ground and stood up.

They commenced to dance in a circle, and every now and then one of the men would give the leopard's call and the stillness of the forest would be shattered by harsh, screaming cries from the throats of the others. Damu, dazed and not a little horrified, was gathered up into the ring. Someone, it may have been Tigiliki, thrust a leopard's pelt about his head and shoulders and put into his hands a pair of steel-clawed gloves. Hypnotised by the dance and the low muttered chorus punctuated by the vibrant screams, Damu circled about, swaying this way and that. His own mind had lost control of his body. The centuries of barbarism which lay behind him had proved too powerful for the thin veneer of civilisation.

tion, and in that moment he was primitive, savage.

It was a rather weary Damu who arrived punctually at the office the following day. He tried to think the happening of the previous night had been a bad dream, but the arrival of Tigiliki on his verandah later in the evening made the whole affair one of hideous reality.

Tigiliki informed Damu that the followers of Kungai were now quite satisfied as to his loyalty and that the initiation ceremony had been an unqualified success.

Damu looked sharply at the priest. "Initiation?" he repeated.

Tigiliki inclined his head. "In the eyes of those who were present last night you are now a humble follower of Kungai, sworn to obey his will, and bound upon pain of hideous death to keep his secrets. For Kungai is all-powerful and his vengeance is terrible to see."

"But I had no intention—" Damu began. "I did it to—" He broke off helplessly, for he realised only too well the trap into which he had fallen so easily.

Damu realised that, if Kungai so ordained, he would die a most unpleasant death at the hands of the god's adherents. And Tigiliki was quick to impress this fact on him by summoning him to further ceremonies in the depths of the forest. Damu was ensnared in a net from which the only escape was death.

As a matter of fact his admission into the ranks of those who secretly served the blood-thirsty Kungai had had a queer effect upon Damu's psychology. The native in him was attracted by the savage creed which began to exercise an ever-growing fascination for him.

To all outward appearance he was the same suave, efficient native clerk in Government service as when he had first arrived in Gadu. None suspected the hate which he nursed in his heart, nor the delight which it's rites of Leopard Worship now held for him. Indeed, when it became known through the agency of Tigiliki that the son of Abdan had returned to the land of his father and had embraced the old faith, Kungalism began to increase its power.

Mentally, however, Damu was passing through a very trying time. Often he was disturbed by the nightmare which had bothered him all his life. It had come to him on the night previous to his initiation, and once more he had felt himself struggling through clinging mud while ghostly hands had plucked at him out of the darkness. He lost weight and the cheek-bones stood out in his face. In his own mind he felt that he was treading the wrong road. This path would not lead him to a judgeship, but more likely to a felon's death. Tigiliki and his faith were dragging him down, yet that self-same faith held Damu in a grasp which he could not break. There was some fascination about it which attracted him. Where would it all end? he asked himself.

But, unknown to Damu, Tigiliki was about to play his trump card.

WHEN Tigiliki announced that he, and he alone, knew the hiding-place of King Abdan's treasure, Damu refused to believe him.

It was only when the priest related with great wealth of detail the circumstances which had attended the concealment that Damu began to believe that there must be some truth in the story. He became

interested and agreed to accompany Tigiliki on an expedition to recover what, after all, rightfully belonged to him.

One night they set out through the warm, moist forest, Tigiliki carrying a spade and a pickaxe. Long before they reached their objective Damu felt glad that he had left behind his European clothes. It amused him to think that not so long ago he would not have dreamt of going out clad only in a loincloth. After a tiring march they at last came to a rocky ravine buried deep in the huge forest at the bottom of which ran a small stream. Tigiliki walked slowly along the bed of the gully, looking eagerly at the left-hand bank. Progress was slow because the light was poor and the priest was anxious not to overrun the spot for which he was searching. Damu was beginning to get impatient when at length Tigiliki left the bed of the ravine, clambered over some boulders, and pointed out a small opening in the rock face.

After two hours' strenuous labor with pick and shovel they unearthed a tin box about two feet square and a foot deep, with traces of yellow paint still adhering to it. It was fastened with a cheap American padlock which Damu broke with the pickaxe. Beneath the lid was a layer of colored cotton cloth and, removing this, the eyes of the two men fell on the most amazing collection of valuables and rubbish which either of them had ever seen.

Here was a chipped and blunt razor, there an ivory carving which would have fetched three figures in the open market in London. Lying upon a mirror manufactured in Germany was a bundle of rags which, when Damu unrolled them, disclosed half a dozen diamonds, whose value must have run into five figures. There were pearls and sapphires, six dried bean pods and a clockwork frog, several exquisite ivory carvings and a small leather bag containing emeralds.

"Have I not done well, O son of Abdan?" asked Tigiliki.

Damu replied that he had and, rather touched by the old man's honesty, he picked up the bundle containing the diamonds and held them out to him.

"Nay," said Tigiliki, "what need have I of wealth? I live only for one thing, to see the end of the white rule."

The rest of the night was spent in transporting the box, which was no light weight, back to the bungalow. They arrived, tired and nearly exhausted, just before dawn.

The following day a brief investigation of the treasure showed Damu, ignorant as he was of its real value, that he was richer than he had even dreamed it possible to be. That circumstance altered his whole outlook. He obtained leave from Gadu and relinquishing the main treasures to the care of Tigiliki, he went down to the coast taking a few samples of valuables with him. Here he got into touch with one of the native merchants, a certain Kasara he had met soon after he had landed, and the latter undertook to get the samples priced and sold for Damu.

While Damu waited for the results of the negotiations he considered his future. He still had his ambitions, but it seemed ridiculous to remain in the colonial service and work one's slow way to the top. Yet if he resigned what could he do?

Perhaps it was not unnatural that his thoughts went back to those nights when he had first met Tigiliki and the priest had suggested that Damu, son of Abdan, might lead his people against the white invader and restore the worship of Kungai.

Whereupon Damu made up his mind. He

returned to Gadu and sent in his resignation, which in due course was accepted with regret and great surprise. Damu let it be known that by fortunate speculation he had increased his private income to such an extent that it was no longer necessary for him to occupy the humble position of a clerk.

Little by little Damu realised his fortune and invested the proceeds in safe securities. He built a magnificent bungalow on the coast, where he lived in the highest degree of civilised comfort. This, however, was merely a blind, though nevertheless Damu enjoyed it. There were times when on pretence of taking part in a hunting trip, he would vanish into the forests of the interior, there to become a naked, prancing, blood-maddened follower of Kungai.

IN the meantime Tigiliki had departed upon his own business about which he said nothing to Damu, for he had gone to sound the chiefs of the great uncivilized tribes, whose allegiance to their white rulers was based rather upon the exigencies of policy than any real affection. The months passed. Damu, who now associated with the native business men of the coast, trifled more and more with thoughts of revolution. What had once seemed to be rank lunacy with no chance of any success, sudden wealth had at least made appear possible. Ambition, deep-rooted in Damu's being, urged him to go forward. His readings in history had told him that one determined man can accomplish much, if he only bides his time and does not fall into foolish errors. But that man must stand alone, must tower head and shoulders above his fellow men.

The return of Tigiliki with the news that the inland chiefs would be only too glad to rally to Damu's standard, for many of them remembered his father's deeds, served to harden Damu's attitude. Civilisation had no attraction for these old warriors; they much preferred the former days of warfare and witchcraft. Tentatively and very carefully, Damu began to sound one or two of the native merchants. Several of them professed contentment with their lot, but more than one was annoyed by certain restrictions placed upon native trading by the Government. These malcontents proved inflammable material which Damu did not hesitate to fan into flame. Before very long they were almost as eager as he was to plan a rising. Only Kasara, who had negotiated the sale of Damu's valuable, poured cold water upon the project. Although he was one of the discontented he was more far-seeing than his colleagues, with the exception of Damu.

"You are battering against a stone wall," he declared one evening when the plotters had met in Damu's palatial bungalow.

"With their weapons they would turn us out in a few hours."

"But if our weapons were the equal of theirs?" Damu suggested softly.

Four pairs of eyes fixed themselves sharply upon his face.

"But we have no weapons," Kasara said quickly.

"It might be possible to obtain them," Damu retorted.

There was a disappointed silence. Damu turned to the four men who sat watching him.

"My friends," he said, "I tell you that this is no sudden idea of mine. Long before I resigned from the Colonial Service I had played with the idea of ending white rule. Then something happened which made me realise that here, close to my hand, was a

very serviceable weapon. Possibly you may have heard that there has been a quiet revival of Kungaiism in the interior. That is the serviceable weapon which I mentioned. The great god Kungai has no love for the English and his followers, who are increasing in number, would be certain to follow us."

"The great god Kungai can't stop the bullets from a machine-gun," remarked Kasara cynically.

Damu smiled. "You are right. We are sufficiently sophisticated to know that Kungai's powers are limited, but do not forget that the majority of the men who will form our troops are staunch believers in the power of their god. Kungai is not the god of one particular tribe alone; his creed is embraced by many. That is important, for it gives us a medium by which we can weld the many tribes into one great army."

"Where do you propose to get your discipline from?" demanded Kasara, who was beginning to realise that Damu had given considerably more thought to his ambitious project than he himself had done, and that all of what he said was true.

"There should be no difficulty about that. There are many white ex-soldiers who are willing to sell their services. The instruction would be undertaken in the utmost secrecy. I doubt if the chiefs would allow it," said the fat man. "They are very jealous of their power."

"They would allow it, if Kungai gave the command," said Damu. "Kungai is our hold over the chiefs and their men."

"My third point is the money question. You cannot plan an insurrection without money." And Damu smiled at their discomfort.

None of his audience spoke and finally Damu, having looked at them steadily, one after the other, said:

"Very well. I will not forget how willingly you came forward to my assistance. I have money of my own which, in any case, I intended to use for this purpose. So far as it is in my power I will finance my own plan and, if it is successful as it will be, I will try to remember how ably you have helped me with your advice."

He rose to his feet to indicate that so far as he was concerned that conference was finished. The fat man struggled out of his chair, but Kasara motioned him back.

"Damu's right," he declared, "we'd take the rewards, but we don't want to run any risks. Well, that is hardly what our enemies would call cricket. You can count on me for ten thousand pounds any time you want it, Damu."

THE other men could not resist following Kasara's lead, and within a few minutes Damu had received forty thousand pounds in promises which he knew would be honored.

"But," said Kasara, "I must add a fourth point to your three. The question of arms. Arms are certainly comparatively easy to obtain in small quantities and without any secrecy. How do you propose to obtain large consignments of rifles, machine-guns, and the requisite ammunition without becoming involved in a blaze of publicity?"

"The point is a delicate one," replied Damu slowly. "At the moment I am not prepared to answer it. But the power of money is great. I dare say there is not one armament firm who would not accept our order, together with a suitable piece of financial encouragement, and observe the conditions of secrecy we would impose."

As his guests approached the door of the room Damu turned and faced them.

"It goes without saying that this conversation is in the strictest confidence. The least incautious word would ruin everything."

"Of course, we understand that," said Kasara. "We shall not drop a hint of any kind."

Damu looked steadily at each man before replying, as if he were committing their faces to memory.

"That is good," he said at last. "Let us consider this to be one of Kungai's secrets, and Kungai's displeasure is terrible to witness."

TIGILIKI knew nothing of Damu's meeting with Kasara and his fellow merchants until some time later. He contrived to see Damu when the latter had gone up country, ostensibly to hunt, but in reality to keep in touch with the followers of Kungai. When Damu had gone to live on the coast the priest had emphasised that it would be wise for him to show himself at the Kungai ceremonies from time to time in order to prove to the other members of the sect that he was still Damu, the son of Abdan, the warrior king with a hundred battles to his credit, and not a mere servitor of the hated white races. Damu, partly because he thought Tigiliki's advice was sound and partly because the oracles which he attended satisfied a strain in his nature, made frequent excursions into the forests.

But Tigiliki was beginning to realise that his hold upon Damu was less firm. When he urged that the revolt should take place soon Damu shook his head.

"But I am growing old, O, Damu. Unless the thing is done quickly I may die, and for years I have hoped to see our warriors reddening their spears in the blood of the white men; for years I have waited. Hasten, O Damu, lest I die before this great day."

Tigiliki's eyes glittered with the force of his hate.

"This is no mere matter of spears," Damu replied, "otherwise you and I would shortly hang by our necks from the nearest tree. This is no little, angry rising to be subdued in a week or two, but the revolt of a people which will startle the world."

"But the chiefs will not wait for ever," Tigiliki complained.

"They must have patience. Tell them that Kungai has said that the hour is not propitious. If it is a matter that concerns Kungai they will know better than to disobey."

"Good," said Tigiliki, "but in the meantime what do you do?"

"I am preparing our path, for there is much to be done."

He told Tigiliki something of the plans which had already been discussed.

The priest's eyes opened wide. "Truly I did better than I knew when I decided that you must have the white people's knowledge. Abdan, your father, could not have done this. By the claws of Kungai, I may yet live to see the day when you will reign as he used to reign."

When Damu returned to the coast one of the first people to visit his bungalow was Kasara.

"All is well?" he queried anxiously.

"Yes. I have counselled the chiefs to have patience and they will obey me," Damu replied.

"Oh," said Kasara shortly. He was a trifle apprehensive of Damu's relationship with the dreaded Leopard Men. He took a short walk up and down the spacious lounge. "What I came to see you about

was that I believe I have found the sort of man you want to train your troops."

"What's his name?"

"Otto Moeller. From what he has let drop I should think he loves the English about as much as we do."

"You think he can be trusted?"

Kasara glanced at Damu and made a significant gesture with his hand at his throat. "And if we pay him well he won't complain."

Damu nodded. "Food for Kungai! Very well, I will employ him as a storekeeper and establish a trading-post in the interior, in some part of the country that has not really been opened up. Then I will explain matters to the chiefs and we will proceed with training as soon as possible."

Later on Damu sent for Tigiliki and told him to prepare the chiefs and their men for the arrival of Otto Moeller. A week afterwards he himself went up to choose the site for the trading-post and his appearance among them greatly gratified the chiefs. They listened with interest to his proposals to instil some sort of discipline into their men and, though there was some opposition to the scheme from the older men who favored mass charges and terrorising war cries, for the most part Damu contrived to persuade them to his way of thinking.

When he returned to the coast, however, he had rather a shock for, walking one day down the main street of the town whom should he meet but Jim Fanshaw.

"Well, Damu, it's a long time since we met. I hear you're a rich man now and do pretty much as you like. Just consider us poor devils slaving away for a mere pittance!"

"But I thought you were in East Africa," said Damu.

"I got transferred. Rather better prospects on this side of Africa so far as I am concerned. At any rate, at the moment, I don't know if I shall stop here long. You see, when Helen decides to give up her post with the Burtons, we're talking of getting married, and this isn't much of a climate for a woman."

Damu got away as soon as he could. The news about Helen and Fanshaw annoyed him for some reason. Nor did he like the idea of Fanshaw being on the Coast. He remembered the humiliation he had suffered at their hands and the old hatred for Fanshaw was immediately revived. He cursed his cheery effusiveness and hoped fervently that malaria or some similar ill would shortly cure him of it.

Damu had now set in train two of the necessary schemes which were to culminate in his great plan. The financial position was assured and Otto Moeller had embarked upon his task of training the natives into some semblance of disciplined soldiers.

Damu puzzled his head, but for a time the problem baffled him. Certainly, there was no immediate hurry, for the men were still untrained. Nevertheless, the problem had still to be solved. His position was not made any too easy by the arrival at his bungalow one evening of Jim Fanshaw. At once Damu's suspicions were aroused, nor were they quietened when Fanshaw presently asked:

"By the way, Damu, do you know anything about a secret society called the Leopard Men?"

"Well, I've heard of them, you know, but I can't say I know anything about them," said Damu. "Why do you ask?"

Fanshaw rammed the tobacco into his pipe bowl.

"There's been a 'breeze' that they have begun their tricks again. It was thought that the cult was stamped out long ago, but

I don't know whether one ever really extinguishes these societies."

Damu smiled, and, by an effort, managed to prevent his face from assuming a scowl of hatred. Fanshaw's words had disturbed him, however.

"Have you any proof that the Leopard Men have been terrorising any particular district?" he asked.

Fanshaw nodded. "Yes. I don't mind telling you because I'm hoping that you will be able to give me some hints, but you needn't let it go any further. There's been some unpleasantness near Gadu. By the way, that was where you were stationed for a time, wasn't it? Thought so. Well, one or two girls have disappeared at odd times from neighboring villages, and their relatives have made reports to the Commissioner. Invariably, of course, long after the occurrence, so we've not made much progress. Have you heard anything about it?"

Damu shook his head. "Of course, I've heard of the Leopard Society, but I've never come across any of their work. Like you, I had imagined that the thing had been stamped out. It's a pretty diabolical sort of thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, and they must be very sure of remaining undetected, since they do not trouble to clear up evidence against themselves."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't help you, Fanshaw, but if anything does come to my ears I'll let you know. Have you heard from Beechers lately?"

"Last week. They are all fit. Sir George is adding a new wing. There is some talk of Geoffrey getting married."

"I don't exactly envy the girl," remarked Damu.

"No, Geoffrey is rather a worm, but the girl is the daughter of some impoverished landowner, and Sir George is very keen on founding a family on the good old county lines. Money and blue blood you know. By the way, there's also a rumor that he may stand for Parliament at the next election in the constituency where he was born and made his name."

Damu raised his eyebrows. "There's no stopping Sir George. I shouldn't be surprised if he got a peerage."

"Quite likely. Well, I must be off. If you should hear anything, don't forget I shall be glad of any information."

"Right; and, I say, have another drink before you go?"

AFTER his guest had gone, Damu sat huddled in his chair lost in thought.

He was worried by Fanshaw's visit. The fact that the administration were aware that there had been a revival of Leopard worship disturbed him greatly. Damu had a great respect for British perspicacity, and he knew that if an investigation was started his carefully-laid plans might be dragged forth into the light of day.

Damu, his chin supported upon his hand, frowned. Tigiliki must be immediately warned to take greater care over the performance of his Kungai ceremonies. There must be no more evidence to arouse the detective instincts of Fanshaw, or perturb the minds of the administration. Above all, time now became a vital factor. Damu's plans must be hastened forward, but there still remained the problem of how to produce sufficient arms.

Damu did not move from his chair until the hands of the clock pointed to midnight, while all this time the faithful Zomi crouched by his side. At last her lord and

master stirred, and with a queer light in his eyes and a triumphant smile upon his face, ordered her to bring him pen and paper.

Then, after considerable thought, he wrote a letter to Geoffrey Burton, signed and sealed it, and stood for a moment weighing it in his hands. It was by no means certain that this new scheme of his would succeed, but if it did, then Damu did not anticipate much more difficulty over the arms question.

He went to bed that night feeling that he had made a great step forward and slept peacefully until dawn. Zomi, curled upon a mat in her own room, for she was not yet accustomed to mattresses and sheets, wondered what had troubled the man she worshipped. She was aware that he concerned himself with matters far beyond her simple brain.

THE result of Damu's letter to Geoffrey was that within a short while of its receipt the entire Burton ménage was en route for West Africa. Sir George was tired of the sight of scaffolding and workmen in the grounds of Beechers; and, anyhow, it was quite time he again visited his estates on the Coast. Lady Burton, that dutiful spouse, agreed to accompany her husband provided that Helen Romney came too. Helen, with the prospect of seeing Jim and the world at the same time, naturally raised no objections. Geoffrey, the original recipient of the invitation, thought "he might as well come."

It had been arranged that the whole party should stay at Damu's palatial bungalow, Zomi going into partial banishment meanwhile. But a week before the party arrived a distinctly arrogant young A.D.C. from the Governor, Sir Claude Nettleton, approached Damu and explained that His Excellency thought that since Sir George was such a prominent business man and landowner it would perhaps be politic if he and his family stayed at Government House.

And so Sir George, his wife, Helen and Geoffrey were installed in the long, white cool-looking house which stood on a slight eminence above the bay in which the liners anchored.

In due course Damu met them all, and for a short time, such was the genuineness of their greeting, he felt that after all he would have done better to have remained in England.

One of the first things about which Helen questioned Damu was his ambitions. Had his riches made him lazy? Damu replied that he had gone in for commerce in a small way, and had established a trading-station in the interior. They talked together for some time, but Helen did not feel comfortable with this new Damu. He was by no means the Damu she had known at Beechers.

"Somehow," she said afterwards to Fanshaw, "he has changed. I don't quite know how to describe it, but something inside him has altered. There's a different look in his eyes. Once or twice it rather scared me. He looked so fiercely, so—so, ah, just as if he hated all of us. And then the expression would fade and in its place would come a secret, guarded look. Perhaps I'm being silly and imagining things, but I'm sure there's something that has changed him greatly."

"Perhaps living out here," said Fanshaw. "You see, he was used to mixing with people in England, but out here, although the whites are reasonably civil and all that, he isn't one of them."

Much to Fanshaw's annoyance he was

ordered up to Gadu shortly after the Burtons' arrival. Intelligence, to which branch of the administration he belonged, desired more detailed information about the cases of Kungaiism which had occurred near that station.

The Commissioner at Gadu turned him loose among the files of the various cases to ferret out what fresh information he could, and in between office hours regaled him with unofficial stories of native life.

"Of course," he said, "Gadu has always had an unsavory character because it is built on the site of the city of King Abdan. About twenty odd years ago the atrocities of that 'noble' monarch became so notorious that A.H.Q. felt something ought to be done about it, so we sent up an expedition and after no end of a scrap burnt the whole place and ousted his royal highness. He was a blood-thirsty old swine and he had been a great devotee of Leopard worship. In fact, his city was the chief centre of the society. A fellow, who was with the expedition, told me that he tried to get a souvenir of the show, but for some time all he could see was skulls and he didn't want one of those. However, he found a small carving of a leopard. He showed it to me. A beautiful little thing, done in a sort of transparent stone. One of his 'boys' saw it when it was lying on his dressing-table, and was so scared that he fainted clean away."

Fanshaw had paused in the act of lighting his pipe, as if he had suddenly remembered something. Speaking slowly, between puffs, he said, "Of course—this being the site of the old city—accounts for the fact—of Leopard worship breaking out here again."

"Why don't you go on a bush-wallopp for a week or two?" the Commissioner suggested. "I don't suppose you'll get any of the villagers to tell you anything, they are too scared to open their mouths, but one does stumble up against something in the least likely spots at times."

"Yes, a very good idea. I'll take this information I've collected down to H.Q. and suggest it to 'em."

"By the way, wasn't Damu b'n Abdan under you for a time?" he asked.

The Commissioner nodded. "Yes, but he came into money and chucked the Colonial Service."

"Did you like him?"

"Oh, yes. He did his job quite well, but somehow I don't think it agreed with him. Towards the end of his time here he seemed to get a bit under the weather. He became very quiet, almost surly, and he lost a lot of weight."

Fanshaw blew a smoke-ring and watched it ascend to the ceiling. "Curious that a fellow with the name of Abdan should be sent to Gadu, the site of Abdan's city."

"Yes, but there's no connection. Abdan's a common native name, and anyhow there was no heir."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Well, if there had been he'd have made a row before now I should think. Heirs in these parts don't usually accept the dethroning of their fathers meekly."

Fanshaw returned to the coast full of information and enthusiasm to go "bush-wallopping." H.Q. fell in with the idea, and after a week of Helen's company he went up to Gadu, and after a week spent in fitting out his party plunged into the forest. He visited village after village.

Most of the time he was drenched with sweat or by the fording of streams and rivers. And he gleaned no information at all. No matter how skillfully he questioned them, the moment he approached the subject of Leopard Men, the natives assumed

that blank ignorance which makes a deaf mute seem loquacious by comparison.

Thoroughly fed up with the whole proceeding, Fanshaw, at the end of the third week, turned his face towards Gadu once more. He was still five-days' march from the station when he arrived at a mission station, set in the heart of the forest by the banks of a small stream. The head of the mission was the Reverend John Morton, a short, bearded man, with a pair of ahrewd blue eyes. Fanshaw was made extremely comfortable, which he appreciated after three weeks of hard marching.

BUT when his visitor admitted that the object of his expedition had been to collect information about the alleged resumption of Leopard Worship, the missionary sat up.

"I've heard rumors," he said. "This used to be a bad district for it, and no doubt some of the evil has remained. My head boy told me some time ago that the Leopard Men had been active, but though he's been with me for five years, I can't get him to talk openly about it. But it is wonderful how a thing like that will spread."

For a time they spoke of other matters and then the missionary said presently.

"One of my most promising pupils was stationed at Gadu for a time, a fellow called Damu bin Abdan. I remember the day he was brought here, a solemn, silent lad. He was a quick worker, though, and we sent him on to the Government College at Ndabli."

"I knew Damu in England," replied Fanshaw. "He'd just come down from Cambridge. How did you get hold of him in the first place?"

"Damu was handed over to us one day by a native who merely said he wanted him brought up in the white man's way. We were glad of any converts in those days, and we took Damu in before the native changed his mind, but we never saw him again."

When Fanshaw returned to Gadu he had little to report, but he hoped that he had acquired merit in the eyes of his superiors. Since, however, he had to report at Headquarters, he went straight on to the Coast. Before Fanshaw started, the Commissioner persuaded him to take charge of a prisoner who was being sent down for trial.

"I'm afraid she's for it," remarked the Commissioner as an old woman was escorted by two native policemen down to the boat, for the river route was the quickest way to the coast. "I've suspected her for some time, but not until recently have I been able to pin her down to anything. Now she's put three elderly gentlemen in one village out of the way by poison. There have been quite a number of convenient deaths about here recently, and I expect she's had a hand in them all." He gave details of Zalama's life on the other side of the swamp. "The old devil ought to hang, but I expect she'll die in prison. Most of 'em do at that age."

So Fanshaw escorted a miserable Zalama, who continuously bemoaned her fate, to the gaol and immediately forgot about her, which was not to be wondered at since he was eager to see Helen again. It was only in the nature of things, too, that he should presently seek out Damu and tell him of his adventures in the neighborhood of Gadu.

"Curious thing," he remarked. "I met a missionary who remembered you when

you were quite a kid. He said some fellow brought you along to the mission station and left you there. Fanshaw, intent upon settling the tobacco in his pipe, apparently did not see the curious look that came into Damu's eyes.

"I didn't know you had any people," Fanshaw added. "I always thought you were an orphan."

"I am," said Damu, watching his visitor warily.

"Then I wonder who the chap was who delivered you to the missionaries. He certainly did you a good turn."

"Yes," replied Damu cynically, "I suppose he did, but I expect he just wanted to get rid of me."

"Then it was lucky he took that way and not the way chosen by a good lady I've just escorted down the river. She was a witch by profession and poisoned three harmless old gentlemen because their relatives couldn't be bothered with them any longer."

There was a silence.

"What was her name?" said Damu, and an instant later could have bitten out his tongue for asking the question.

"Za something. Zamula, Zalamu? No, I've got it! Zalama. Why, do you know anyone of that name?"

Damu looked up to see Fanshaw's eyes fixed keenly on him.

"No, I was just curious because she came from the Gadu district," replied Damu casually. But there was sudden, fierce anger in his heart.

After Fanshaw had gone Damu sat for a long time lost in thought. The cursed Englishman was making it his business to know a good deal about Damu's past, yet surely it could only be mere chance? Damu bin Abdan was above suspicion. Nevertheless, it would not do to wait any longer. It was time to make the next move in his scheme.

GEOFFREY BURTON'S engagement had not altered his attitude to life in the least. He was one of those peculiar men who consider that the opposite sex exist merely for their amusement, and who have no sense of loyalty either to ideals or to their wives.

He had always considered that dalliance with a native girl might prove amusing and out of the ordinary.

It was not altogether surprising that on returning from Damu's residence one evening, as he was being pulled down his host's drive in a rickshaw he should command the boy to stop when he caught sight of Zomi standing motionless in the moonlight. Geoffrey beckoned to her, but since she took no notice he was obliged to descend from the rickshaw.

He contrived to grasp Zomi by the wrist, pulling her towards him. For a moment the girl leaned against him, then, with a sudden twist she wrenched herself free and ran through the bushes. Geoffrey heard her laugh and saw a gleam of white teeth over her dark shoulders.

He ran forward. Zomi, who could have laid Geoffrey flat on his back with the greatest of ease and run him off his legs without showing any signs of fatigue, by some curious chance only avoided capture on several occasions by bare inches. This way and that Zomi turned and twisted through the bushes until suddenly she vanished.

Geoffrey waited, but no sound of movement, no encouraging laugh broke the stillness. Before he could make up his mind what to do a sudden rustle made

him wheel about. Then he nearly fell to the ground with fear.

Before him stood a native upon whose head rested the snarling mask of a leopard with the brute's forepaws crossed upon his chest. On all sides of him stood the silent Leopard Men. When they closed in upon him, Geoffrey could not move, such was the extent of his fear.

Not until the following morning was it discovered that Geoffrey was missing and that his bed showed no signs of having been slept in. The Headquarters of Administration and Police hummed like disturbed beehives.

Damu himself appeared to be greatly upset, and assisted by every means in his power. Lady Burton and Sir George, with a fortitude which surprised everyone, held up their heads and went about their duties with grave faces, and showed no sign of the grief which beset them in private. But the days passed and no news came of Geoffrey.

After the first forty-eight hours, Damu felt a little less nervous. He realised that his plan had been carried out without the slightest hitch, and that while the town was being searched with the greatest thoroughness his captive was well on his way into the interior. After all, one roll of mats in the bottom of a canoe looks very like any other roll of mats. So that when one evening Jim Fanshaw was announced Damu felt no more than a momentary twinge of apprehension. Nevertheless, he wondered why Fanshaw found it necessary to call, and he decided it would be safer if he, himself, took the offensive. To this end he said boldly that it was his firm belief that the Leopard Men were responsible for Geoffrey's abduction.

Fanshaw's eye-brows went up. "You do? You know, I was beginning to think the same thing. But what object would they have?"

"It would probably add to their prestige considerably, especially if they remain unpunished, as they will do."

"If it is the work of the Kungki sect then it is unlikely he is still on the coast?"

"Oh, yes. They will certainly have taken him, or what is left of him, inland."

"Inland? Yes, I suppose they would do that." Fanshaw's thoughts went back to the stories he had heard about the Gadu district. He talked a little longer with Damu and then left. He was in so thoughtful a frame of mind that when the rickshaw stopped outside his quarters he sat for a full minute staring in front of him before he alighted.

Four and twenty hours later Fanshaw went up river in an administration launch to Gadu, and within two days was once more swallowed up in the damp, steamy forests. He was convinced, not only by his talk with Damu, but by other factors, that Geoffrey, if he was still alive, was held prisoner in the interior and not on the coast.

He pushed farther inland than he had gone on his previous journey. He had left Gadu by river, and after three days' hard paddling, for he used native canoes, he landed not far from the trading post occupied by Otto Moeller, although he was at that time unaware of the fact.

Ordering the canoe man to await his return he began a circuitous march, hoping in due course to return to his base. On the second day of his march, as he was moving a little ahead of his men along a forest path, a rifle shot rang out and Fanshaw's helmet, a battered relic which he had brought from East Africa, leapt off his head and fell into a bush.

An instant later, before Fanshaw could recover from his surprise, a figure burst out of the forest with a rifle at the ready. As

his glance fell on Fanshaw and the men who were now waiting at his heels, the newcomer lowered his weapon and his eyes widened in surprise.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Otto Moeller. "Is it at you that I have shot?"

"Looks like it," said Fanshaw coldly. He retrieved his helmet and discovered a neat round hole in the top of the crown.

"Mein lieber freund, how I am sorry! I had no idea there was anyone here. It is true that a bush-cow I was after, and in the bushes I saw it and I shot. I have after it been for three hours." Moeller went on to apologise profusely, at the same time passing an experienced eye over Fanshaw's men. Finally, he invited Fanshaw to the trading post for a drink and a meal.

Fanshaw accepted, for he was interested to see one of Damu's stores. By the time he arrived, however, the natives who had been drilling when scouts had warned Moeller of a stranger's approach, had been dismissed and only a few remained to carry on the barter and argument so essential to the natives' idea of business.

Fanshaw, however, whose experience had taught him to use his eyes, saw that not a great deal of trade was being done and said so. Moeller admitted that it was uphill work, for the natives had not yet realised the advantages to be gained.

When Fanshaw broached the subject of Leopard Men, Moeller smiled.

"They are traveller's tales," he said. "You in them cannot believe?"

Fanshaw related the story of Geoffrey Burton's disappearance, and Moeller immediately broke in:

"Ja! Of that I have heard. Damu bin Abdan, who employs me, has asked me to make inquiries, and my ears to keep open. But Leopard Men, no, we know nothing here of them!"

After his meal, Fanshaw pushed on and before night had fallen a considerable distance lay between him and the trading post. At the villages through which he had passed, the natives appeared sullen and disinclined to talk. There was an unpleasant atmosphere abroad, and Fanshaw was not the only one who had noticed it. For that night, as he was smoking his after-dinner pipe, his right-hand man, Sergeant Abou Selim, appeared in front of him and stood anxiously to attention.

"Well, Selim, what's troubling you?" asked Fanshaw.

"Sir, this is an evil land," replied the sergeant, solemnly.

"Why do you say that?"

"Sir, there was no bush-cow."

Fanshaw sat up in his chair and took his pipe from his mouth.

"Are you sure?"

"Sir, it seemed very lucky that the shot should go through your helmet."

Fanshaw stared at his sergeant and scratched his chin.

"That's a very serious thing to say," Fanshaw answered.

"Sir, that man was a German. Germans here do not like the English. The little accident would not be noticed, and that man would be pleased."

Fanshaw admitted the circumstance was peculiar. One other thing had struck him as curious, too. How did Moeller know Damu's instructions with regard to Geoffrey? Damu had given no such orders up to the time Fanshaw had left the coast, or he would have known, yet the instructions had reached Moeller before Fanshaw's arrival. There was but one solution—the bush telegraph. There was no reason why Damu should not make use of an old native institution, yet Fanshaw could not help feeling rather surprised. Somehow it made

Damu appear less civilised than everyone believed him to be.

"Sir, there is one other thing," Selim said, breaking in upon Fanshaw's thoughts. "The tracker found no bush-cow, but he discovered the tracks of many natives."

"That would be natural in the neighborhood of a trading-post," remarked Fanshaw.

"Sir, those natives did not walk in single file as natives do, but in fours, as do soldiers. And there were many. The tracker saw one party of forty and another of fifty. They had nothing to trade, but each bore a stick about this high." And Selim held his brown hand about four feet from the ground.

Fanshaw felt strangely perturbed. Certain facts, certain ideas, which he had collected over the past few months, were all beginning, like straws in a stream, to point in one direction. Yet the answer to the conundrum was unthinkable. This report of Selim's, however, impressed on Fanshaw the seriousness of the situation.

It was a very anxious and puzzled Fanshaw who puffed at his pipe and tried to weave a pattern out of the threads of mystery and conjecture which surrounded him. Before very long he was conscious of the dull, intermittent throbbing of native drums.

Fanshaw stood for a moment listening to the drums. He knew now how Damu had communicated with his storekeeper, and he was beginning to wonder if Otto Moeller had received other instructions besides those which ordered him to keep a lookout for Geoffrey Burton. In any case, Fanshaw decided, it might be wiser not to linger in the neighborhood of the trading-station, but to return to Gadu and the coast.

WHEN Damu heard that Otto Moeller had nearly shot Fanshaw he decided that the time had come to play his next card. Though he told himself it was mere foolishness he could never quite rid himself of the fear which Fanshaw inspired in him. Fanshaw never seemed perturbed, nor bustling, and there was always a quiet air of efficiency about him which made Damu wonder if all his most cherished plans were quite so secret as he thought. He did not see how it was possible for Fanshaw to have learnt anything so careful had he been to cover up all his tracks, yet once more the thought of Fanshaw made him realise there was need of haste.

Sir George Burton had been finding it increasingly difficult, as day succeeded day and no news came of Geoffrey, to show a brave face to the world. The old man felt the loss of his son keenly, for in his rough way he loved him. He had always been indulgent to Geoffrey and blind to his faults. Upon him he had built great hopes.

Helen had noticed that her employer had lost much of his former briskness, and she was rather glad, therefore, when he decided to accept the invitation to attend a dinner in connection with the local Exporters' Association. It would take him out of himself, and enable him for a time to forget his troubles.

So Sir George attended his dinner, having previously declined to make a speech. With his mind torn between thoughts of Geoffrey, the conversation of his neighbors and the after-dinner speakers, it was perhaps not unnatural that he should take rather more wine than was good for him. When he left the dinner he had to think very hard where to place his feet, and he clambered into a rickshaw with a sigh of relief. The swift movement of the vehicle upset him. He sat miserably with his swim-

ming head in his hands, and when the motion ceased he was surprised to find himself at the foot of the half a dozen steps that led up to the entrance of Damu's bungalow.

Damu himself was on the verandah, and with exclamation of delight at seeing him, he assisted Sir George into the lounge. His benefactor slumped into a chair and stared stupidly at the floor.

"I am glad you came in to see me, Sir George," said Damu cheerily, "because I have some news which may interest you."

Sir George waved a vague hand.

"Nothing interests me now," he mumbled. "I've lost everything I valued by coming to this cursed country."

"But, Sir George, I said I have news," Damu continued steadily. "It is just possible that Geoffrey may yet return to you."

The old man slowly raised his head.

"May return?" he repeated. "May return?"

Do you mean my son is not dead?"

Damu nodded. Sir George rose to his feet and lurched forward. He trembled from head to foot, his hands shook as he clutched feverishly at Damu's arms.

"Not dead? Do you mean that? Do you mean that I shall see him again?"

"It depends on you, but Geoffrey is certainly alive," replied Damu.

This was too much for Sir George. The stifled feelings of the last few weeks could be restrained no longer. He staggered back into the chair and the tears coursed wildly down his thin, furrowed cheeks.

"Geoffrey, my son, my son," he mumbled, and rocked to and fro.

Damu waited patiently until Sir George had recovered from the shock of hearing that his son was not dead. Presently the old man raised a tear-stained face and, with a trembling lower lip, asked hesitatingly as if he was too unnerfed to bear the answer.

"If he is not dead, where is he?"

Damu shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot say. All I know is that he is alive and that he will be returned to you—at a price."

"My Heaven, Damu, I will give anything to get him back! I will give my whole fortune and reduce myself to beggary if only he will be returned to me."

"You must realise from the first," said Damu, "that I have no hand in these proposals. But because I do not belong to your race I have heard things which no white man will ever hear. I have, as you would say, inside information. There is, however, one thing about which I must ask you to give me your most solemn promise, and that is that you will not reveal this conversation to anyone."

"Yes, yes, I promise willingly," Sir George cried.

"Nor will you give any indication that you have had news of your son," Damu interrupted.

"Not even to my wife?"

"Not even to your wife. Remember that you are in a strange country where things may happen of which you have no knowledge or understanding. You are hedged about by a spy system which is second to none. Your behaviour, your expressions, your movements are noted and interpreted. If you were to whisper to Lady Burton in the dead of night that Geoffrey was alive, the fact would become known, for she would not be able to disguise a change in her demeanor. And that would prove fatal to Geoffrey."

"Fatal?" Sir George echoed quickly.

"Yes, I am acting in your interests when I say that if you disclose one iota of the information you have received to-night,

those who hold your son captive will kill him without compunction."

"I promise faithfully I will not say a word to anyone," whispered Sir George in agitated tones. "But why cannot you give information to the Police Commissioner?"

"In this case the police are useless. Geoffrey is in the hands of men who are beyond the reach of the white man's law. By acting as a go-between who has full knowledge of the power of these men—they call themselves Leopard Men, and form a secret society—I may be able to return Geoffrey to you."

"God bless you," cried Sir George. "I cannot begin to thank you, Damu, for all you have done and will do. But what must I do to get Geoffrey back?"

Damu pursed his lips doubtfully. "I cannot say. First I must learn the price of his ransom. Then I will let you know. It may take some days to get the information." For Damu, with cruel foresight, considered that a few days to think matters over, a few days more of anxiety and strain, would make Sir George increasingly eager to accept the terms.

"I will promise anything in my power," whispered the old man brokenly, "if only my son is returned safely to me."

Three days passed, long, anxious days for Sir George, and no word came from Damu. But the knight hesitated to call at his bungalow. The story of the secret society of the Leopard Men had made a great impression on him, so that he felt that his every movement was watched.

During the late afternoon of the fifth day, Jim Fanshaw came down the river by Government launch from Gadu and, having delivered a written report to Headquarters, received an invitation to dine with the Governor, Sir Claude Nettleton, who wanted to hear from Fanshaw's own lips some of his experiences.

It was only after the ladies had left the room that someone mentioned the Leopard Men.

"I suppose," said a young man who had lately arrived on the Coast, in tones of acute disbelief, "that Leopard Men really do exist?"

A throaty chuckle from further along the table answered him.

"That's old Matthew Harding," said Sir Claude to Fanshaw. "What he doesn't know about Africa, men and animals, could be written on a postage stamp without interfering with the design. But this bush-cow incident now, do you really think—"

But Sir George was listening with something akin to horror to Matthew Harding's remarks. Geoffrey, his Geoffrey, in the hands of these fiends who practised the most revolting cruelty to satisfy their sadistic instincts. God only knew what might be happening to him at this very moment! Why did not Damu make some move? What was the use of the British Administration if it could not stamp out these horrors which Matthew Harding was relating?

Sir George rose from the table so suddenly that his chair fell with a crash. His hands clutched at the white cloth to steady his trembling limbs, his face was ashen and, for a moment, he could not speak. Fanshaw jumped up and ran to his side.

"I'm sorry," muttered Sir George thickly, "I feel unwell. The heat, I think."

Fanshaw helped him to an ante room, where he lay for a moment shaking like a malaria patient, his eyes wide open and hardly able to articulate. Now Fanshaw had seen many people stricken by the heat, but not one had ever behaved like Sir George. He remembered the subject

of the conversation, and wondered if, after all, the idea forming in his head was so fanciful. But he said nothing to Sir George, who had presently recovered sufficiently to join the ladies.

Two days later Damu sent for Sir George, who went to the palatial bungalow eager for news, yet dreading that he might be told that Geoffrey was no longer alive.

"Damu, I have been hearing about the Leopard Men and their dreadful cruelties. Are you certain Geoffrey is safe?"

"I have heard at last the price of Geoffrey's liberty," he began, but things are not so easy as I thought."

"How much do they require?" asked Sir George tremulously.

"It's not a question of money," Damu halted and faced him. "Money is of no use to them. Of what use is a pound note to a naked savage living three hundred miles inland?"

"Then what do they want? Merchandise?"

"No," retorted Damu bluntly, "arms."

"Arms!" Sir George echoed.

"Yes, rifles and ammunition and perhaps a machine-gun or two."

"BUT—but it's impossible," stammered Sir George. "There are regulations against their import."

Damu cut short his agitated protestations.

"Remember your son's life is at stake."

The old man sank into a chair and bowed his head.

"Why do they want arms?"

"That's neither your business nor mine."

"But it means fighting, and fighting against my own countrymen."

"Not necessarily. There is big game, and many tribes in the far interior are still warlike. The fact remains that those who hold Geoffrey captive know that you have large interests in munition works, and are, therefore, in a better position to supply them with modern weapons than anyone else. They mean to exercise that knowledge to the full. If you will agree to supply them they will tell you the quantities required, and when they have been delivered safely, and not until then, Geoffrey will be restored to you."

"But I can't do it, even if I would. It's impossible. How would I get a supply of arms into this country? And if I was found out? Oh, Damu, can't you persuade them to accept money?"

"I doubt it," said Damu. Then, after a pause, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go up country and try to get into touch personally with those who are holding Geoffrey. Perhaps, though I can promise nothing, I may be able to make them realise your difficulty."

"Damu, that is very good of you! How can I thank you?"

"It's nothing," Damu replied, smiling at his own duplicity. "You have done a lot for me. I'm only too glad that I can do something for you. But there is one thing I should like to suggest—that you come with me."

"Then you will be close at hand to make any decisions and give your answer at once. We can easily say that you are coming on a big-game hunting trip with me."

It was not difficult to persuade Sir George that this was the best course to adopt, and, within forty-eight hours, he was heading up-river in one of Damu's trading launches. Damu was a very courteous and sympathetic host.

For the greater part of the voyage up the river Sir George remained in

the cabin of the launch, silent and alone, and almost unmanned by his anxious thoughts of Geoffrey. Damu, an immaculate figure in white duck, remained in the stern. Any lingering feelings of gratitude which he may have had for his patron, he put firmly out of his mind. He was determined to reach his goal, determined to become the leader of a black nation, and so intense was this desire that to a great extent his hatred of the white race had abated.

The launch did not stop at Gadu, but surged on until it reached the trading station occupied by Otto Moeller. Sir George did not go ashore and the following day the journey was resumed until, late in the afternoon, the craft drew into a clearing cut out of the forests on the right bank of the stream.

As night fell with the awe-inspiring swiftness of tropical latitudes, Damu and Sir George left the launch, and, under the guidance of a native who had appeared out of the undergrowth, began to follow a narrow trail which ran between the lichen-covered trunks of the trees which rose towering into the gloom.

An hour passed before they emerged into a wide, open space in the centre of which a large fire burned. For a moment Sir George imagined the glade was empty, so quiet and motionless was it. Then suddenly there was an indescribable noise, a stirring and rustling, as if a large mass of people had moved, and, reflected in the light of the flames, Sir George saw the rolling eyeballs of half a hundred natives who had turned to stare at the newcomers.

Damu led his guest, who was also his prisoner, to a seat upon the trunk of a fallen forest giant, and the eyes of the natives followed them. Under this silent scrutiny Sir George began to feel uneasy.

"Is this where we are to meet the chiefs who have Geoffrey?" he asked, but Damu, somewhat peremptorily, ordered him to be silent.

There was a tense silence broken only by the crackling of the burning logs, and the various night noises of the forest. Then suddenly there came the harsh scream of a leopard. Sir George started and looked round wildly, as if seeking the direction from which the noise came. Damu laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

Out of the forest, on the far side of the clearing, came six natives carrying a length of rolled-up matting. This they deposited near the fire, and returned into the gloom beneath the trees. There was a pause, then with a harsh scream resembling a leopard's cry, a strange figure danced into the firelight. Sir George gasped and half-rose from his seat. Immediately hands pressed upon his shoulders and thrust him down. He did not turn his head, for he was too fascinated by the figure which was now capering towards the roll of matting. Set upon the man's head was the head of a leopard, its eyes gleaming cruelly in the light from the fire, its fangs, startlingly white, pressed down upon the priest's forehead.

As he turned for an instant, Sir George saw that the skin of the animal hung down the man's back, while its forelegs were crossed like bandoliers over his breast. Round his waist was a belt of leopard skin, and upon his hands he wore leopard-skin gloves and Sir George caught the gleam of metal as the firelight was reflected from the cruel claws.

Immediately the men squatting in front of Damu and Sir George rose and began to take their places round the boundaries of the clearing. Each had donned a leopard's skin in similar fashion to their leader near

the fire, and here and there the firelight glinted upon the eyes of leopards so that they seemed to be alive.

Sir George, horrified, yet at the same time fascinated and not a little anxious for his own safety in spite of Damu's previous assurances, kept his gaze fixed steadily upon the leader, who, when his men had arranged themselves, flung some herbs into the fire which at once gave out an unpleasantly greenish light. The priest of Kungai stooped and cut the bindings which held the roll of matting together. Then four men took the edge of the roll in their hands and pulled. Out of the matting shot the body of a man.

For one dreadful instant Sir George thought it was Geoffrey. Then he saw that it was a native. Quite a few seconds passed before Sir George was aware of another peculiar thing about the man, and that was that his body was covered all over with leopard markings, the mottled patches of yellow standing out against the darker coloring of his skin. He lay motionless near the fire, and it was impossible to tell whether he was breathing or not.

The priest, who was none other than Tigiliki, then took a gourd from beneath the leopard-skin pelt he wore, and dropped into it something which caused the liquid it contained to effervesce violently. Then he stooped and put the gourd to the man's lips.

For a moment after he had drunk the fellow sat quite still, then suddenly he sprang over on all fours, glared wildly about him, and gave the harsh, echoing scream of a leopard. As the notes died away among the trees a deep, long-drawn "Ah-h-h!" rose from the circle of natives. Tigiliki backed slowly away from the crouching man until he was absorbed in the tensely-watching human circle. The man turned his head this way and that, exactly in the manner of a trapped animal, and the perfect leopard markings on his skin grew bolder and gave color to the illusion.

There was a stir among the circle of natives, and when Sir George again turned his gaze towards the clearing he saw that a young native girl had been thrust into the arena. She stood motionless and obviously terrified, staring about her. Then suddenly her gaze fell upon the creature which was crouching to one side of her and staring with fierce, set eyes. She stepped back, her hands flew to her throat, and she screamed aloud.

She tried to break through the edges of the circle, but the watching natives thrust her back.

Very gradually the circle of natives was growing smaller. They were closing in upon her so that she had no room in which to avoid her pursuer. Once, twice she evaded his rush, but she was growing exhausted, while he, with the end of the chase in sight, appeared to gain in agility and cunning. In a flash he had wheeled and sprung upon her before she could regain her balance, and hurled her to the ground. For a full minute, two dark bodies struggled fiercely. The girl, with suddenly renewed strength, kicked viciously at her assailant's body and her fingers tore madly at his shoulders as he fought his way towards her throat.

Then her legs kicked once more, jerked feebly and were still. She was dead.

Sir George retched violently and was sick. He had a hazy notion that strong hands supported him, but it was some minutes before he recovered his full senses. Then he saw Damu watching him with inscrutable eyes. Suddenly Sir George found his strength and his voice. "You fiend!" he cried. "You unspeakable brute. Why did you bring me here to witness this awful sight?"

Damu's expression did not alter. "If you will cast back your mind," he replied quietly, "you will remember that we spoke of arms as a ransom for your son."

There was something in Damu's tone which made the other hesitate. "I've told you it is impossible," Sir George said at last. "You said we were to meet the chiefs to persuade them to . . ." His voice trailed away. A faint smile hung about Damu's thick lips and Sir George's suspicions, banished by what he had seen, were beginning to reawaken. "You are speaking to the only chief who matters," said Damu contemptuously.

Sir George, still bemused at this amazing turn of events, stared at this educated native who had reverted to a state of African savagery.

"You want your son returned to you," Damu went on. "Very well, agree to send me the arms I require, I will arrange all details, and Geoffrey shall be with you the day after they are safely landed."

But Sir George's shrewd brain was working again.

"No!" he cried. "You're mad! You mean to use them against my own people." Damu, confident of his power, sneered at the other's defiant tone.

"Think well, Sir George. Remember your son."

Sir George's mouth tightened grimly and he looked Damu straight in the face.

"I will never agree to your terms, though you kill me and Geoffrey." Indeed, he expected to die, for it was unlikely that Damu would let him go after having told him of his plan for revolution.

"Think," said Damu in a cold voice, "think of what you have just seen."

Sir George started.

"Unless you agree to supply me with the armaments in this list," Damu continued, and his words came slowly from his lips, words of such ghastly meaning that the mind could scarcely comprehend them, "then your son Geoffrey shall be treated as that man was treated."

Sir George recoiled in horror.

"He will be mottled like a leopard," the inexorable voice impinged upon Sir George's brain like drops of molten metal, "he will be given the liquid from the gourd to drink, he will foam at the mouth and howl, and he will hunt and kill his victim—as you have seen this man hunt and kill that girl. And to show that I am not lying you shall witness the whole affair."

Sir George reeled and would have fallen but that a native caught him.

"You wouldn't dare," he whimpered. "Damu, after all I've done for you. Think of my wife, think—"

"I'm not here to argue," Damu snapped. "Agree to my terms and keep absolute silence, or you know what your son's fate will be."

Sir George stared. Damu's face was expressionless but as hard and immobile as granite. The old man looked wildly round. Then:

"I agree," he whispered, and collapsed in a heap.

Damu smiled. He had overcome his greatest difficulty.

A WEEK passed before Sir George recovered sufficiently to make the return journey down the river to Gadu and thence to the coast. During that time he remained in the dingy shelter of a native hut, utterly unmoved by the scene he had witnessed, a prey to awful fears for his son, and tormented by the thought that by his promise to supply arms to Damu he had betrayed his own race.

Damu, well contented with his work, turned a stony face to all Sir George's pleadings that he might be allowed to see Geoffrey even for a few moments.

By the time Sir George reached the coast again he was merely the broken shell of the man who had arrived with so much self-assurance and bombast some time previously. His friends were greatly concerned. The sudden breakdown in his health was attributed to the abduction of his son and malaria contracted during his hunting trip with Damu. This had resulted in the abandonment of the expedition. Lady Burton was greatly upset by this fresh calamity and Helen Ramsey began to feel that this holiday on the coast, to which they had all been looking forward, was peculiarly accursed.

SHE said as much to Fanshaw one morning when they sat together in a shady arbor built in the gardens of Government House and overlooking the smooth bay.

"Since we came here everything seems to have gone wrong. Poor Geoffrey, he wasn't a pleasant young man, but one cannot help feeling sorry for him. I suppose he's dead, Jim?"

Fanshaw stared thoughtfully out to sea. "I should think so."

"It's been a great shock to Sir George and Lady Burton. Poor old dear, she's opened her heart to me sometimes in a most pitiful way, how Sir George is quite broken up. I think this trip he took with Damu was the last straw. The strain was too much for him. I was surprised he went."

Fanshaw, his eyes still on the horizon, said in a low voice:

"Unless he had to."

"What do you mean, Jim?"

"Look at it this way. A man like Sir George, with his interests here on the coast where he is close to the spot from which he is most likely to hear the one thing that occupies his mind day and night—news of his son—suddenly decides to go on a hunting trip into the interior. Why? What is there that could possibly persuade him to leave Government House where he will get first-hand information about Geoffrey? Only the promise of better news."

"Oh, Jim, do you think he has heard?"

Fanshaw turned a grave face to her. "Remember the state he is in now. He's a wreck. Whatever news he heard was not good."

Helen was silent for a moment.

"You think that Damu helped him?"

"I don't know," said Fanshaw shortly, so shortly that Helen glanced at him quickly.

Helen walked with him through the gardens, and, having left him, was about to find Lady Burton, when she saw Damu emerging from that part of Government House in which the Burtons were lodged. He waved his hand and came towards her.

"What are you doing with yourself these days, Damu?" Helen asked.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"The usual idle round, the common task, you know. My commercial concerns occupy me quite sufficiently, I find."

There was a pause.

"When are you going back to England?" he asked presently.

"I don't know," replied Helen, who was more than a little puzzled by his behaviour. "Geoffrey's disappearance has upset all our plans."

"I suppose it has. Poor Geoff!"

"Do you think we shall ever see him alive again?"

Damu could not meet the clear, straight

look from Helen's eyes. Again he gazed at the distant horizon.

"I don't know. It is difficult to say."
"But, Damu, you're rich and powerful. You have a considerable position in the country. Surely you can do something?"

Once more that twisted smile appeared about Damu's mouth.

"What would you have me do?"
"Jim says you could do more if you wanted to. Considering the debt you owe Sir George, I think you have done very little."

Damu stared at her.
"Fانشaw says that, does he? What else does he say?"

Helen was quick to notice the change of tone and the expression of alarm in the man's eyes. There was something here which she did not understand.

"Have you been discussing me with Fانشaw?" Damu demanded.

"Not particularly. You merely cropped up in the conversation."

"And what does Fانشaw think of me and my deficiencies?"

Helen's eyebrows went up.

"If you are going to adopt that tone and attitude this conversation had better cease."

Helen turned sharply away and walked towards the house. Damu looked after her with flashing eyes. He was not at all sure how the quarrel had begun, but he was furiously angry.

When Helen met Fانشaw later in the day she related the incident to him.

"It was the mention of you that started it all," she said. "He wanted to know what you thought of him."

Fانشaw thrust a pipe between his teeth to disguise the smile that appeared on his face.

"I feel flattered he should take an interest in my opinion," he murmured.

"Somehow I got the impression that he was rather frightened of you. Why, he should be! I don't know, but there was a look in his eyes that meant fear."

Fانشaw adroitly enveloped himself in a blue cloud of tobacco smoke. But Helen was not to be put off by any such miniature smoke screen.

"Jim, why should he be afraid of you?"

"Dunro, old girl. Ask me another."

"Very well, I will. Jim, what have you been doing since you came to the coast? What's the meaning of all these trips up the river? And then, lately, you've been having conferences with His Excellency. That's unusual for an impecunious and humble servant of the Crown like you, isn't it?"

Fانشaw turned and took her chin in his hands.

"HELEN, if you persist in asking me questions which I've no intention of answering, I shall kiss you in full view of H. E.'s study windows."

Helen laughed.

"That would be ridiculous when there is a convenient sun-shelter not ten yards away."

"Lead me to it, you bold hussy!"

And Fانشaw grinned at her.

Indeed, Damu was seriously perturbed. When he reached his bungalow and thought matters over he realised that he had been unwise to quarrel with Helen, who would be certain to tell Fانشaw, and Damu had every reason for not wishing Jim's attention to be directed towards himself. He mixed a stiff whisky and soda, and sat down in a long wicker chair. Zomi came in, and, going on her knees beside him, put her arms round his neck. But Damu pushed her away roughly, and though the girl looked at him in surprise, he merely scowled at her.

Zomi stared at him in bewilderment and was on the point of returning to his chair when he waved her away. Again the puzzled look appeared on her face. She rose to her feet, and after a prolonged scrutiny of the man she worshipped, she left the room. She had found Damu hard to please lately. For the first time Zomi was conscious that her god had wronged her. Thus Zomi, rebellious and angry, sulkily wondered who could have taken her place in Damu's affections.

Damu sat for a long time in the wicker chair, his thoughts busy with Helen. He had been to visit Sir George, whose low-voiced pleadings had disturbed him. But they had not succeeded in turning him from his purpose, and he was quite satisfied that before many weeks had elapsed a steamer, chartered by Kasara, would meet another, chartered by Sir George, and in the great spaces of the Atlantic, well clear of the traffic lanes, the dangerous cargo would be transferred from one vessel to the other. Then the distribution of weapons could shortly begin.

In the meantime there remained Helen. No good cause could come of their quarrel. Fانشaw would get to hear of it and the less he knew the better.

Damu rose from his chair and, crossing to a writing-table, wrote an apologetic note. Then, summoning a servant, he ordered the man to take it to Government House. Damu was not aware that Zomi had been an interested observer of his actions and that she followed the servant to ascertain his destination.

FANSNAW had promised himself a pleasant afternoon in the company of Helen and was on the point of leaving his quarters when a messenger arrived and saluted.

"Well?" Fانشaw asked, in the middle of filling up his tobacco-pouch.

"His Excellency would like to see you immediately in his study," was the answer.

Fانشaw thumped on the lid of the tobacco tin with annoyance.

Quickly he scribbled an apology to Helen, sent off the note by the messenger, and a few minutes later presented himself at Sir Claude Nettleton's study.

He found the Governor in conference with Captain Soames, who held the important post of Director of Intelligence. It was he who had been responsible for sending Fانشaw on his various bush-walloping expeditions, because he considered it less likely that the natives would attach any importance to the despatch of a man new to the district. The curious would be likely to think that he was merely being broken in to the country.

Sir Claude, a tall, thin-faced man of military appearance, nodded to Fانشaw and indicated a chair.

"Your precious sergeant has delivered the goods," he said. "Soames, show him those reports."

Captain Soames handed three typewritten pages across the table.

"They came in an hour ago," he said.

Fانشaw knew that upon his suggestion Sergeant Abou Selim, divested of his uniform and clad as an ordinary native, had been sent into the interior on the supposition that he would be much more likely to obtain information than a white man whose presence was certain to be advertised far and wide. So Selim had slipped into the forest and vanished from the sight of men.

Fانشaw began to read the reports, which, in condensed form, had come from Gadu to the Intelligence Department. The more important of these despatches written min-

utely on the thinnest rice paper had come by pigeon post and so had travelled far quicker than any message could have been sent by river. Selim announced that he had watched the trading-post where Otto Moeller was manager and what he had seen had confirmed his previous report to Fانشaw. He described how he had seen natives being drilled and trained in military exercises by the German, how they had used short sticks in place of rifles, how, at great risk, he had mixed with them and had learnt that the object of this training was that they might be prepared for a great rising when, under the leadership of the descendant of a mighty king, they would overthrow the white men.

Selim had approached two other trading-stations where he had found similar conditions obtaining, and then, having gained sufficient information for his purpose he had returned to Gadu.

Fانشaw handed back the sheets.

"It completes the last link in the chain," said Soames.

"Ye-es," said Sir Claude slowly, and passed a thin hand over his short, grey hair. "I suppose it does in a way, but although to us it is a very complete and strong chain, I am not at all sure that it is unbreakable."

Fانشaw and Soames looked at him with anxious faces.

"In the hands of a clever lawyer," Sir Claude continued, "I am certain that chain would snap."

Fانشaw and Soames did not speak. His Excellency lighted a cigarette and leaned forward with his elbows on the table.

"We are certain," he said in a quiet voice as if he was merely arranging his thoughts, "that natives are being drilled for the purposes of revolution. We are certain, too, that they are being trained in the use of rifles, because otherwise there is no reason why they should be given short staves to carry. Therefore, they will not rise until they are armed. We do not fear an immediate emergency. But there is always the fear that some hotheads will get out of hand and that valuable white lives may be lost before the actual revolt. It seems best to nip the rising in the bud."

He glanced interrogatively at the others, who nodded.

"Good! But how?"

"If we could stop the import of arms," suggested Soames, "the whole thing might fizzle out."

"It might," Sir Claude said doubtfully, "but we could not be sure. Besides, we have no concrete information about the arms, the quantity, where they are coming from, or how they will be smuggled into the country. No, the movement must be stopped now."

"Then, as I see it, there is only one method open to us," said Fانشaw. "Go straight to the fountain-head."

"Arrest him? My dear fellow, any capable lawyer would tear our evidence into ribbons and get stinging damages against us!" His Excellency sounded quite alarmed. "Besides, his followers would only fight for his release."

"I didn't mean he should be arrested," said Fانشaw. "I rather thought that if it was explained to him that the plot had become known he would see the hopelessness of going any further."

The other two men considered the proposition in silence for a moment.

"I don't think it would do much good," remarked Sir Claude, "on the other hand, it cannot do any harm. It would certainly show him that the game is up, and he may as well submit quietly. If he doesn't choose to submit."

He shrugged his shoulders. Captain Soames nodded agreement.

"I think," said Fانشaw, "that it is the

only way in which we are likely to avoid fighting. If we show him how hopeless his chances are now that the element of surprise has been removed, he may advise his men not to fight."

Again Sir Claude ran his hand over his head.

"I've a feeling he'll laugh at you, knowing how weak our proof is."

"That's better than beating us in the courts and getting heavy damages," said Soames, knowing well enough that Sir Claude feared that above everything else.

"Yes, I agree with you, but I won't give my decision until to-morrow. I'll sleep on it."

He rose, and Fanshaw and Soames also got to their feet.

"I will send for you during to-morrow." As they walked to the offices of the Intelligence Department, Captain Soames glanced at Fanshaw.

"What are you going to do, shoot him?" Fanshaw had no doubt as to whom the pronoun referred.

"Well, I had thought of it, but I'm afraid it would only precipitate matters. They'd want our blood then, for sure."

Soames grunted. Then, "Hullo, I see Miss Romney out there in the garden, so I won't waste any more of your valuable time!"

WITH a cheerful grin, quite unwarranted by the situation, Captain Soames vanished into his office, and Fanshaw emerged from the house and joined Helen.

"You are looking very solemn, Jim. His Excellency hasn't been pulling you over the coals, has he?" Then, as Fanshaw shook his head, "By the way, you know Damu and I had words? Well, I got a note of apology from him. Read it."

Fanshaw's eyes travelled along the neat writing.

"I must write an answer," said Helen. "The whole incident was very childish and absurd."

"If you like to wait until to-morrow I'll take your note round to him. I want to see him, and it will make an excuse." In his own mind Fanshaw was certain that Sir Claude Nettleton would agree to his suggestion.

Damu, quite unaware that so much interest was being taken in his movements, was feeling very satisfied with the way in which his plans were progressing. The reports from Otto Moeller and his fellow instructors were good, and Sir George Burton, although he was still confined to his room, had arranged through Damu for the necessary arms and ammunition to be sent in a special steamer to South America. It would not be until he was well clear of the Channel that the captain of that ship would receive instructions to proceed on quite a different course, which would eventually bring him within two hundred miles of the West African coast, where a steamer, under Damu's instructions, would meet him.

Meantime there was a possibility of Zomi making trouble. In her secret heart she felt that she was losing her hold over Damu, and, each day, her hatred of the white woman at Government House, to whom Damu had written, grew stronger, while he was made the more morose by her importunities.

Zomi crouched in the darkness outside Damu's big bungalow, felt a great wave of hatred sweep over her.

Softly she unsheathed the curved knife which was slung about her neck by a cord and lovingly, with ghoulish delight, she fingered the sharp point.

If the white woman was out of the way could she win back the affection of Damu? That was the big consideration.

Again her mood changed. Did she want him to take her back on the old footing? She became confused as she strove to solve that problem since, for the moment, the bitterness of hatred had overcome the power of love to which it is so closely akin and Zomi, crouching there like some lost soul in outer darkness, could not decide for which she felt the greater hatred, Damu, who had thrown her aside like an orange sucked dry, or Helen, who had stolen that same Damu's affection with her soft face, slim, almost femininely slim, body and disgusting white features.

Zomi sat on fingering her knife and torturing herself with doubts until the dawn broke, but still she had found no answer to her problem—which did she hate the more, Damu bin Abdan or the white woman?

There were two people who sat up late into the night of the day upon which Fanshaw, Soames and Sir Claude Nettleton had met to discuss the measures to be adopted following the receipt of Sergeant Abou Selim's pigeon messages. One was the sorely perplexed Governor himself, the other was Damu bin Abdan, who was engaged upon working out the military details of his plan now that the main portions of it had been built up.

It was close upon one o'clock when he retired, but in spite of the amount of work he had done he did not sleep well. The nightmare, which had troubled him at intervals throughout his life, came once again to disturb him. He tossed and muttered uneasily upon his bed as he made that dreadful journey through the darkness along the narrow path where he found it so difficult to keep his feet.

He awoke shuddering with fear, his body wet with perspiration. That dream, in spite of its familiarity, never failed to fill him with terror. He lighted the lamp and took a cigarette from the box on the table beside his bed, and when the blue smoke curled up towards the ceiling he lay back on his pillow wondering why that dream should have come to him. Without exception it had come to him the night before some important event.

IT was not until the late afternoon of the next day that Sir Claude Nettleton sent for Fanshaw and Captain Soames.

"I've made my decision," he said. "So you, Fanshaw, must carry out your suggestion. Try to make the fool see the hopelessness of the situation; I don't suppose the thought of bloodshed will either scare or worry him, but that's the thing we've got to avoid if it can be managed. If he proves difficult, we shall have to arrest him; but that's the last thing I want because it means showing our hand and that won't help us if the affair comes into the Courts, but still, we shall have to risk it if you can't make him see reason, Fanshaw. Nevertheless, I am hoping you will be successful."

"I'll do my best, sir, but I realise I'm up against an awkward proposition."

"When will you see him?" Soames asked.

"To-night after dinner."

"Well, I wish you luck," said Sir Claude.

"Is there anything more you want to know?"

"I don't think so, sir. I'll report to you as soon as I return."

In the corridor which led to the Governor's study Captain Soames held out his hand to Fanshaw.

"Well, good-bye, Daniel. Take care the lion doesn't bite you—and the best of luck."

The moon was making a broad, silver

pathway across the sea when Fanshaw arrived at Damu's bungalow.

Damu greeted Fanshaw pleasantly enough in spite of the fact that he had not the least desire to entertain the Englishman. Fanshaw gave Helen's note to Damu, and while he read it, sauntered round the spacious lounge, examining the numerous books.

Damu made no reference to the contents of Helen's note, but, turning to the table upon which stood decanters and glasses, offered Fanshaw a drink.

"Thanks, just a mild one. I see you have a fine collection of volumes on historical subjects."

"Yes, I've always been fond of history." Damu motioned his guest to a chair, having placed a whisky and soda on a convenient table, and stretched himself languidly upon a settee.

"I wonder," said Fanshaw, proceeding to fill his pipe, "if anyone will ever be sufficiently interested in this country to write a history of it. There's a pleasant job for you, Damu."

"I think not," Damu laughed. He never felt very comfortable in Fanshaw's company, although he had never been able to determine the actual reason for his uneasiness.

Suddenly, Fanshaw leaned forward in his chair; his eyes were now alert and fixed on Damu.

"Then I will speak plainly," he retorted. "Damu, the game is up."

With an effort Damu controlled his expression. The feeling of fear had grown into acute panic, but he fought down his emotion and managed to get surprise and bewilderment into his voice as he said:

"What on earth do you mean? What game?"

"The game of revolution," Fanshaw said quietly.

For a full minute Damu stared at him. In those sixty seconds he crashed from the pinnacle of his ambition, which he had so nearly scaled into the valley of defeat. He stared fixedly at Fanshaw, who was studiously engaged in filling his pipe. Damu felt grateful that the Englishman allowed him time to collect his wits. But the best he could say was:

"Revolution? I don't understand you."

Fanshaw looked him straight in the eyes.

"Damu, it's no good peating about the bush. The reason for your trading-stations has been discovered. Intelligence knows all about them. They are being used for training natives, as I have said. Moeller and the other German ex-officers and N.C.O.'s are the instructors."

"If what you say is correct, and I don't believe it, it is entirely without my knowledge or approval," Damu burst out.

Fanshaw sighed.

"You don't seem to realise the extent of our discoveries. We have a complete chain of evidence which connects you with this attempt to upset the existing regime out here."

"Then your evidence is wrong or false!"

"No," said Fanshaw. "Unfortunately, it is quite correct." He paused a moment while Damu watched him intently. Fanshaw's announcement had shaken him profoundly, but his confidence was returning.

"Do you remember," Fanshaw continued, "when I called on you one evening and spoke to you about a certain secret society called the Leopard Men? Well, I saw on that table, where you keep the drinks, a delightful carving in semi-transparent stone of a leopard. It struck me as peculiar that in view of the conversation you should have failed to mention it, even when you

gave me a last drink. However, it was no business of mine, so I said nothing. Indeed, I thought no more about it until some time later, when, pursuing my inquiries into this society, whose actions were then attracting the attention of the Administration, I went up to Gadu. There the Commissioner told me a story of a friend of his who had taken part in the expedition which had destroyed the city of King Abdan, on the site of which Gadu has been built. This friend had taken as a souvenir from the temple of Kungai a small carved leopard made of semi-transparent stone. Of course, I then remembered the one I had seen here."

DAMU was leaning forward, his dark eyes fixed intently upon Fanshaw.

"It seemed to me only natural that there should be a revival of Leopard Worship around Gadu, but what did strike me as a curious coincidence was that your name, Abdan, should be the same as that of the King with whom we had found it necessary to take strong measures. Of course, it is a reasonably common name, and I did not attach much importance to it. A little later on, however, I had occasion to stay with a missionary, the Reverend John Morton, who knew you. He told me how one day when you were no more than ten years old you had been brought to the mission station by a native. That definitely connected you with the Gadu district, and I began to think that the name of Abdan was not merely a coincidence, but that there was after all, an heir to King Abdan."

"When I returned from Gadu I brought with me a witch-woman named Zalama, who was accused of murder. Quite by chance I mentioned her to you, just as I mentioned, if you remember, the missionary who knew you as a child. But it struck me as curious that you should have asked her name. So I made a few inquiries and discovered that you had been brought up in the neighbourhood of Gadu by this same Zalama. Yet you never said so and you made no effort to save her. That, also, was peculiar. You see, what really roused my curiosity was that you said you were interested in Zalama because she came from the Gadu district. But how did you know? I had never mentioned it."

After this lapse of time Damu could not remember exactly what he had said, but in any case he had made a mistake and he cursed himself inwardly.

"Well, you came from Gadu. Naturally I took it that Zalama had come from there," he said.

"But Gadu is a clearing station for many districts not so conveniently served by a river," said Fanshaw.

"Now we come to the disappearance of Geoffrey," he continued. "He vanished after he had left your bungalow, and has not been seen again. You, yourself, stated that you believed it to be the work of Leopard Men. I thought at the time that, like one of Shakespeare's characters whose name I cannot remember, you protested too much. For I had not forgotten the incident of the carved leopard."

Again Damu smiled.

"This is a most ingeniously constructed case, Fanshaw. Do go on. Have you any more proofs, as you no doubt call them, of my various misdeeds?"

"One or two," said Fanshaw, entirely unmoved by Damu's sarcastic grin. "Another thing that impressed me was that someone who knows you well—we need mention no names—noticed that you had changed, changed inwardly. There was a

different look in your eyes, a fierce look of hate. And sometimes there was a guarded, secret look."

"That, of course, would be considered irrefutable evidence," sneered Damu.

"No," said Fanshaw quietly, "but it is an indication that since you came out here you certainly have altered. I think the change came when you followed in your father's footsteps and embraced Kungaiism."

It was a shot at random and if it hit its mark Damu gave no sign.

"My dear fellow, you are too absurd! I think this conversation had better cease."

"Not yet. There are one or two more items I would like to put before you. There is the fact that Sir George, after a dinner given by the Exporters' Association, spent some time with you here in this bungalow. Thereafter it was obvious to anyone who had the wits to see it that he was an even more worried man than he had been previously. When at dinner one night someone spoke of Leopard Men and their revolting habits, Sir George collapsed. He said it was the heat, but I knew it wasn't. It was fear. Fear for his son."

"Shortly after that you took Sir George on a hunting expedition. Now Sir George, while he was at Government House, was at the very place where he would receive first-hand news of the one thing which occupied his thoughts night and day—Geoffrey. Why should he leave? Obviously only because he expected to learn more about his boy. What he learned, I do not know, but plainly it wasn't good news, for he returned a broken man, and he has seldom left his room since."

"I understand his illness is due to a general breakdown following upon acute worry and malaria."

"You understand more than that, Damu. Only you and Sir George know what passed between you in the forest, and no doubt you have forced him to keep silence. So far we have not bothered him with questions, but I can make a pretty shrewd guess that you, Damu, were using Geoffrey as a hostage and demanding ransom from Sir George. And if I may guess again, that ransom was to be paid in the form of arms and ammunition."

"Of course, my guesses can only be proved by Sir George himself. I've no doubt that it will be difficult to extract anything from him when he knows that Geoffrey's life depends upon his silence."

Damu shook his head wearily.

"But the thing is ludicrous! You have no proof that I am connected with the Leopard Men or with this alleged revolt."

"You realise," answered Fanshaw, "that I have not disclosed all my case. There is still information which I am not at liberty to disclose."

This was pure bluff, for Fanshaw, Soames and the Governor knew well how weak the case against Damu really was.

"Now," Fanshaw continued sharply, "you realise the position you are in. You are liable, at any moment, to be arrested on one of the gravest charges in the criminal code. But sentencing you to a long term of imprisonment would not prevent the explosion which you yourself hoped to direct. These natives who are now being trained would be certain to rise. Without your leadership—the significance of those historical books is not lost upon me—they would be sure to fail. But there would be a long and terrible struggle."

"Will you help us to prevent a war? Will you order your men to return to their villages and live in peace? There can be no sense in throwing away several thousand lives. If the natives have any gray-

ances they shall be investigated immediately. Provided they obey you within a reasonable time, no measures will be taken against them. With regard to yourself, I'm afraid you will not be allowed to reside on the coast, but if you will do your best to help us no proceedings will be taken against you. Now, Damu, I hope you'll take a sensible view," Fanshaw replied steadily.

"I do take a sensible view, eminently sensible," Damu replied steadily.

Damu rose to his feet. His face was expressionless, for he had regained control of himself.

"We seem to be talking at cross-purposes. You are convinced that I am guilty of this preposterous charge. I know I am innocent. It is useless for us to continue the argument in such circumstances. I can only suggest that the matter should be fought out in court."

Damu, his great plan abandoned, was struggling now to save himself and his position. He was convinced that Fanshaw's evidence was not sufficient to secure a conviction, and he knew that none of those who served under him would be persuaded to appear against him. Even Otto Moeller and his fellow countrymen would be far too frightened of the vengeance of the Leopard Men to say a word.

Fanshaw rose.

"I'm sorry. If, at any time, you reconsider your decision you have only to let Captain Soames or myself know."

Damu made no reply, but opened the door of the lounge and stood by it. Fanshaw passed through in silence. He had failed and his failure inevitably meant the loss of human life. Damu saw him reach the top step of the flight that led from the bungalow and then turned stiffly towards the lounge. He must find Tigiliki and acquaint him with the awful news. Some plan must be formed to save as much from the wreckage as possible. As Damu opened the door leading on to the verandah on the side of the house, opposite to Fanshaw, he realised why he had had a familiar dream the previous night. Always it had come to him before some important event in his life, and this, indeed, had been the most momentous day of his career. He stepped out into the darkness to call Tigiliki and at that moment a dark figure flung itself upon him out of the shadows.

Taken unawares, Damu staggered backward. A red-hot, piercing pain shot through his body, sapping his strength so that, with a hoarse, despairing cry, he slid to the ground.

FANSHAW, at the foot of the bungalow steps, heard that cry. He remounted the steps and ran along the verandah to the other side of the building. There, across the threshold of the lounge, he saw a man's legs projecting and crouched in the doorway a dark figure. As Fanshaw reached the scene a paked arm was raised, the hand gripping a wicked-looking knife with a blood-stained blade.

Fanshaw leapt forward, grabbed the upraised arm and pulled the figure over backwards. To his amazement he saw it was a girl, her face suffused with rage, clad in a short kilt of some yellow and black striped material. Without hesitation she wrenched herself free and flew at Fanshaw like a wild cat. He had much difficulty in keeping his balance before the ferocity of her attack, but he concentrated upon her knife-hand and presently managed to twist the weapon out of her grasp.

During the affray Fanshaw had been aware of the arrival of a third person and, turning to the doorway, he found an aged

native bending over the motionless form of Damu. This man was obviously not dangerous, for he was making queer, animal-like noises of grief and anxiety.

"What has happened?" Fanshaw asked. "Ayn," wailed the man, "my master is dead." He drew back and pointed to where the blood was flowing from a wound in Damu's abdomen.

"Keep guard," said Fanshaw, and running along the verandah he shouted for a servant. When a startled native appeared he was sent for a doctor.

Then, with the aid of two more puzzled servants, Fanshaw and the aged native carried the unconscious Damu to the settee. Just as they put him down Fanshaw saw Zoni try to rise, and he promptly ordered the servants to bind her hand and foot. He could see that Damu had been gravely wounded and that there was every chance of his assailant having to face a charge of murder.

The doctor seemed a long while coming and, in the meantime, Fanshaw carefully cut away the clothes about the wound and placed a pad over it to check the bleeding. Fanshaw wondered what would happen if Damu died. Possibly the rising night never takes place.

Fanshaw was still ruminating when the doctor arrived. Directly he got a clear view of the wound he gave a low whistle.

"He'll have a hard job to get over this. With a blade like that there must be a devil of a lot of damage inside. I think he'd better stay where he is. If we move him it may only increase the bleeding."

Fanshaw sent off two servants, one for the police and one for Captain Soames. In due course Zoni was removed into custody and an agitated Soames was conferring with Fanshaw.

All that night Fanshaw and the doctor remained with Damu. But the injured man only gave an occasional uneasy groan throughout the long hours, and it was not until the grey light of dawn was stealing over the garden that he regained consciousness. For a minute or two he did not realise where he was. He stared at Fanshaw and then frowned.

"Remember now," he whispered. "I had said good-bye to you and was going out on the verandah. Somebody rushed at me. His hand made a feeble gesture towards his stomach. 'I've been stabbed?' he asked."

"YES," said the doctor. "We'll soon have you right again. Don't talk more than is necessary."

"I must talk. Who stabbed me? I seem to remember a face I knew."

"It was a girl called Zoni," said Fanshaw.

"Zoni! Yes, of course." For a few minutes Damu was silent. "She has been angry with me for some time, Fanshaw."

Damu closed his eyes and for a long while he lay silent.

Then he opened his eyes. "Doctor," he whispered, "what chance have I got?"

"A very good chance," was the reply, "so long as the bleeding stops. That's why you must not move, and the less you talk the better it will be for you."

Again Damu lay silent.

About four o'clock in the afternoon he rallied a little and opened his eyes once more. But it was plain that the slow, internal hæmorrhage had not stopped and that he was considerably weaker. He seemed to realise it himself, for he glanced at the doctor and murmured:

"Not so good, is it? I want you to be quite candid with me. I'm not afraid to hear the truth. What chance have I?"

"I've done what I can," replied the doctor, "but I don't think you are so well as you were this morning."

Damu lay silent for a long time thinking. Then he said quietly:

"Fanshaw, I'm not going to get over this. It's all finished. I suppose a woman is the chink in every man's armor and it is always the unforeseen that brings one down."

But Fanshaw, this matter which we discussed last night, was it, or the night before? I have lost count of time."

At a sign from Fanshaw, the doctor moved out of earshot.

"I am going to die, and it is useless for my plans to go on. Without my leadership nothing could be accomplished. You were right when you said there would only be useless slaughter. If I order my men to disperse peacefully, will you see that they are not punished?"

"I will. I can promise you that no notice will be taken of their unusual behaviour. But will they obey?"

Damu smiled weakly.

"Tigiliki," he said, and the witch-doctor who had been hovering near, approached the settee.

"Tigiliki, I am going to die. There can be no rising, for without me to lead them the chiefs would only fight and squabble amongst themselves. You must explain that I have died by the hand of a woman of my own people and that my last orders were that they were to live at peace with the white man."

"But, master," began Tigiliki, appalled at the thought that so many months' careful planning should, in a moment, be cast aside.

"It is the order of Kungai whom they are sworn to obey and you, Tigiliki, who have served me so faithfully, must carry that order to them and make sure that they obey. You will promise me that?"

"If my master says so I will obey," muttered Tigiliki.

"Very well, and because of that this white man here will see that no punishment falls upon you."

Fanshaw nodded agreement.

"The chiefs will not dare to disobey Kungai," whispered Damu.

"Remember there is Geoffrey," said Fanshaw.

"Tigiliki, the white man whom you hold captive must be delivered safe and unharmed at Gadu. That you must also promise. And, Fanshaw, tell Sir George that and also that he is released from his promise to me."

"So it was a case of ransom," said Fanshaw.

"Yes, your guess was right. It was the only way I could think of to get arms in large quantities. Oh, I could have accomplished so much if only things had been different." There was a great depth of yearning in Damu's voice.

The effort of talking had sapped his strength. His eyes closed once more. The doctor shook his head and pursed his lips, but presently Damu looked at Fanshaw who, with Tigiliki, was still in the room and whispered a request that he might be allowed to see Helen.

So Helen was sent for.

When she put her hand in his he smiled weakly.

"Good old Helen, you always have treated me like a white man." He closed his eyes for a moment.

"A little while ago, Fanshaw, I remember thinking that, like Caesar, there would come a time when there would be a Rubicon for

me to cross. You can guess well enough what I mean. Well, the black man's Rubicon is the River of Color, and the current is too strong and the depth too great to allow many of us to cross over to the white man's side. I crossed, but I came back again, and now, like Caesar, I have fallen to the assassin's dagger."

He fell silent. A greyish-green pallor spread over his dark face.

"Tigiliki, remember it must be peace," he whispered.

For a fleeting instant it seemed to him that his familiar nightmare was returning to him. He felt himself slipping helplessly from the path. Once more ghostly hands plucked at him, once more the tiny pin-point of light was visible in the distance. He struggled on, chest deep in the clinging mud. With a great effort he reached out towards the light, and this time it did not vanish.

"Poor Damu," said Helen softly, as she released his hand.

"IN blood he was born, and in blood he will die; thus said his mother, Baidi," muttered Tigiliki.

"You knew his mother?" asked Fanshaw.

The witch-doctor nodded. "And he was the only son of King Abdan," he added.

"That explains a good many things for those who believe in heredity," said Fanshaw.

But Tigiliki merely answered, "This night the drums will carry the news into the forests. I must carry out my master's orders."

Fanshaw turned to the window where Helen was looking out into the garden bathed in the last brief rays of the sinking sun, and he saw there were tears in her eyes.

A fortnight later, as the mailboat swung its bows towards England, Helen and Fanshaw leaned on the taffrail and gazed at the slowly receding coastline with its yellow beaches fringed by the line of white surf, and the dark forest beyond. Helen shuddered.

"A cruel country," she said. "I hate it for it killed Damu, and it almost killed Sir George and his wife and son."

"And how is Geoffrey to-day?"

"He is recovering slowly, but he's very weak, and his nerves have gone entirely. He can't be left alone, and the doctor says it'll be months before he's right again."

Fanshaw nodded.

"Sir George and his missus are as lively as two crickets now they've got him back."

"I can't help thinking of poor Damu," said Helen.

Fanshaw grunted. He had discovered a lot more about the son of Abdan during the last fourteen days, far more than he ever proposed to tell Helen.

"If he'd remained in England he might have spent a comparatively happy life, though I don't know if an educated native among white people is ever really happy. But heredity and the evil spirit of the country were too much for Damu. He tried to serve two masters, and no man has ever succeeded in doing that satisfactorily."

"All the same, I'm sorry for him," said Helen.

"I think you'd find a good streak in anybody," Fanshaw retorted.

Helen smiled a little sadly.

"It's always there if you only trouble to look deep enough," she answered.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 105-115 Castlereagh St., Sydney.